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E. O. Bird.

New York - Sept 13/88.

Reached Grand Hotel Paris
Oct 1st/88 -
Grand Hotel - Nov 6/88 - Not
got yet - Election in N. Y. -
Mother Sisters left for England
Nov 5/88 -

"Out of monuments, names, wordes, proverbs, traditions, private recordes and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of bookes, and the like, we doe save and recover somewhat from the deluge of Time."

Lord Bacon. Advance of Learning.

"They who make researches into Antiquity, may be said to passe often through many dark lobbies and dusky places, before they come to the *Aula lucis*, the great hall of light; they must repair to old archives, and peruse many moulded and moth-eaten records, and so bring light as it were out of darkness, to inform the present world what the former did, and make us see truth through our ancestors' eyes.

J. Howel. Londinopolis.

"I'll see these things!—They're rare and passing curious—
But thus 'tis ever; what's within our ken,
Owl-like, we blink at, and direct our search
To farthest Inde in quest of novelties;
Whilst here, at home, upon our very thresholds,
Ten thousand objects hurtle into view,
Of Int'rest wonderful."

Old Play.

WALKS IN LONDON

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROME," "CITIES OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ITALY," "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE," ETC.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

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1884.

TO

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF

PLEASANT WALKS IN A GREATER AND OLDER CITY

THESE VOLUMES

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

LONG ago, when I was a boy at a private tutor's near Edmonton, the only book in which I could find any interest or amusement in the scanty library of the house was Charles Knight's "London," and the pleasure derived from it led to my spending every sixpence I could save, and every holiday on which I could get leave, in seeing some of the places it described.

London is much changed since that time; but the solitary expeditions I then made through its historic sights, so inexpressibly delightful at the time, laid a foundation for the work of the last two years, of which these volumes are the result. They aim at nothing original, indeed any one who attempts a work of the kind must, to borrow the language of the author of "Eöthen," be "subjected to the immutable law which compels a man with a pen in his hand to be uttering now and then some sentiment not his own, as though, like the French peasant under the old *régime*, he were bound to perform a certain amount of work on the public highways." But, when I was wishing to know something about London

myself, in spite of the multiplicity of works upon the subject, I felt the want of having things brought together in the order in which they occur, of one recollection being interlaced with another in a way which might help me to remember it, and this is what I have tried to do for others.

In these two volumes I believe that all the objects of interest in London are described consecutively, as they may be visited in excursions, taking Charing Cross as a centre. The first volume is chiefly devoted to the City, the second to the West End and Westminster.

I have followed the plan adopted in my books on Italy, of introducing quotations from other and better authors, where they apply to my subject; and, while endeavouring to make "Walks in London" something more interesting than a Guide-book, I have tried, especially in Westminster Abbey and the Picture Galleries, to give such details as may suggest new lines of inquiry to those who care to linger and investigate.

The Histories of London, and the Histories of especial points connected with London, are too numerous to mention. They are all to be found in the admirable Library at the Guildhall, which is the greatest advantage to a local antiquarian, and leaves little to be desired except a better Catalogue. Of the various works by which I have benefited in my own rambles through London, I should mention with marked gratitude the many volumes of Mr. John Timbs, especially his "Curiosities of London," enriched by "Sixty Years' Personal Recollections," and the admirable articles

on the old houses and churches of London which, for many years, have from time to time appeared in "The Builder."

Some of the chapters in "Walks in London" have been already published, in a condensed form, in "Good Words" for 1877. The illustrations, with two or three exceptions, are from my own sketches taken on the spot, and carefully transferred to wood by the skill of Mr. T. Sulman.

I shall gladly and gratefully receive any corrections of errors found in my work by those who follow in my footsteps.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

HOLMHURST, HASTINGS.

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INTRODUCTORY.

"SIR, the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we sit than in all the rest of the kingdom." Such was the dictum of Dr. Johnson when he was seated with Boswell in the Mitre Tavern near Temple Bar, and how many thousands of people before and since have felt the same cat-like attachment as the old philosopher to the vast town of multitudinous life and ever-changing aspects? As Cowper says—

> "Where has Pleasure such a field,
> So rich, so thronged, so drained, so well supplied,
> As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
> Increasing London."

Macaulay had the reputation of having walked through every street in London, but if we consider the ever-growing size of the town we cannot believe that anyone else will ever do so: for more people live in London already than in the whole of Denmark or Switzerland, more than twice as many as in Saxony or Norway, and nearly as many as in Scotland. And, if we trust to old prophecies, London has

still to be doubled in circumference, for Mother Shipton says that the day will come when Highgate Hill shall be in the middle of the town. Few indeed are the Londoners who see more than a small circuit around their homes, the main arteries of mercantile life, and some of the principal sights. It is very easy to live with eyes open, but it is more usual, and a great deal more fashionable, to live with eyes shut. Scarcely any man in what is usually called "society" has the slightest idea of what there is to be seen in his own great metropolis, because he never looks, or still more perhaps, because he never inquires, and the architectural and historical treasures of the City are almost as unknown to the West End as the buried cities of Bashan or the lost tombs of Etruria. Strangers also, especially foreigners, who come perhaps with the very object of seeing London, are inclined to judge it by its general aspects, and do not stay long enough to find out its more hidden resources. They never find out that the London of Brook Street and Grosvenor Street, still more the odious London of Tyburnia, Belgravia, and South Kensington, is as different to the London of our great-grandfathers as modernised Paris is to the oldest town in Brittany, and dwellers in the West End do not know that they might experience almost the refreshment and tonic of going abroad in the transition from straight streets and featureless houses to the crooked thoroughfares half-an-hour off, where every street has a reminiscence, and every turn is a picture. There is a passage in Heinrich Heine which says, "You may send a philosopher to London, but by no means a poet. The bare earnestness of everything, the colossal sameness, the machine-like movement, oppresses the imagination and

rends the heart in twain." But those who know London well will think that Heine must have stayed at an hotel in Wimpole Street, and that his researches can never have taken him much beyond Oxford Street and its surroundings; and that a poet might find plenty of inspiration, if he would do what is so easy, and break the ice of custom, and see London as it really is—in its strange varieties of society, in its lights and shadows of working life, in its endless old buildings which must ever have a hold on the inmost sympathies of those who look upon them, and who, while learning the story they tell of many generations, seem to realise that they are "in the presence of their fame and feel their influence."

An artist, after a time, will find London more interesting than any other place, for nowhere are there such atmospheric effects on fine days, and nowhere is the enormous power of blue more felt in the picture; while the soot, which puts all the stones into mourning, makes everything look old. The detractors of the charms of London always lay their strongest emphasis upon its fogs—

"More like a distillation of mud than anything else; the ghost of mud,—the spiritualised medium of departed mud, through which the dead citizens of London probably tread, in the Hades whither they are translated."—*Hawthorne. Note-books.*

But if the fogs are not too thick an artist will find an additional charm in them, and will remember with pleasure the beautiful effects upon the river, when only the grand features remain, and the ignominious details are blotted out; or when "the eternal mist around St. Paul's is turned to a glittering haze." In fact, if the capitals of Europe are considered, London is one of the most picturesque—far

more so than Paris or Vienna ; incomparably more so than St. Petersburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Brussels, or Madrid.

No town in Europe is better supplied with greenery than London : even in the City almost every street has its tree. And pity often is ill bestowed upon Londoners by dwellers in the country, for the fact is all the best attributes of the country are to be found in the town. The squares of the West End, with their high railings, and ill-kept gardens, are certainly ugly enough, but the parks are full of beauty, and there are walks in Kensington Gardens which in early spring present a maze of loveliness. Lately too, since window gardening has become the fashion, each house has its boxes of radiant flowers, enlivening the dusty stonework or smoke-blackened bricks, and seeming all the more cheerful from their contrast. Through the markets too all that is best in country produce flows into the town : the strawberries, the cherries, the vegetables, are always finer there than at the places where they are grown. Milton, who changed his house oftener than anyone else, and knew more parts of the metropolis intimately, thus apostrophizes it—

> "Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
> Whose towering front the circling realms commands,
> Too blest abode ! no loveliness we see,
> In all the earth, but it abounds in thee."

There is a certain class of minds, and a large one, which stagnates in the country, and which finds the most luxurious stimulant in the ceaseless variety of London, where there is always so much to be seen and so much to be heard, and these make so much to be thought of.

"I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and as intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles;—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. . . . I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm, are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city."—*Charles Lamb to Wordsworth, Jan.* 30, 1801.

Many derivations are given for the name London. Some derive it from Lhwn-dinas, the "City in the Wood;" others from Llongdinas, the "City of Ships;" others from Llyndùn, the "Hill Fortress by the Lake." Geoffrey of Monmouth says that Brute "builded this citie" about A.C. 1008. From the time at which it is reported to have been founded by Brute, says Brayley, "even fable itself is silent in regard to its history, until the century immediately preceding the Roman invasion."* Then King Lud is said to have encircled it with walls, and adorned it "with fayre buildings and towers." The remains found certainly prove the existence of a British city on the site before the Londinium, or Colonia Augusta, spoken of by Tacitus and

* Londiniana.

Ammianus Marcellinus, which must have been founded by the Roman expedition under Aulus Plautius in A.D. 43. Tacitus mentions that it was already the great "mart of trade and commerce" and the "chief residence of merchants," when the revolt of the Iceni occurred under Boadicea in A.D. 61, in which it was laid waste with fire and sword. It had however risen from its ashes in the time of Severus (A.D. 193—211), when Tacitus describes it as "illustrious for the vast number of merchants who resorted to it, for its extensive commerce, and for the abundance of every kind of commodity which it could supply." *

Stow says that the walls of London were built by Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, "about the year of Christ 306," at any rate there is little doubt that they were erected in the fourth century. They were rather more than two miles in circumference, defended by towers, and marked at the principal points by the great gates, Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, and Ludgate. The best fragments of the old wall remaining are to be seen opposite Sion College, and in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate; there is also a fragment in St. Martin's Court on Ludgate Hill. Quantities of Roman antiquities, tessellated pavements, urns, vases, &c., have been found from time to time within this circuit, especially in digging the foundations of the Goldsmiths' Hall, and of the Hall of Commerce in Threadneedle Street. For a long time these remains were carelessly kept or not kept at all, but latterly some of them have been collected in the admirable little museum under the Guildhall. Several Roman cemeteries have been discovered, one of them by

* Annali. Lib. xiv. c. 33.

Sir Christopher Wren when he was laying the foundation of the new St. Paul's. All the excavations show that modern London is at least fifteen feet higher than the London of the Romans, which has been buried by the same inexplicable process which entombed the Roman Forum, and covered many of its temples with earth up to the capitals of the columns.

Very little is known of London in Saxon times except that St. Paul's Cathedral was founded by Ethelbert, in 610, in the time of King Sebert. Bede, who mentions this, describes London as an "emporium of many nations who arrived thither by land and sea." London was the stronghold of the Danes, but was successfully besieged by Alfred, and Athelstan had a palace here. His successor Ethelred the Unready was driven out again by the Danes under Sweyn. On the death of Sweyn, Ethelred returned, and his son Edmund Ironside was the first monarch crowned in the capital. London grew greatly in importance under Edward the Confessor, who built the Palace and Abbey of Westminster, and it made a resistance to the Conqueror which was for some time effectual, though, on the submission of the clergy, he was presented with the keys of the City and crowned at the Confessor's tomb. He immediately tried to conciliate the citizens, by granting them the charter which, written in the Saxon language, on a strip of vellum, is still preserved amongst the City archives.

"William the King greeteth William the Bishop and Godfrey the Portreve, and all the burgesses within London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you all to be law-worthy as ye were in King Edward's days. And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's days. And I will not suffer that any man do you wrong. God preserve you."

The chief events in the after story of London, its insurrections, its pageants, its martyrdoms, its conspiracies, its pestilences, its Great Fire, its religious agitations, its political excitements, are all noticed in describing those parts of the town with which they are especially connected.

Fuller says that London "is the second city in Christendome for greatnesse, and the first for good government." Its chief officer under the Saxons was called the Portreeve. After the Conquest the French word Maire, from Major, was introduced. We first hear of a *Mayor* of London in the reign of Henry II. His necessary qualifications are, that he shall be free of one of the City Companies, have served as Sheriff, and be an Alderman at the time of his election.* The name of *Alderman* is derived from the title of a Saxon noble, *eald* meaning old, *ealder* elder. It is applied to the chief officer of a ward or guild and each Alderman of London takes his name from a ward. The *City Companies* or Merchant Guilds, though branches of the Corporation, have each a distinct government and peculiar liberties and immunities granted in special charters. Each Company has a Master and other officers, and separate *Halls* for their business or banquets. The oldest of the Companies is the Weavers, with a charter of 1164. Then come the Parish Clerks, instituted in 1232, and the Saddlers, in 1280. The Bakers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Grocers, Carpenters, and Fishmongers, all date from the fourteenth century. There are ninety-one Companies, but of these twelve are the most important, viz.—

* The Lord Mayor is elected on Michaelmas Day, but "Lord Mayor's Day" is November 9.

Mercers	Merchant Tailors
Grocers	Haberdashers
Drapers	Salters
Fishmongers	Ironmongers
Goldsmiths	Vintners
Skinners	Clothworkers.

In the second year of Elizabeth the pictorial map of Ralph Aggas was published, which shows how little in those days London had increased beyond its early boundaries. Outside Aldgate, Bishopsgate, and Cripplegate, all was still complete country. "The Spital Fyeld" (Spitalfields) and "Finsburie Fyeld" were archery grounds: Moorfields was a marsh. St. Giles, Cripplegate, was the church of a little hamlet beyond the walls. Farther west a few houses in "Little Britanne" and Cock Lane clustered around the open space of "Schmyt Fyeld," black with the fires of recent martyrdoms. A slender thread of humble dwellings straggled along the road which led by Holbourne Bridge across the Fleet to St. Andrew's Church and Ely Place, but ceased altogether after "Holbourne Hill" till the road reached the desolate village and leper-hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. A wide expanse of open pasture-land, only broken by Drury House and the Convent Garden of Westminster, extended southwards from St. Giles's to the Strand, where the houses of the great nobles lined the passage of the sovereign from the City to the small royal city and great palace of Westminster. From Charing Cross, St. Martin's Lane and the Haymarket were hedge-girt roads leading into a solitude, and there was scarcely any house westwards except the Hospital of St. James, recently turned into a palace.

After the time of Elizabeth, London began to grow

rapidly, though Elizabeth herself and her immediate successors, dreading the power of such multitudes in the neighbourhood of the Court, did all they could to check it. In July, 1580, all persons were prohibited from building houses within three miles of any of the City gates, and, in 1602, a proclamation was made for "restraining the increase of buildings," and the "voyding of inmates" in the cities of London and Westminster, and for three miles round. But in spite of this, in spite of the Plague which destroyed 68,596 people, and the Fire which destroyed 13,200 houses, the great city continued to grow. Latterly it has increased so rapidly westwards, that it is impossible to define the limits of the town. It has been travelling west more or less ever since the time of the Plantagenets;—from the City to the Strand, and to Canonbury and Clerkenwell; then, under the Stuart kings, to the more northern parts of the parish of St. Clement Danes and to Whitehall: then, under William III. and Anne, to Bloomsbury and Soho: under the early Georges, to the Portland and Portman estates, then to the Grosvenor estates, and lastly to South Kensington. By its later increase the town has enormously increased the wealth of nine peers, to whom the greater portion of the soil upon which it has been built belongs—*i.e.* the Dukes of Portland, Bedford, and Westminster; the Marquises of Exeter, Salisbury, Northampton, and the Marquis Camden; the Earl Craven and Lord Portman. No one can tell where the West End will be next year. It is always moving into the country and never arriving there. Generally Fashion "is only gentility moving away from vulgarity and afraid of being overtaken by it," but in this case it is also a perpetual flight before the smoke, which still always drives

westwards, so that when the atmosphere is thickest in Brompton, the sky is often blue and the air pure in Ratcliff Highway.

In all the changes of generations of men and manners in London, the truth of the proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together," has been attested by the way in which the members of the same nationalities and those who have followed the same occupations have inhabited the same district. Thus, French live in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square and Soho, Italians in Hatton Garden, and Germans in the east of London. Thus, Lawyers live in Lincoln's Inn and the Temple; Surgeons and Dentists in George Street and Burlington Street; Doctors in Harley Street; and retired Indians in Cavendish Square and Portman Square, with their adjoining streets, which have obtained the name of Little Bengal. Thus, too, you would go to look for Booksellers in Paternoster Row, Clockmakers in Clerkenwell, Butchers in Newgate and Smithfield, Furniture Dealers in Tottenham Court Road, Hatmakers in Southwark, Tanners and Leather-dressers in Bermondsey, Bird and Bird-cage sellers near the Seven Dials, Statuaries in the Euston Road, and Artists at the Boltons.

The poorest parts of London also have always been its eastern and north-eastern parishes, and the district about Soho and St. Giles-in-the-Fields. So much has been said and written of the appearance of poverty and crime which these streets present, that those who visit them will be surprised to find at least outward decency and a tolerably thriving population though of course the words of Cowley are true—

"The monster London,
* * * * *
Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow
A solitude almost."

The great landmarks are the same in London now that they were in the time of the Plantagenets: the Tower is still the great fortress; London Bridge is still the great causeway for traffic across the river; St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are still the great churches; and Westminster Palace is only transferred from the sovereign to the legislature. The City still shows by its hills—Ludgate Hill, Cornhill, and Tower Hill—why it was chosen as the early capital. One feature however of old London is annihilated—all the smaller brooks or rivers which fed the Thames are buried and lost to view. The Eye Bourne, the Old Bourne, and the Wall Brook, though they still burrow beneath the town, seem to have left nothing but their names. Even the Fleet, of which there are so many unflattering descriptions in the poets of the last century, is entirely arched over, and it is difficult to believe that there can ever have been a time when Londoners saw ten or twelve ships at once sailing up to Holborn Bridge, or still more that they can have gone up as high as Baggnigge Wells Road, where the discovery of an anchor seems to testify to their presence. Where the aspect is entirely changed the former character of London sites is often pleasantly recorded for us in the names of the streets. "Hatton Garden," "Baldwin's Gardens," and "Whetstone Park" keep up a reminiscence of the rural nature of a now crowded district as late as the time of the Stuarts, though

with "Lincoln's Inn Fields," and "Great and Little Turnstile," they have a satirical effect as applied to the places which now belong to them. In the West End, Brook Street, Green Street, Farm Street, Hill Street, and Hay Hill, commemorate the time, two hundred years ago, when the Eye Bourne was a crystal rivulet running down-hill to Westminster through the green hay-fields of Miss Mary Davies.

Few would re-echo Malcolm's exclamation, "Thank God, old London was burnt," even if it were quite true, which it is not. The Fire destroyed the greater part of London, but gave so much work to the builders that the small portion unburnt remained comparatively untouched till the tide of fashion had flowed too far westwards to make any systematic rebuilding worth while. It is over the *City* of London, as the oldest part of the town, that its chief interest still hovers. Those who go there in search of its treasures will be stunned on week-days by the tourbillon of its movement, and the constant eddies at all the great crossings in the whirlpool of its business life, such as no other town in Europe can show. But this also has its charms, and no one has seen London properly who has not watched the excited crowds at the Stock Exchange, threaded the labyrinth of the Bank, wondered at the intricate arrangements of the Post Office, attended a Charity Children's service at St. Paul's, beheld the Lord Mayor drive by in his coach; stood amid the wigged lawyers and whirling pigeons of the Guildhall; and struggled through Cheapside, Cornhill, and Great Tower Street with the full tide of a week-day.

But no one can see the City properly who does not walk in it, and no one can walk in it comfortably except on a

Sunday. On that day it is thoroughly enjoyable. The great chimneys have ceased smoking, the sky is blue, the trees look green, but that which is most remarkable is, the streets are empty. What becomes of all the people it is impossible to imagine; there are not only no carriages, there are scarcely any foot-passengers: one may saunter along the pavement with no chance of being jostled, and walk down the middle of the street without any fear of being run over. Then alone can the external features of the City be studied, and there is a great charm in the oddity of having it all to one's self, as well as in the quietude. Then we see how, even in the district which was devastated by the Fire, several important fragments escaped, and how the portion which was unburnt is filled with precious memorials of an earlier time. Scarcely less interesting also, and, though not always beautiful, of a character exceedingly unusual in England, are the numerous buildings erected immediately after the Fire in the reign of Charles II. The treasures which we have to look for are often very obscure —a sculptured gateway, a panelled room, a storm-beaten tower, or an incised stone—and in themselves might scarcely be worth a tour of inspection; but in a city where so many millions of inhabitants have lived and passed away, where so many great events of the world's history have occurred, there is scarcely one of these long-lived remnants which has not some strange story to tell in which it bears the character of the only existing witness. The surroundings, too, are generally picturesque, and only those who study them and dwell upon them can realise the interest of the desolate tombs in the City churches, the loveliness of the plane-trees in their fresh spring green rising amid the smoky

houses in those breathing spaces left by the Fire in the old City churchyards where the churches were never rebuilt, or the soft effects of aerial perspective from the wharfs of the Thames or amid the many-masted shipping in the still reaches of "the Pool," where the great White Tower of the Conqueror still frowns at the beautiful church built in honour of a poor ferry-woman,

One hundred and seven churches were destroyed in the Fire, and only twenty-two were preserved. Of these many have since been pulled down, and there are now only thirteen churches in existence which date before the time of Charles II. Those which were built immediately after the Fire, however, are scarcely less interesting, for though Wren had more work than he could possibly attend to properly, he never forgot that the greatest acquirement of architecture is the art of *interesting*, and the inexhaustible power of his imagination displayed in his parish churches is not less astonishing than his genius evinced at St. Paul's. He built fifty-three churches in London, mostly classic; in one or two, as St. Mary Aldermary and St. Alban, Wood Street, he has attempted Gothic, and in these he has failed. Almost all the exteriors depend for ornament upon their towers, which are seldom well seen individually on account of their confined positions, but which are admirable in combination. The best is undoubtedly that of Bow Church; then St. Magnus, St. Bride, St. Vedast, and St. Martin deserve attention. The saints to whom the old City churches are dedicated are generally the old English saints honoured before the Reformation, whose comparative popularity may be gathered from the number of buildings placed under the protection of each. Thus there were four churches dedi

cated to St. Botolph, four to St. Benet, three to St. Leonard, three to St. Dunstan, and two to St. Giles, while St. Ethelburga, St. Etheldreda, St. Alban, St. Vedast, St. Swithin, St. Edmund, and St. Bridget, had each their single church. Twelve of the City churches have been wantonly destroyed in our own time, and, though perhaps not beautiful in themselves, the thinning of the forest of towers and steeples, which was such a characteristic of ancient London, is greatly to be deplored. The interiors of the churches derive their chief interest from their monuments, but they are also often rich in Renaissance carvings and ironwork. They almost always have high pews, in which those who wish to attend the service may share the feelings of the little girl who, when taken to church for the first time, complained that she had been shut up in a closet, and made to sit upon a shelf.

Interesting specimens of domestic architecture before the Fire are to be found in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, in Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, and their surroundings. Crosby Hall and Sir Paul Pindar's House in the City; the Water Gate of York House; and Holland House in Kensington, are the most remarkable examples which come within the limits of our excursions.

When the new London arose after the Fire, the persistence of the citizens who jealously clung to their old landmarks caused the configuration of the former city to be observed, to the destruction of the grand designs of renovation proposed by Evelyn and Wren, but to the preservation of many old associations, and the rescuing of much historic interest from oblivion. The domestic buildings which were then erected are no less interesting than the churches,

including as they do many of the noble old Halls of the City Companies, and private houses built by Wren. With the landing of William III. the Dutch style of regular windows and flat-topped uniform brick fronts was introduced, which gradually deteriorated from the comfortable quaint houses of Anne's time with the carved wooden porches which may be seen in Queen Anne's Gate, to the hideous monotony of Wimpole Street and Baker Street. Under the brothers Adam and their followers there was a brief revival of good taste, and all their works are deserving of study—masterly alike in proportion and in delicacy of detail. In fact, though the buildings of the British Classical revival were often cold and formal, they were never bad.

Some people maintain that Art is dead in England, others that it lives and grows daily. Certainly street architecture appeared to be in a hopeless condition, featureless, colourless, almost formless, till a few years ago, but, since then, there has been an unexpected resurrection. Dorchester House is a noble example of the Florentine style, really grandiose and imposing, and the admirable work of Norman Shaw at Lowther Lodge seems to have given an impulse to brick and terra-cotta decoration, which has been capitally followed out in several new houses in Cheapside, Oxford Street, Bond Street, and South Audley Street, and which is the beginning of a school of architecture for the reign of Victoria, as distinctive as that of Inigo Jones and Wren was for the time of the Stuarts. The more English architects study the brick cities of Northern Italy and learn that the best results are brought about by the simplest means, and that the greatest charm of a street

is its irregularity, the more beautiful and picturesque will our London become.

Besides the glorious collection in its National Gallery, London possesses many magnificent pictures in the great houses of its nobles, though few of these are shown to the public with the liberality displayed in continental cities. In the West End, however, people are more worth seeing than pictures, and foreigners and Americans will find endless sources of amusement in Rotten Row—in the Exhibitions—and in a levée at St. James's.

"The Courts of two countries do not so differ from one another, as the Court and the City, in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside."—*Addison.*

"In the wonderful extent and variety of London, men of curious inquiry may see such modes of life as very few could ever imagine. . . . The intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

If a stranger wishes at once to gain the most vivid impression of the wealth, the variety, and the splendour of London, he should follow the economical course of "taking a penny boat"—embarking in a steamer—at Westminster Bridge, descend the Thames to London Bridge, and ascend the Monument. The descent of the river through London will give a more powerful idea of its constant movement of life than anything else can: the water covered with heavily laden barges and churned by crowded steamboats: the trains hissing across the iron railway bridges: the numerous bridges of stone with their concourse of traffic: the tall chimneys: the hundreds of church towers with the great

dome of St. Paul's dominating the whole: the magnificent embankment: the colossal Somerset House: the palaces on the shores jostled by buildings of such a different nature, weather-stained wooden sheds, huge warehouses from whose chasm-like windows great cranes are discharging merchandise, or raising it from the boats beneath: and each side artery giving a fresh glimpse into the bustle of a street.

Throughout its long career, London has owed its chief prosperity, as it probably owed its existence, to the Thames, no longer here the "fishful river" of the old records, but ever the great inlet and outlet of the life of London, "which easeth, adorneth, inricheth, feedeth, and fortifieth it."

> "As a wise king first settles fruitful peace
> In his own realms; and with their rich increase
> Seeks wars abroad, and then in triumph brings,
> The spoils of kingdoms and the crown of kings,
> So Thames to London."
>
> *Sir J. Denham.*

The Thames is still the greatest highway in London, formerly it was the only highway; for even the best streets were comparatively mere byeways, where the men rode upon horseback, and the ladies were carried in horse-litters. It is a proof of the constant use of the river even in the time of Charles II., that Pepys makes a point of mentioning in his Diary whenever he went to a place *by land*. The Watermen then used to keep time with their oars to songs, with the chorus—

> "Heave and how, rumbelow,"

like the gondoliers at Venice. Howell, writing in 1645, says that the river Thames has not her fellow "if regard be

had to those forests of masts that are perpetually upon her; the variety of smaller wooden bottoms playing up and down; the stately palaces that are built upon both sides of her banks so thick; which made divers foreign ambassadors affirm that the most glorious sight, take land and water together, was to come upon a high tide from Gravesend, and shoot the bridge to Westminster." It is a proof of the little need there was to provide for any except water traffic, that except London Bridge there was no bridge over the river in London until Westminster Bridge was built in the middle of the last century. *All* the existing bridges date from the present century. Hackney coaches were not invented till the seventeenth century, and these excited the utmost fury in the minds of the Watermen, who had hitherto had the monopoly of all means of public locomotion. Taylor, the Water Poet, who died in 1654, writes—

"After a mask or a play at the Court, even the very earth quakes and trembles, the casements shatter, tatter, and clatter, and such a confused noise is made, so that a man can neither sleep, speak, hear, write, or eat his dinner or supper quiet for them."

The first Hackney Coach stand, which existed till 1853, was established in front of St. Mary-le-Strand by Captain Baily in 1634, in which year also Strafford's Letters relate that "sometimes there are twenty of them together, which disperse up and down," and that "they and others are to be had everywhere as Watermen are to be had at the waterside." In the same year the Watermen complained vehemently to the king that the hackney coaches were "not confined to going north and south, but that their plying and carrying of people east and west, to and fro, in the streetes and places abutting upon the river doth utterly

ruinate your petitioners." In 1635 the hackney-coaches were limited. In June 1636 the coachmen petitioned to be made into a corporation, so that one hundred might have coaches and pay the king a hundred a year for the right. This number gradually increased, but has only been unlimited since 1833.

In their early existence hackney-coaches had not only the Watermen to contend with. Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham had brought back with them from Spain several Sedan chairs, and, though these at first excited the utmost contempt, people "loathing that men should be brought to as servile a condition as horses," their comparative safety on such rugged pavements as the streets were afflicted with in those days soon made them popular, and they continued to be the fashion for a century and a half. They were not, however, without their disadvantages. Swift describes the position of a London dandy in a shower—

> "Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
> While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
> And ever and anon with frightful din
> The leather sounds;—he trembles from within."

The discomforts of the streets, however, then made all means of locomotion unpleasant: thus Gay says—

> "Let others in the jolting coach confide,
> Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide,
> Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
> And trust their safety to another's feet:
> Still let me walk."

Not only are the pavements improved, and the streets lighted by gas, but we have now every facility of transport.

Cabs are unlimited, and Hansom-cabs, so named from their inventor. Omnibuses, only introduced from Paris in 1830, now run in every direction, and transport those who are not above using them, for immense distances and very small fares. More expensive, and more disagreeable, but still very convenient for those who are in a hurry, is the underground Metropolitan Railway, which makes a circle round London from Cannon Street (the "Mansion House") to Aldgate, with stations at all the principal points upon the way.

A pleasant way of learning one's London, as of seeing Rome, is to follow some consecutive guiding thread, such as the life of a particular person, and seeing what it shows us. The life of Milton, for example, would lead from his birthplace in Bread Street and his school at St. Paul's, to the sites of his houses in St. Bride's Churchyard, Holborn, Spring Gardens, Scotland Yard, Petty France, Bartholomew Close, and Jewin Street, and so by the place of his death in Bunhill Fields to his grave at St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

No one can consider the subject without regretting that no official care-taker is appointed for the historical memorials of London, without whose consent the house of Milton in Petty France could not have been swept away, and whose influence might be exerted to save at least the picturesque tower of the church which commemorates his baptism, with Dryden's inscription; who might have interposed to save the Tabard Inn, and have prevented the unnecessary destruction of St. Antholin's Tower: who, when a time-honoured burial-ground is turned into a recreation-ground, might suggest that, as in France, advantage

should be taken of all the sinuosities and irregularities which gave the place its picturesqueness, instead of levelling them, and overlaying them with yellow gravel and imitation rock-work, ruthlessly tearing up tombstones from the graves to which they belong, and planting paltry flowers and stunted evergreens in their place, as in the historic though now ruined burial-ground of St. Pancras. "Les Monuments sont les crampons qui unissent une génération à une autre; conservez ce qu'ont vu vos pères," is well said by Joubert in his "Pensées."

Dwellers in the West End never cease to regret the need of the street scavengers, who in even the smaller towns of France and Germany would be employed daily to gather up and carry away the endless litter of orange-peel and paper which is allowed to lie neglected for months, hopelessly vulgarising the grass and flowers of London parks and squares,—a small but contemptible disgrace to our city, which is much commented upon by foreigners.

Another point which greatly requires a competent and well informed supervision is the nomenclature of the streets. Almost all the older blocks of houses have possessed an inmate or seen an event they might commemorate, and new streets are usually built on land connected with something which might give them a name; so that it is simply contemptible that there should be 95 streets in London called King; 99 Queen; 78 Princes; 109 George; 119 John; 91 Charles; 87 James; 58 Thomas; 47 Henry; 54 Alfred; 88 William; 57 Elizabeth; 151 Church; 69 Chapel; 129 Union; 166 New; 90 North and South; 50 East and West; 127 York; 87 Gloucester; 56 Cambridge; 76 Brunswick; 70 Devonshire; 60 Norfolk; 50 Richmond, &c.

The Artist in London will find much less difficulty than he anticipates in sketching in the streets, as people are generally too busy to stop to look at him. But, if accustomed to the facilities and liberality met with in Continental cities, he will be quite wearied out with the petty obstacles thrown in his way by every one who can make an obstacle to throw. From the Benchers of the Temple to the humblest churchwarden, each official demands to the utmost, orders signed and countersigned, so that no jot of the little meed of homage to their individual self-importance can by any possibility be overlooked.

There are many who, amid the fatigues of society, might find the utmost refreshment of mind and body in mornings spent amid the tombs at Westminster; the pictures of the City Companies, the Learned Societies or the great houses of the West End; but most of all in rambles through the ancient bye-ways of the City. There are many more, especially young men, for whom time in London hangs very heavy, and to whom the perpetual lounge in the Park must end by becoming wearisome and monotonous, and for these a new mine of interest and pleasure is only waiting to be worked. If they will take even the Walks indicated in these volumes, they can scarcely fail to end them by agreeing with Dr. Johnson that "he who is tired of London is tired of existence." To them especially the author would say, in the words of Shakspeare—

> "I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
> With the memorials, and the things of fame,
> That do renown this city."

CHAPTER I.

THE STRAND.

DR. JOHNSON said, "I think the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross." It is the first point which meets the eyes of the traveller on arriving from the Continent, and it may well be taken as a centre in an explanation of London.

In 1266 a village on this site was spoken of as Cherringe, where William of Radnor, Bishop of Landaff, asked permission of Henry III. to take up his abode in a hermitage during his visits to London. This earlier mention of the name unfortunately renders it impossible to derive it, as has been often done, from *La Chère Reine*, Eleanor, wife of Edward I., "mulier pia, modesta, misericors, Anglicorum omnium amatrix," to whom her husband erected here the last of the nine crosses which marked the resting-places of the beloved corpse in 1291 on its way from Lincoln to Westminster. More probably the name is derived from the Saxon word Charan, to turn, both the road and river making a bend here. The other crosses in memory of Eleanor were at Lincoln, Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, and Cheap; and

of these only those of Northampton and Waltham remain. That of Charing was the most magnificent of all: it was designed by Richard and Roger de Coverdale, with figures by Alexander of Abingdon. The modern cross erected in front of Charing Cross Railway Station is intended as a reproduction of it. The old cross was pulled down in 1647 by the Puritans, amid great lamentations from the opposite party.

"Methinks the common-council should
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause good old Cross, it always stood
So firmly to the City.
Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the king should rule again,
I'd pull down Tyburn too."

The Dounefall of Charing Cross.

The site of the cross was the spot chosen in 1660 for the execution of the Regicides. Hither (October 13) Major-General Thomas Harrison was brought to the gallows in a sledge, "with a sweet smiling countenance," saying that he was going to suffer for "the most glorious cause that ever was in the world." "As he was about to die," having his face towards the Banqueting House at Whitehall, "one, in derision, called to him, and said, 'Where is your good old cause?' He, with a cheerful smile, clapt his hand on his breast, and said, 'Here it is, and I am going to seal it with my blood.'" Three days after, Hugh Peters, who had preached against Charles I. at St. Margaret's as "the great Barabbas at Windsor," with Cook the republican counsel, suffered on the same spot, and afterwards eight other of the regicides. Here, where his murderers had

perished, the *Statue of Charles I.*,* the noblest statue in London, was set up in 1674. The figure of the king is what it professes to be—*royal*, and gains by being attired, not in the conventional Roman costume, but in a dress such as he wore, and by being seated on a saddle such as he used. It is the work of *Hubert Le Sueur*, and was originally ordered by the Lord Treasurer Weston for his

At Charing Cross.

gardens at Roehampton. Walpole narrates that it was sold by the Parliament to one John Rivet, a brazier, living at the Dial near Holborn Conduit, with strict orders to break it to pieces. Instead of doing this he concealed it in the vaults under the Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, and making some brass handles for knives, and producing them as fragments of the statue, realised a large sum

* Only the names of still existing (1877) monuments and buildings are printed in italics.

by their sale, as well to royalists who bought them from love of the king, as to rebels who saw in them a mark of their triumph. At the Restoration the statue was mounted upon its present beautiful pedestal, which is the work of *Joshua Marshall*, Master Mason to the Crown, and which, till recently, was always wreathed with oak on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the Restoration. The metal round the fore-foot of the horse bears the inscription HVBER(T) LE SVEVR (FE)CIT. 1633. On the erection of the statue, Waller wrote the lines—

> "That the first Charles does here in triumph ride;
> See his son reign, where he a martyr died;
> And people pay that reverence, as they pass
> (Which then he wanted!), to the sacred brass;
> Is not the effect of gratitude alone,
> To which we owe the statue and the stone.
> But heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
> That mortalls may eternally be taught,
> Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
> And kings, so killed, rise conquerors again.
> This truth the royal image does proclaim,
> Loud as the trumpet of surviving fame."

Close beside the statue was the pillory where Edmund Curll the bookseller, "embalmed in the bitter herbs of the Dunciad,"* was punished. We may also give a thought to the brave old Balmerino as asking here from his guards the indulgence of being allowed to stop to buy "honey-blobs," as the Scotch call gooseberries, on his last journey to the Tower after his condemnation.†

Harry Vane the Younger lived at Charing Cross, next door to Northumberland House. Isaac Barrow, the mathe-

* Alibone, "Dictionary of English and American Authors."
† Walpole to Montague, August 2, 1746.

matician and divine, called by Charles II. "an unfair preacher, because he exhausted every subject," died here over a saddler's shop (1677) in his forty-seventh year. In Hartshorn Lane, close by, lived the mother of Ben Jonson, and hence she sent her boy "to a private school in the Church of St. Martin in the Fields."*

"Though I cannot with all my industrious inquiry find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from long-coats. When a little child he lived in Hartshorn Lane near Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

The Swan at Charing Cross was the scene of Ben Jonson's droll extempore grace before James I., for which the king gave him a hundred pounds. The fact that proclamations were formerly made at Charing Cross, giving rise to the allusion in Swift—

"Where all that passes inter nos
May be proclaimed at Charing Cross,"

has passed into a byword.

The most interesting approach to the City of London is by that which leads to it from Charing Cross—the great highway of the Strand, "down which the tide of labour flows daily to the City,"† and where Charles Lamb says that he "often shed tears for fulness of joy at such multitude of life." To us, when we think of it, the Strand is only a vast thoroughfare crowded with traffic, and the place whither we go to find Exeter Hall, or the Adelphi or Gaiety theatres,

* Sir Thomas Pope Blunt's "Censura Authorum."
† Blanchard Jerrold.

as our taste may guide us. But the name which the street still bears will remind us of its position, following the *strand*, the shore, of the Thames. This was the first cause of its popularity, and of its becoming for three hundred years what the Corso is to Rome, and the Via Nuova to Genoa, a street of palaces. The rise of these palaces was very gradual. As late as the reign of Edward II. (1315) a petition was presented complaining that the road from Temple Bar to Westminster was so infamously bad that it was ruinous to the feet both of men and horses, and moreover that it was overgrown with thickets and bushes. In the time of Edward III. the rapid watercourses which crossed that road and fell into the Thames were traversed by bridges, of which there were three between Charing Cross and Temple Bar. Of two of these bridges the names are still preserved to us in the names of two existing streets—Ivy Bridge Lane and Strand Bridge Lane; the third bridge has itself been seen by many living persons. It was discovered in 1802, buried deep beneath the soil near St. Clement's Church, and was laid bare during the formation of some new sewers. In the reign of Henry VIII. "the road of the Strand was still described as full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome." But the Strand was the highway from the royal palace at Westminster to the royal palace on the Fleet, and so became popular with the aristocracy. Gradually great houses had sprung up along its course, the earliest being Essex House, Durham House, and the Palace of the Bishops of Norwich, afterwards called York House; though even in Elizabeth's time the succession was rather one of country palaces than of town residences, for all the great houses looked into fields upon the north,

and on the south had large and pleasant gardens sloping towards the river.

Till the Great Fire drove the impulse of building westwards and the open ground of Drury Lane and its neighbourhood was built upon, the Strand was scarcely a street in its present sense; but it was already crowded as a thoroughfare. Even in 1628 George Wither, the Puritan Poet, in his "Britain's Remembrancer," speaks of—

> "The Strand, that goodly throw-fare betweene
> The Court and City: and where I have seene
> Well-nigh a million passing in one day."

It was in the Strand that (May 29, 1660) Evelyn "stood and beheld and blessed God" for the triumphal entry of Charles II.

As the houses closed in two hundred years ago and the Strand became a regular street, it was enlivened by every house and shop having its own sign, which long took the place of the numbers now attached to them. Chaucer and Shakspeare when in London would have been directed to at the sign of the Dog, or the Golden Unicorn, or the Three Crowns, or whatever the emblem of the house might be at which they were residing. The signs were all swept away in the reign of George III., both because they had then acquired so great a size, and projected so far over the street, and because on a windy day they were blown to and fro with horrible creaking and groaning, and were often torn off and thrown down, killing the foot-passengers in their fall. Many old London signs are preserved in the City Museum of the Guildhall, and are very curious. The persons who lived in the houses so distinguished were frequently sur-

named from their signs. Thus the famous Thomas à Becket was in his youth called "Thomas of the Snipe," from the emblem of the house where he was born.

One only of the great Strand palaces has survived entire to our own time. We have all of us seen and mourned over Northumberland House, one of the noblest Jacobean buildings in England, and the most picturesque feature of London. The original design was by Jansen, but it was altered by Inigo Jones, and from the plans of the latter the house was begun (in 1603) by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, who was ridiculed for building so large a residence in the then country village of Charing. He bequeathed it to his nephew, the Earl of Suffolk, who was the builder of Audley End, and who finished the garden side of the house. It was then called Suffolk House, but changed its name (in 1642) when Elizabeth, daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk, married Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland. On his death it passed to his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Percy, who was twice a widow and three times a wife before she was seventeen. Her third husband was Charles Seymour, commonly called the proud Duke of Somerset, who was one of the chief figures in the pageants and politics of six reigns, having supported the chief mourner at the funeral of Charles II., and carried the orb at the coronation of George II. It was this Duke who never allowed his daughters to sit down in his presence, even when they were nursing him for days and weeks together, in his eighty-seventh year at Northumberland House, and who omitted one of his daughters in his will because he caught her involuntarily napping by his bedside. In his last years his punctiliousness so little decreased that when

his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch, once ventured to pat him playfully on the shoulder, he turned round upon her with, "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she would never have taken such a liberty." It was a son of this proud Duke who was created Earl of Northumberland, with remainder to his only daughter, who married Sir Hugh Smithson, created Duke of Northumberland in 1766. Added to, and altered at different periods, the greater part of the house, though charming as a residence, was architecturally unimportant. But when it was partially rebuilt, the original features of the Strand front had always been preserved—and as we saw its beautiful gateway, so with the exception of a few additional ornaments, Inigo Jones designed it. The balustrade was originally formed by an inscription in capital letters, as at Audley End and Temple Newsam, and it is recorded that the fall of one of these letters killed a spectator as the funeral of Anne of Denmark was passing. High above the porch stood for a hundred and twenty-five years a leaden lion, the crest of the Percies (now removed to Syon House); and it was a favourite question, which few could answer right, which way the familiar animal's tail pointed. Of all the barbarous and ridiculous injuries by which London has been wantonly mutilated within the last few years, the destruction of Northumberland House has been the greatest. The removal of some ugly houses on the west, and the sacrifice of a corner of the garden, might have given a better turn to the street now called Northumberland Avenue, and have saved the finest great historical house in London, "commenced by a Howard, continued by a Percy, and completed by a Seymour"—the house in which the restoration of the

monarchy was successfully planned in 1660 in the secret conferences of General Monk.

It is just beyond the now melancholy site of Northumberland House that we enter upon what is still called "the Strand." If we could linger, as we might in the early morning, when there would be no great traffic to hinder us, we should see that, even now, the great street is far from unpicturesque. Its houses, projecting, receding, still ornamented here and there with bow-windows, sometimes with a little sculpture or pargetting work, present a very broken outline to the sky; and, at the end, in the blue haze which is so beautiful on a fine day in London, rises the Flemish-looking steeple of St. Mary le Strand with the light streaming through its open pillars.

The Strand palaces are gone now. In Italian cities, which love their reminiscences and guard them, their sites would be marked by inscribed tablets let into the later houses. This is not the way with Englishmen; yet, even in England, they have their own commemoration, and in the Strand the old houses and the old residents have their record in the names of the adjoining streets on either side the way. Gay, calling upon his friend Fortescue to walk west with him from Temple Bar, thus alludes to them:—

"Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienced friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e'en thy fees suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls;
Me business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray.
With thee conversing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's famed structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name.

Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd.
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breathed, the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watchhouse stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers's,—now no more."

Charing Cross Railway Station, in front of which a copy of the ancient Cross of Queen Eleanor has been recently erected by *E. Barry*, occupies the site of the mansion of Sir Edward Hungerford (created Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II.), which was burnt in April, 1669. On the ground thus accidentally cleared Hungerford Market was erected, which was decorated with a bust of Sir Edward Hungerford "the Spendthrift," who died in 1711, and was represented here in the wig for which he gave 500 guineas. The Hungerford Suspension Bridge which here crossed the Thames now spans the tremendous chasm beneath St. Vincent's Rocks at Clifton.

We must turn to the right, immediately beyond the station, to visit the remnants of the famous palace known as York House. The Archbishops of York had been without any town house after York Place, now Whitehall, was taken away from them by Wolsey, and this site, previously occupied by the Inn of the Bishops of Norwich, was given to them by Mary. The Archbishops, however, scarcely ever lived here. They let it to the Lords Keepers of the Great Seal, and thus it was that Sir Nicholas Bacon came to reside at York House, and that his son, the great Lord Bacon, was born here in 1560. He in his turn lived here as Chancellor, and was greatly attached to the place; for when the Duke

of Lennox wished him to sell his interest in it, he answered "For this you will pardon me, York House is the house where my father died, and where I first breathed, and there I will yield my last breath, please God and the king."

"Lord Bacon being in Yorke house garden, looking on fishers, as they were throwing their nett, asked them what they would take for their draught; they answered *so much:* his lordship would offer them no more but *so much*. They drew up their nett, and it were only 2 or 3 little fishes. His lordship then told them, it had been better for them to have taken his offer. They replied, they hoped to have had a better draught; *but*, said his lordship, '*Hope is a good breakfast, but an ill supper.*'"—*Aubrey's Lives.*

Steenie, James I.'s Duke of Buckingham, obtained York Place by exchange, and formed plans for sumptuously rebuilding it, but only the Watergate was completely carried out to show how great were his intentions.

"There was a costly magnificence in the fêtes at York House, the residence of Buckingham, of which few but curious researchers are aware; they eclipsed the splendours of the French Court; for Bassompierre, in one of his despatches, declares that he never witnessed similar magnificence. He describes the vaulted apartments, the ballets at supper, which were proceeding between the services, with various representations, theatrical changes, and those of the tables, and the music; the duke's own contrivance, to prevent the inconvenience of pressure, by having a turning door like that of the monasteries, which admitted only one person at a time."—*D'Israeli. Curiosities of Literature.*

The Parliament gave the house to their General, Fairfax, but when his daughter married George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, it brought the property back into that family. Cromwell was exceedingly angry at this marriage. The Duke was permitted to reside at York House with his wife, but on his venturing to go without leave to Cobham to visit his sister, he was

arrested and sent to the Tower, where he remained till the Protector's death. It was this Duke—

> "Who, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
> Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."
>
> *Pope.*

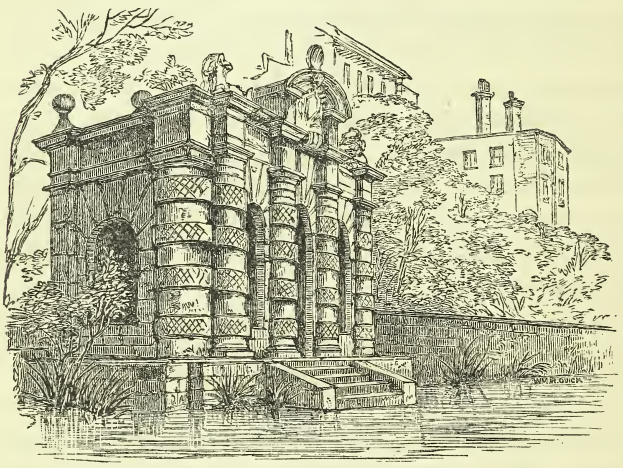
He sold York House and its gardens for building purposes, at the same time buying property in Dowgate, but insisted as a condition of purchase that he should be commemorated in the names of the streets erected on his former property, and this quaint memorial of him still remains in the names of George Street, Villiers Street, with Duke Street and Buckingham Street, formerly connected by Of Lane—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. This nomenclature was much laughed at at the time, and gave rise to the satire called "The Litany of the Duke of Buckingham," containing the lines—

> "From damning whatever we don't understand,
> From purchasing at Dowgate, and selling in the Strand,
> Calling streets by our name when we have sold the land,
> Libera nos Domine!"

Villiers Street, where John Evelyn tells us that he lived 1583-4, "having many important causes to despatch, and for the education of my daughters," leads by the side of Charing Cross Railway Station to the pretty gardens on the Thames Embankment, where we may visit the principal remnant of York House—and a grand one it is—the stately *Watergate*, built for Duke Steenie, and perhaps the most perfect piece of building which does honour to the name of Inigo Jones.* On the side towards the river are the

* See Ralph's "Critical Review of Public Buildings."

Duke's arms, and on the side towards Buckingham Street the Villiers motto, "Fidei coticula Crux"—"The Cross is the Touchstone of Faith." The steps, known as York Stairs, and the bases of its columns, have been buried since the river has been driven back by the Embankment, and the "Watergate" has now lost its meaning; but since it is undoubtedly one of the best architectural monuments



The Watergate of York House.

in London, perfect alike in its proportions and its details, it is a great pity that a large fountain or tank is not made in front of it, so that its steps might still descend upon water. At present it only serves curiously to mark the height to which the Embankment has been raised. In ancient days the river was fordable at low-water opposite York Stairs.

Immediately behind the gate is, at the end of Buckingham Street on the left, the only remaining portion of the house of the Duke of Buckingham. It is now used for the Charity Organization Society, but retains its old ceilings, decorated with roses and apples magnificently raised in stucco of extraordinary bold design; and, in the centre, pictures, perhaps by Verrio, of Spring and Summer. Peter the Great lived in the upper part of this house when he was in England, and used to spend his evenings here with Lord Caermarthen, drinking hot brandy with pepper in it; and here also Dickens, who lived here for some time himself, makes his David Copperfield reside in "a singularly desirable, compact set of chambers, forming a genteel residence for a young gentleman." The house on the other side the way, upon which the windows of this old house looked out, was occupied by Samuel Pepys. York House itself contained a fine picture gallery in the time of Charles I., and the Cain and Abel of John of Bologna was amongst the decorations of its garden.

Beyond the gardens of York House, on the same side of the Strand, the houses of the great nobles once ranged along the Thames bank, as the Venetian palaces do along the Grand Canal. First came Durham House, with great round towers, battlemented like a castle towards the river. The Earls of Leicester had a palace here, at the water-gate of which Simon de Montfort hospitably received his enemy, Henry III., when he was driven on shore by a tempest to which his boat was unequal. The Bishop of Durham first possessed it under Bishop Beck, in the time of Edward I., but it was rebuilt by Bishop Hatfield in 1345. Edward VI. gave it to his sister Elizabeth. Afterwards it was inhabited

by John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and here, says Holinshed, were celebrated in May, 1553, three marriages —that of Lord Guildford Dudley, fourth son of Northumberland, with Lady Jane Grey; that of her sister Katherine with Lord Pembroke; and that of Katherine Dudley, youngest daughter of Northumberland, with Lord Hastings. Lady Jane's marriage was intended as a prelude to placing her on the throne, and from hence she set forth upon her unhappy progress to the Tower to be received as Queen. Elizabeth afterwards granted the house to Sir Walter Raleigh.

"I well remember his study, which was on a little turret, that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect, which is as pleasant, perhaps, as any in the world, and which not only refreshes the eie-sight, but cheers the spirits, and (to speake my mind) I believe enlarges an ingeniose man's thoughts."—*Aubrey's Lives.*

But, on the death of Elizabeth, the Bishops of Durham reasserted their claims to their palace, and Raleigh was turned out. On part of the site of Durham House was built, in 1608, the New Exchange, called "the Bursse of Britain" by James I. It was here that the wife of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, sold gloves and washballs, at the sign of "The Three Spanish Gypsies," when married to her first husband, Thomas Radford the farrier; and here that "La Belle Jennings," the heroic widow of Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel, ruined by the fall of James II., sate working in a white mask and was known as "the White Milliner," under which name she appears in a drama by Douglas Jerrold.

Part of the site of Durham House and its gardens is now occupied by *Adelphi Terrace*, approached by streets with

names which commemorate each of its founders, the four enterprising brothers, John, Robert, James, and William Adam (1768); while the name Adelphi, from the Greek word ἀδελφοί (brothers), commemorates them collectively. David Garrick, whose "death eclipsed the gaiety of nations,"* expired (1779) in the centre house of the Terrace, which has a ceiling by Antonio Zucchi, and hence he was borne with the utmost pomp, followed by most of the noble coaches in London, to Westminster Abbey. The witty Topham Beauclerk also died in the Terrace, and Boswell narrates how he "stopped a little while by the railings, looking on the Thames," and mourned with Johnson over the two friends they had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind them. In John Street, Adelphi, poor King Kamehameha II., of the Sandwich Islands, and his Queen both died of the measles, July, 1824. Here is the Hall of the *Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.*

Free admission is granted to visitors every day between 10 and 4, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The *Committee Room* contains the six great pictures of James Barry (1741—1806) which were intended to illustrate the maxim that the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral. The artist was employed upon them for seven years. They represent—

1. *Orpheus*, as the founder of Grecian theology, instructing the savage natives of a savage country.

2. *A Grecian Harvest Home*, as pourtraying a state of happiness and simplicity.

* Dr. Johnson.

3. *Crowning the Victors at Olympia.* The finest portion of this immense picture represents the sons of Diagoras of Rhodes carrying their father in triumph round the stadium. He is said to have died of joy on beholding his three sons victors on the same day.

4. *Commerce, or the Triumph of the Thames.* The figures of Drake, Raleigh, Sebastian Cabot, and Captain Cook are absurdly introduced as Tritons!

5. *The Distribution of Rewards by the Society of Arts.* This picture is interesting as containing a number of contemporary portraits—Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, Mrs. Montagu, the Duchesses of Devonshire, Rutland, Northumberland, &c.

6. *Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution*, being an apotheosis of those whom the artist considered to be the chief cultivators and benefactors of mankind.

"Whatever the hand may have done, the mind (in these pictures) has done its part; there is a grasp of mind here which you will find nowhere else."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"The audacious honesty of this eminent man conspired against his success in art; he talked and wrote down the impressions of his pencil. The history of his life is the tale of splendid works contemplated and seldom begun, of theories of art, exhibiting the confidence of genius and learning, and of a constant warfare waged against a coterie of connoisseurs, artists, and antiquarians, who ruled the realm of taste."—*Allan Cunningham.*

In the *Anteroom* is a good portrait, by *R. Cosway*, of William Shipley, brother of Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, by whom the Society was founded in 1754.

Returning to the Strand, we may notice that at *Coutts's Bank* (between Buckingham Street and Durham Street) the royal family have banked since the reign of Queen Anne.

On the right of the Strand is *Ivy Bridge Lane*, where, says Pennant, "the Earl of Rutland had a house in which several of that noble family breathed their last." It was in a house opposite the entrance of this lane that "that olde, olde man," Thomas Parr, died, having done penance in Alderbury Church for being the father of an illegitimate

child when he was above an hundred years old. Salisbury Street and Cecil Street now commemorate Salisbury House, the town residence of Sir Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurer in the time of James I. No trace of it is left except in the names.

The district to the north of the Strand, where the palaces we have been describing looked into the open country, belonged to the Dukes of Bedford, and is known as *Bedfordbury*. *Brydges Street* and *Chandos Street* here commemorate the marriage of the 4th Earl of Bedford with Catherine, daughter and co-heiress of Giles Brydges, 3rd Lord Chandos, whose mansion once occupied their site. The title of the 5th Earl, created Marquis of Tavistock at the Restoration, remains in *Tavistock Street*. His eldest son, the famous William, Lord Russell, married Lady Rachel Wriothesley, second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, whence *Southampton Street*. Here the "Bedford Head" was situated, where Paul Whitehead gave his supper parties, and which is celebrated in the lines of Pope—

> "When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed,
> Except on pea-chicks—at the Bedford Head."

Southampton Street—where phosphorus was first manufactured in England—leads into *Covent Garden*, a space which, as early as 1222, under the name of Frère Pye Garden, was the convent garden of Westminster, and which through all the changes of time and place has ever remained sacred to the fruits and flowers of its early existence, so that, though they are no longer growing, it has never lost its old name of "garden." At the Dissolution Edward VI. granted the garden to his uncle the Protector Somerset, but, reverting

to the crown on his attainder, it was afterwards granted, with the seven acres called Long Acre, to John, Earl of Bedford, who built his town-house on the site now occupied by Southampton Street. It was not till 1621 that the houses around the square were built from designs of Inigo Jones, but then, and long afterwards, the market continued to be held under the shade of what Stow calls "a grotto of trees," hanging over the wall of the grounds of Bedford House (now commemorated in Bedford Street), which bounded Covent Garden on the south. Many allusions in the works of the poets of Charles II.'s time show that this, which Sydney Smith calls "the amorous and herbivorous parish of Covent Garden," was then one of the most fashionable quarters of London—in fact, that it was the Belgrave Square of the Stuarts, and it will always be classic ground from its association with the authors and wits of the last century. When Bedford House was pulled down in 1704, the market gradually, by the increasing traffic, became pushed into the middle of the area, and finally has usurped the whole, though a print by Sutton Nichols shows that as late as 1810 it only consisted of a few sheds.

The north and east sides of the market are still occupied by the arcade, first called "the Portico Walk," but which has long borne the quaint name of *Piazza*, an open corridor like those which line the streets of Italian towns. It is common-place enough now with ugly plastered columns, but when originally built by Inigo Jones, was highly picturesque, with its carved grey stone pillars relieved upon a red brick front. There is an odd evidence of the popularity of the piazza in the time of Charles II., James II., and William III., in the fact that "piazza" was

chosen as the favourite name for the foundling children of the parish. The registers abound in such names as Peter Piazza, Mary Piazza, and Paul Piazza. It was the custom in those days to lay all foundling children at the doors of the unfortunate Bishop of Durham, and leave them there. In the last century the square was used for the football matches, which are described by Gay :—

> "Where Covent Garden's famous temple stands,
> That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands,
> Columns with plain magnificence appear,
> And graceful porches lead along the square;
> Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far
> I spy the furies of the football war;
> The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
> Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
> O whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh;
> The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
> The dexterous glazier strong returns the bound,
> And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound."

Attention was much drawn to Covent Garden in 1799, by the murder of Miss Reay, who was shot in the Piazza by Mr. Hackman, a clergyman (from jealousy of Lord Sandwich), as she was coming from Covent Garden Theatre. In the *Old Hummums* Tavern died Parson Ford, whose ghost-story, of his twofold appearance in the cellar of that house, is told in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

It was in Covent Garden that the famous "Beefsteak Club" was founded in the reign of Queen Anne, and meeting every Saturday in "a noble room at the top of Covent Garden Theatre, would never suffer any dish except Beef Steaks to appear."* The Club was composed "of the chief wits and illustrious men of the nation;" the badge worn by the

* The *Connoisseur*, No. XXIX.

members being a golden gridiron suspended round the neck by a green riband.* The Club was burnt in 1808, and Handel's organ and the manuscript of Sheridan's Comedies were destroyed in the fire. Amongst those who lived in the square were Sir P. Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

When St. Martin-in-the-Felds became too small for its parishioners, Francis, fifth Earl of Bedford, to whom all this neighbourhood belonged, desired Inigo Jones to build him a chapel in Covent Garden, but said that he would not go to any expense about it—in short, that it must be little better than a barn. "Then it shall be the handsomest barn in England," said Inigo Jones, and he built *St. Paul's, Covent Garden* (always interesting as the first important Protestant church raised in England), which exactly fulfils his promise. Bare, uncouth, and featureless in its general forms, it nevertheless becomes really picturesque from the noble play of light and shade caused by its boldly projecting roof, and the deeply receding portico behind its two pillars. The most serious defect is that this portico leads to nothing, for, in order to have the altar to the east, the entrance is at the side, and the altar behind the portico. The interior is a miserable, featureless parallelogram. The portico alone escaped a fire in 1795, all the rest, which was originally of brick, perished, together with the tomb of Sir P. Lely (whose real name was Vandervaes), and his famous picture of Charles I. as a martyr, kneeling with a crown of thorns in his hand, having cast his royal crown aside. Southerne the dramatist, the friend of Dryden, (ob. 1746) used regularly to attend evening prayers

* Chetwood's "Hist. of the Stage."

here; a "venerable old gentleman, always neatly dressed in black, with his silver sword and silver locks." *

A great number of eminent persons besides Lely were buried here when Covent Garden was in fashion. They include Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset (1645), the notorious favourite of James I., who lived hard by in Russell Street; Tom Taylor—"the Water Poet"—whose endless works do so much to illustrate the manner of his age (1654); Dr. John Donne, son of the famous poet-dean of St. Paul's, but himself described by Wood as "an atheistical buffoon, a banterer, and a person of over-free thought" (1662); Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to Charles I. (1673); Richard Wiseman, the companion of Charles II. in exile, and his serjeant-surgeon after the Restoration, whose works attest the cures worked "by his Majesty's touch alone" (1676); Sir Edward Greaves, physician of Charles II. (1680); Dick Estcourt the actor, whose death is described by Steele in No. 468 of the *Spectator* (1711-12); Edward Kynaston the famous actor of female parts, who kept Charles II. waiting because "the queen was not shaved yet,"* and who left his name to "Kynaston's Alley" (1712); William Wycherley the dramatist (1715); Grinling Gibbons the sculptor (1721); Mrs. Susannah Centlivre the dramatist (1723); Robert Wilks the comedian (1731), Dr. John Armstrong the physician and poet, attacked by Churchill (1779); Tom Davies the bookseller, the friend of Boswell, who introduced him to Johnson (1785); Sir Robert Strange†

* Oldys.

† Knighted, in spite of his having fought for Prince Charles Edward, and having narrowly escaped from arrest and execution by being concealed from his pursuers under the wide-spreading hoop of a young lady from whom he implored protection, and whom he afterwards married.

the engraver (1792); Charles Macklin the actor, who appeared in his hundredth year in the character of Shylock (1797); Thomas Girtin the "Father of Water-colour painting" (1802); Thomas King the actor (1805); and Dr. John Walcott—"Peter Pindar" (1819). Under the north-west wall of the church rests Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras" (1680).

"His feet touch the wall. His grave 2 yards distant from the pilaster of the dore, (by his desire) 6 foot deepe."—*Aubrey.*

"In the midst of obscurity passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously related; and all that can be told with certainty is, that he was poor."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Amongst the grave-stones in the miserable churchyard is that of James Worsdale, the painter (1767), which bore the lines (removed in 1848) by himself—

> "Eager to get, but not to keep, the pelf,
> A friend to all mankind except himself;"

and that of Henry Jerningham, goldsmith (1761), with the lines by Aaron Hill—

> "All that accomplish'd body lends mankind
> From earth receiving, he to earth resign'd;
> All that e'er graced a soul from Heaven he drew,
> And took back with him, as an angel's due."

On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, its especial market-days, Covent Garden should be visited. It is really one of the prettiest sights in London, and it is difficult to say whether the porch given up to flowers, or the avenue devoted to fruit, is most radiant in freshness and colour. How many London painters, unable to go farther afield, have come hither with profit to study effects of colour,

which the piles of fruit give, as nothing else can! Turner's early love for the oranges, which he knew so well in his home near Covent Garden, comes out in his later life, in his "Wreck of the Orange Vessel," in which the fruits of his boyish study are seen tossing and reeling on the waves.

The later existence of Covent Garden has become associated with actors and actresses, from its neighbourhood to the Cock-pit, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden Theatres.

"The convent becomes a playhouse; monks and nuns turn actors and actresses. The garden, formal and quiet, where a salad was cut for a lady abbess, and flowers were gathered to adorn images, becomes a market, noisy and full of life, distributing thousands of fruits and flowers to a vicious metropolis."—*W. S. Landor.*

Thackeray has left a vivid description of Covent Garden in its present state:—

"The two great national theatres on one side, a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other; a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote or history; an arcade often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle; a rich cluster of brown old taverns—one of them filled with the counterfeit presentments of many actors long since silent; who scowl and smile once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers; a something in the air which breathes of old books, old painters, and old authors; a place beyond all other places one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight, a crystal palace—the representative of the present—which presses in timidly from a corner upon many things of the past; a withered bank that has been sucked dry by a felonious clerk, a squat building with a hundred columns, and chapel-looking fronts, which always stands knee-deep in baskets, flowers, and scattered vegetables; a common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares; a population that never seems to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping; a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle each other over the footways."

The names of the greater part of the streets around Covent Garden bear evidence to the time of their erection. Besides those called after the noble family which owned them, we have King Street, Charles Street, and Henrietta Street, called after Charles I. and his Queen ; James Street and York Street from the Duke of York ; Catherine Street from Catherine of Braganza. Some of the doors in King Street are of mahogany, for here lived the lady by whom that wood was first introduced. That *Bow Street*, on the west of Covent Garden, was once fashionable, we learn from the epilogue of one of Dryden's plays—

> "I've had to-day a dozen billets doux
> From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow Street beaux;"

but, as Sir Walter Scott observes, "a billet doux from Bow Street," which has been associated with the principal police-courts of London for more than a century, "would now be more alarming than flattering." Edmund Waller the poet, and Grinling Gibbons the sculptor, lived in this street, and, at one time, while he was writing "Tom Jones," Fielding the novelist. It was to this street also that Charles II. came to visit Wycherley when he was ill, and gave him £500 that he might go to the south of France for his health. Bow Street became famous in the last century as containing *Will's*—the "Wits' Coffee House," described in Prior's "Town and Country Mouse," where you might

> "see
> Priests sipping coffee, sparks and poets, tea."

It was brought into fashion by its being the resort of Dryden. Hither Pope, at twelve years old, persuaded

his friends to bring him that he might look upon the great poet of his childish veneration, whom he afterwards described as "a plump man, with a down look, and not very conversable."

"Will's" continued to be the Wits' Coffee House till Addison drew them to "Button's" (who had been a servant of his),* in the neighbouring Great Russell Street. Here Pope describes him as coming to dine daily, and remaining for five or six hours afterwards. At "Tom's Coffee House," at No. 17 in the same street, Dr. Mead, the most famous of English physicians from the reign of Queen Anne to that of George II., used to sit daily, prescribing for his patients upon written or oral statements from their apothecaries. This was the favourite resort of Johnson and Garrick; here also was daily to be seen the familiar figure of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his spectacles on his nose, his trumpet always in his ear, and his silver snuff-box ever in his hand. It was at No. 8 in this street that Boswell first saw Dr. Johnson.

In *Maiden Lane*, which runs parallel with the Strand to the south of Covent Garden, the great artist Turner was born in May, 1775, in the shop of his father, who was a hairdresser. Maiden Lane leads into *Chandos Street*, where Claude Duval was taken, at the tavern called "the Hole in the Wall," in 1669.

Returning to the Strand, *Burleigh Street* and *Exeter Street* commemorate Exeter House, where the great Lord Burleigh lived and died. Elizabeth came here to see him when he was ill, in a headdress so high that she could not enter the door. The groom of the chambers ventured to urge her to

* Pope in "Spence's Anecdotes."

stoop. "I will stoop for your master," she said, "but not for the King of Spain;" and when Lord Burleigh himself apologized for not being able to stand up to receive her on account of the badness of his legs, she replied, "My lord, we do not make use of you for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head." The site of the house was afterwards occupied by the Exeter Change, which contained a famous menagerie, of which the elephant Chunee, whose skeleton is now at the College of Surgeons, was a distinctive feature. Between the two streets now stands *Exeter Hall* (built in 1831 by *Deering*), celebrated for its concerts and its religious "May meetings."

On the right, on the site of Beaufort Buildings, stood Worcester House, once the palace of the Bishops of Carlisle, afterwards rented from the Marquis of Worcester by the Lord Chancellor Hyde. Here it was that, with outward reluctance and secret glee, he connived at the strange marriage of his daughter Anne, which was celebrated in the middle of the night of September 3, 1662, with the Duke of York, afterwards James II. The house was pulled down when the Duke of Beaufort bought Buckingham House in Chelsea. In Beaufort Buildings lived Fielding the novelist, and it was here that, having given away to a needy friend the money which had been advanced to him in his poverty by Jacob Tonson the publisher, for the payment of his taxes, he said coolly to the astonished collector, "Friendship has called for the money, and had it, let the tax-gatherer call again."

We must now turn aside by a narrow street upon the right of the Strand, and it will be with a sense of almost surprise as well as relief that we find ourselves transported from the

noise and bustle of the crowded thoroughfare to the peaceful quietude of a sunny churchyard, where the old grey tombstones are shaded by a grove of plane-trees and lilacs, and where an ancient church stands upon a height, with an open view towards the gleaming river with its busy Embankment, and Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament rising in the stillness of the purple haze beyond. We are "completely out of the world, although on the very skirt, and verge, and hem of the roaring world of London."* In this churchyard, and on the ground now occupied by all the neighbouring courts and warehouses, once stood the famous *Savoy Palace*. Having been built by Peter, brother of Archbishop Boniface, and uncle of Eleanor of Provence, wife of Henry III., when he came over on a visit to his niece, it became a centre for all the princes, ecclesiastics, and artists who flowed into London in consequence of her marriage. He bequeathed it to the monks of Montjoy at Havering at the Bower, from whom it was bought by Queen Eleanor for her second son Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. It continued in the hands of his descendants, and, after the battle of Poitiers, in 1356, became the residence of the captive King John of France. John was set free in October, 1360, but being unable to fulfil the conditions of his release, and unwilling to cede to his captor the Black Prince in chivalry and honour, voluntarily returned, and being again assigned a residence in the Savoy, died there April 9, 1364, at which, says Froissart, "the King, Queen, and princes of the blood, and all the nobles of England, were exceedingly concerned, from the great love and affection King John had shown them since the conclusion of peace."

* G. A. Sala.

While the Savoy was the London residence of John of Gaunt, the poet Chaucer was married here to Philippa de Ruet, a lady in the household of Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster, and sister of Catherine Swyneford, who became the Duke's second wife. In 1381 "the Duke of Lancaster's house of the Savoy, to the which," says Stow, "there was none in the realme to be compared in beauty and statelinesse," was pillaged and burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler, to punish the Duke for the protection he had afforded to the followers of Wickliffe. Thirty-two of the assailants lingered so long drinking up the sweet wine in the cellars, that they were walled in, and "were heard crying and calling seven daies after, but none came to helpe them out till they were dead." Hardyng's Chronicle commemorates the flight of John of Gaunt from the Savoy :—

> "The cōmons brent the Sauoye a place fayre
> For evill wyll the hand vnto Duke John:
> Wherefore he fled northwarde in great dispayre
> Into Scotlande; for socoure had he none
> In Englande then, to whō he durste make moane;
> And there abode tyll commons all were ceased
> In Englande hole, and all the land well peased."

The Savoy was never restored as a palace, but Henry VII. rebuilt it as a hospital in honour of John the Baptist, and endowed it by his will. The hospital was suppressed by Edward VI., but refounded by Mary, and only finally dissolved in the reign of Elizabeth. Over its gate, of 1505, were the lines—

> "Hospitium hoc inopi turbe Savoia vocatum,
> Septimus Henricus fundavit ab imo solo."

Soon after the Restoration the Conference of the Savoy

was held here for the revision of the Liturgy so as to meet the feelings of the Nonconformists, in which twelve bishops of the Church of England met an equal number of Nonconformists in discussion. Richard Baxter, who had already published his most popular books, was one of the commissioners, and here drew up in a fortnight that reformed liturgy which Dr. Johnson pronounced "one

The Churchyard of the Savoy.

of the finest compositions of the ritual kind which he had ever seen."

The remains of the Savoy palace were all swept away when Waterloo Bridge was built. Originally dedicated to St. John the Baptist, it was called *St. Mary le Savoy*, because it served as a church for the parish of St. Mary le Strand. The church was the chapel, not of the palace, but of Henry VII.'s hospital. There is a tradition that

the Liturgy restored by Elizabeth was first read in this chapel in the vernacular tongue. It is of Perpendicular architecture (1505), with a quaint low belfry like those of many small churches in Northumberland. The interior was entirely destroyed by fire in 1860, and was for the second time renewed by the munificence of the Queen as Duchess of Lancaster. It has a rich coloured roof, and resembles a college chapel; but the tombs which formerly made it so interesting perished in the flames. Only one small figure from Lady Dalhousie's monument is preserved, and the brass of Gavin Douglas, the Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Bell the Cat, Earl of Angus, who is represented in "Marmion" as celebrating the wedding of De Wilton and Clare:—

> "A bishop at the altar stood,
> A noble lord of Douglas blood,
> With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
> Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye
> But little pride of prelacy;
> More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
> He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
> Than that beneath his rule he held
> The bishopric of fair Dunkeld."

Over the font is preserved the central compartment of a triptych, painted for the Savoy in the fourteenth century, stolen in the seventeenth, and recovered in 1876. Among the lost monuments were an Elizabethan tomb, wrongfully ascribed to the famous Countess of Nottingham shaken in her bed by Elizabeth; that of Sir Robert and Lady Douglas; of the Countess of Dalhousie, sister of Mrs. Hutchinson and daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower; of Mrs. Anne Killigrew (1685),

daughter of a Master of the Hospital, described by Dryden as—

"A grace for beauty, and a muse for wit;"

and of Richard Lander, the African traveller, who died (1834) of a wound received from the natives while exploring the Niger. Amongst the most remarkable persons buried here without a monument, "within the east door of the church," says Aubrey, was George Wither (1607), a voluminous poet of the Commonwealth, author of "The Shepherds Hunting," and "The Matchless Orinta," but best known by the lines—

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair."

This historic corner of the Savoy has been left untouched amid the turmoil of the town, and is still one of the quietest spots in London.

"So run the sands of life through this quiet hourglass. So glides the life away in the Old Precinct. At its base, a river runs for all the world; at its summit, is the brawling, raging Strand; on either side, are darkness and poverty and vice; the gloomy Adelphi Arches, the Bridge of Sighs, that men call Waterloo. But the Precinct troubles itself little with the noise and tumult, and sleeps well through life, without its fitful fever."—*G. A. Sala.*

Beyond the wide opening of Wellington Street are the buildings of *Somerset House*, erected from the stately plans of Sir William Chambers, 1776—86. The river front is six hundred feet in length. This building, now of little interest, occupies the site of one of the most historic houses in London, which was only destroyed when the present house was raised. The old Somerset House was built in 1549 on the site of the town houses of the Bishops of Worcester,

Lichfield, and Landaff, by Edward Seymour, the Lord Protector, brother of Queen Jane, and uncle of Edward VI. Its architecture was attributed to John of Padua, "devizer of his Majesty's buildings" to Henry VIII. The tower and the greater part of the Church of St. John's, Clerkenwell, the cloister (called Pardon Churchyard) of St. Paul's, and the chapel of Pardon Churchyard near the Charterhouse, were unscrupulously pulled down, and their materials used in its erection. But long before it was finished (1552) the Protector had been beheaded on Tower Hill, and his house was bestowed upon the Princess Elizabeth. James I. gave it to Anne of Denmark, and desired that it might be called Denmark House, and here that Queen lay in state in 1616, and James I. in 1625. Charles I. then gave the house to his Queen, Henrietta Maria, and caused a Roman Catholic chapel to be built here for her use, which was served by Capuchin monks, and in which many of her French attendants were buried. Their vaults still exist under the present courtyard. The time of the Commonwealth was marked for Somerset House by the death of Inigo Jones within its walls (1652); and here Cromwell lay in state, his "effigies being apparelled in a rich suit of uncut velvet," bearing "in the right hand the golden sceptre, representing Government; in his left the globe, representing Principality; upon his head the cap of Regality of purple velvet, furred with ermins."* The magnificence of expenditure on this occasion made people collect outside the gates and throw dirt upon the Protector's escutcheon at night.

With the Restoration, Henrietta Maria, then called "the

* *The Gazette*, Sept. 9, 1658.

Queen-Mother," returned to Somerset House, where the young Duke of Gloucester died in 1660, and was taken "down Somerset stairs," to be buried at Westminster. When Henrietta Maria left England, in 1665, she was succeeded by the Portuguese Queen, Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II., who used to spend her days in playing at Ombre, a game which she first introduced into England, and who trembled here in her chapel as she heard the frenzied people shouting round the effigy of the Pope as they burnt it before Temple Bar, on the occasion of the Duke of York's marriage with Mary of Modena. Catherine restored the old palace, which had become greatly neglected, with a magnificence which is commemorated by Cowley, who extols its position :—

> "Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
> Which still with waves of crowding people flows;
> And every day there passes by my side,
> Up to its western reach, the London tide,
> The spring-tides of the term: my front looks down
> On all the pride and business of the town.
> * * * * * * *
> My other fair and more majestic face
> (Who can the fair to more advantage place?)
> For ever gazes on itself below,
> In the best mirror that the world can show."

General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, lay in state at Somerset House in January, 1669, when his waxwork figure, afterwards preserved in Westminster Abbey, was made, to lie upon his coffin.

The formal gardens of old Somerset House extended far along the river-bank, and it was near their "water-gate" that Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey was declared to have been strangled (1678) by the false-witnesses who invented the

story of his death. Three men were executed for the murder, with which an attempt was made to connect the name of Catherine of Braganza, but Charles II. refused to listen, telling Burnet that she was "a weak woman, and had some disagreeable humours, but was not capable of a wicked thing."

After Catherine left England for Portugal in 1692, this old Strand palace continued to be regarded as the dower house of the queens of England, but as there were no queens-dowager to inhabit it, it was used as Hampton Court is now, as lodgings for needy nobility. By an Act of 1775, Buckingham House was settled on Queen Charlotte instead of Somerset House, and the old palace of the queens of England was then destroyed. The buildings of modern Somerset House are used for the *Audit Office*, where the accounts of the kingdom and colonies are audited; the *Office of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages;* and the *Inland Revenue Office*, where taxes and legacy and excise duties are received. The centre of the south front is occupied by the *Will Office*,* removed from Doctors' Commons in 1874. The courtyard has a well-proportioned and stately gloominess. In the centre is the great allegorical figure of the Thames, by John Bacon. Queen Charlotte, whose feeling has been shared by thousands since, said to the sculptor when she saw it, "Why did you make so frightful a figure?" "Art," replied the bowing artist, "cannot always effect what is

* In the *Registry of the Court of Probate* at Somerset House, all *Wills* are preserved in a fire-proof room. Any Will inquired after can be found in a short time, and any one may peruse a Will, who obtains a shilling probate stamp. No copies or even memoranda may be made from a Will, without a separate Order, for which a fixed payment is demanded, in proportion to the length of the copy required.

ever within the reach of Nature—the union of beauty and majesty." It is amusing to see the impression which Somerset House makes on a foreigner.

"If you would see something quite dreadful, go to the enormous palace in the Strand, called Somerset House. Massive, heavy architecture, of which the recesses seem dipped in ink, the porticos smeared with soot. There is the ghost of a waterless fountain in a hole in the midst of an empty quadrangle, pools of water on the flags, long tiers of closed windows. What can men do in such a catacomb?"—*Taine. Notes sur l'Angleterre.*

Beyond the east wing of Somerset House, occupied by King's College and school, runs the narrow alley called *Strand Lane*, which formerly ended at the landing-place, called Strand Bridge, where we read in the *Spectator* that Addison "landed with ten sail of apricot-boats." On the left of the winding paved lane a sign directs us to the *Old Roman Spring Bath*, and in this quiet corner we find one of the most remarkable relics of Roman London—a vaulted room containing, enclosed in brick-work and masonry, apparently Roman, a beautiful bath of crystal water, thirteen feet long, six feet broad, and four feet six inches deep. It is believed that the wonderfully cold, clear water comes from the miraculous well of St. Clement, which gave a name to the neighbouring Holywell Street, and was once greatly resorted to for its cures. A second bath, in the same building, still used, and with chalybeate properties, is shown as having been constructed by Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, when he was residing hard by in Essex House. It is said that it was in a house in this neighbourhood that Guy Fawkes and his comrades took the oath of secrecy and received the sacrament before attempting to carry out the Gunpowder Plot.

Here, in the midst of the street, rises the *Church of St. Mary-le-Strand*, which is of interest as being the first of the fifty new churches whose erection was ordained in Queen Anne's reign, the original St. Mary's having been destroyed by the Protector Somerset when he was building Somerset House, which covers its site. Gibbs was the architect of the present church, but its steeple, so beautiful in spite of having the fault of appearing to stand upon the roof of the church, was not part of the original design. The church was to have been towerless, but a stately column 250 feet high (*i.e.* 105 feet higher than the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square) was to have risen beside it, crowned by a statue of Queen Anne. But the Queen died before the plan was carried out, and flattery being no longer necessary, the church had its steeple. It occupies the site of the famous May-pole, one hundred and thirty-four feet high, which was destroyed in the Commonwealth as "a last remnant of vile heathenism, an idol of the people." It was re-erected with great pomp under Charles II., by Clarges, the Drury Lane farrier, to commemorate the good fortune of his daughter in becoming a duchess by having married General Monk when he was a private gentleman. The tract called "The Citie's Loyaltie Displayed" relates how it was set up by seamen under the command of James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral, no landsmen being able to raise it, and how, as it rose, "the little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying golden days began to appear." Gathered around the last May-pole on this spot, four thousand London school-children sang a hymn as Queen Anne passed in triumphant procession to

take part in the public thanksgiving at St. Paul's for the Peace of Utrecht. The May-pole was finally removed in 1717, and, being given to Sir Isaac Newton, was set up in Sir Richard Child's park at Wanstead in Essex, where it was used for raising a telescope. The London May-pole was long commemorated in May-pole Lane, the old name of Newcastle Street. The exchange for the church is mentioned by Pope in the "Dunciad"—

> "Amid that area wide they took their stand,
> Where the tall Maypole once o'erlooked the Strand,
> But now (so Anne and Piety ordain),
> A church collects the saints of Drury Lane."

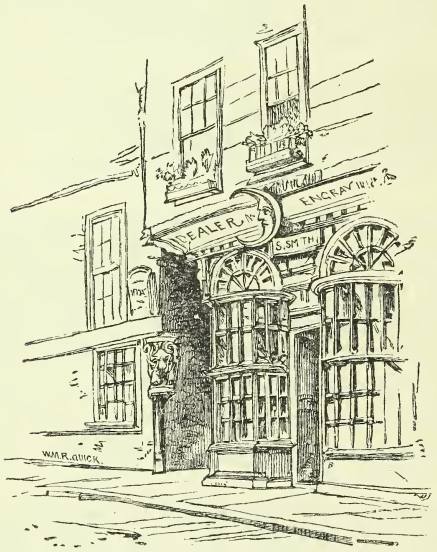
According to Hume, Prince Charles Edward's renunciation of the Roman Catholic faith took place in this church. Where an ugly little fountain now stands before its western front, the first Hackney Coach stand in London was set up by Captain Baily in 1634: it existed till 1853.

Drury Court, facing the east side of St. Mary-le-Strand, was formerly May-pole Alley, where Nell Gwynne lodged, and stood watching the dancing round the May-pole.

"1st May, 1667.—To Westminster, in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing, with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging-door, in Drury Court, in her smock-sleeves and bodice, looking upon me: she seemed a mighty pretty creature."—*Pepys' Diary.*

Holywell Street has nothing now which recalls Fitz-Stephen's description of its well—"sweete, wholesome, and cleere; and much frequented by schollers and youths of the citi in summer evenings, when they walk forth to take the aire." It is full of book shops, chiefly of the lowest

description. On its south side (at No. 36) may be seen an ancient mercer's sign, the last of the old shop signs *in situ*—a crescent moon, with the traditional face in the centre. The corner post of the entry beside it, adorned with a lion's head and paws in bold relief, was (in 1877)



The Last Remnant of Lyon's Inn.

the last relic of Lyon's Inn, destroyed in 1863, which was here entered from the Strand. It stood between Wych Street and Holywell Street, and was once a hostelry, but from the reign of Henry IV. an Inn of Chancery—an ancient nursery of lawyers, where Sir Edward Coke was brought up, and where "his learned lectures so spread

forth his fame that crowds of clients came to him for counsel." * In the south-east corner of the Inn lived William Weare, the gambler, murdered (1828) by Thurtell at Elstree in Hertfordshire, and commemorated in the ballad—

> "They cut his throat from ear to ear,
> His brains they battered in;
> His name was Mr. William Weare,
> He dwelt in Lyon's Inn."

Holywell Street formerly ended in Butchers' Row, where, covered with roses, fleurs-de-lis, and dragons, was the old timber house of the French ambassadors.

We have arrived—

> "Where the fair columns of Saint Clement stand,
> Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand."
>
> *Gay. Trivia.*

The *Church of St. Clement Danes* was erected in 1680 by Edward Pierce, under the superintendence of Wren. In the old church, from its vicinity to Exeter House, were buried John Booth, Bishop of Exeter (1478), and his brother, Sir William, who died in the same year; and John Arundell, Bishop of Exeter (1503). Here also was a monument to the first wife of Dr. John Donne, the poet-dean of St. Paul's, who preached in the church soon after her death on the words, "Lo, I am the man that hathseen affliction." And "indeed his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man." It was this wife whose spirit he saw twice pass through his room at Paris, bearing the dead child to which she was then giving birth. Like all Wren's parish churches, the existing building depends entirely upon its

* Lloyd's "State Worthies."

steeple, which is built in several stories, for its reputation. Its bells chime merrily, even to a proverb—

> "Oranges and lemons,
> Say the bells of St. Clement's;"

but the chimes can also play the Old Hundredth Psalm and other tunes. Here Dr. Johnson sate in church, "repeating," as Boswell says, "the responses in the Litany with tremulous energy," and here in his seventy-fifth year (1784) he returned public thanks for a recovery from dangerous illness. A brass plate now appropriately marks the pew (No. 18) in the north gallery whither the old man, who was so vehement in discussion and fierce in argument on week-days, never failed to come humbly on Sundays, to seek, in his own words, "how to purify and fortify his soul, and hold real communion with the Highest." It was in this church that, on October 11, 1676, Sir Thomas Grosvenor was married to Miss Mary Davies, the humble heiress of the farm now occupied by Grosvenor Square and its surroundings, which have brought such enormous wealth to his family. In the vestry house is a painting executed for the church as an altar-piece, by Kent the landscape gardener, intended to represent a choir of angels playing in chorus. In 1725 an order was issued by Bishop Gibson for its removal on account of its being supposed to contain surreptitious portraits of the Pretender's wife and children. It was removed to a neighbouring tavern—the Crown and Anchor—celebrated for the meetings of "the Whittington Club." Here it was parodied in an engraving by Hogarth, with a comic description which caused intense amusement at the time. After some years it was restored to the parish, but not to the church.

Of the strange name, St. Clement Danes, various explanations are given. Stow tells how the body of Harold, the illegitimate son of King Canute, buried at Westminster after a reign of three years, was exhumed by his successor, the legitimate Hardicanute, and thrown ignominiously into the Thames, and how a fisherman, seeing it floating upon the river, took it up and buried it reverently on this spot. This is the more picturesque story; but perhaps that of Strype is more likely, who says that when Alfred expelled the remnant of the Danish nation in 886, those who had married English wives were still permitted to live here, whence the name—St. Clement Danes.

The "fair fountain," formerly called St. Clement's Well, after becoming a pump, was finally destroyed in 1874, but is commemorated in *Clement's Inn*—to the left, at the entrance of Wych Street, now an Inn of Court dependent on the Temple, but originally intended for the use of patients coming to the miraculous waters of the well. Shakespeare introduces it in his *Henry IV.* as the home of "Master Shallow." We should walk through its quiet red-brick courts, by the quaint chapel, where an anchor commemorates the martyrdom of the sainted Pope Clement, who was tied to an anchor and thrown into the sea. Hence, through a brick archway, we have a pleasant glimpse of trees and flowers, and enter a garden square, in the centre of which, in front of "the Garden House," a picturesque relic of Queen Anne's time, is a curious kneeling figure of a Moor supporting a sun-dial, brought from Italy by Holles, Lord Clare. At the time when these examples of "God's image carved in ebony" were popular in ancient gardens.* a clever

* There are similar figures at Knowsley, and at Arley in Cheshire.

squib upon its owners was once found attached to the Moor of Clement's Inn :—

"From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive."

A further archway leads into the poor and crowded district of *Clare Market*, named, as is told by a tablet on

The Moor of Clement's Inn.

one of the houses, "by Gilbert Earl of Clare, in memory of his uncle Denzil, Lord Holles, who died in 1679, a great honour to name, and the exact paturne of his father's great meritt, John, Earl of Clare." From the same person the neighbouring *Denzil Street* takes its name, which became notorious as the resort of the thieves known as the "Denzil Street Gang," while *Houghton Street* marks the residence of William Holles, created Baron Houghton in 1616, and *Holles Street*, built 1647, is associated with the second Earl,

who lived on the site of Clare House Court. In Pope's time Clare Market was famous for the lectures of the insolent "Orator Henley," commemorated in the "Dunciad."

> "Imbrowned with native brass, lo! Henley stands,
> Tuning his voice and balancing his hands.
> * * * * * * *
> Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
> While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain."

Wych Street (Via de Aldwych), which opens behind Holywell Street, close to the entrance of Clement's Inn, contains some curious old houses and is excessively narrow. Theodore Hook said he "never passed through Wych Street in a hackney coach, without being blocked up by a hearse and coal-waggon in the van, and a mud cart and the Lord Mayor's carriage in the rear." This street is famous in the annals of London thieving for the exploits of Jack Sheppard, who gave rendezvous to his boon companions at the White Lion (now pulled down) in White Lion Passage. It was from the Angel Inn in Wych Street that Bishop Hooper, in 1554, was taken to die for his faith at Gloucester.

A hosier's shop, which occupies one of three picturesque houses built in the time of Charles I. in the Strand parallel with Holywell Street, has an old street sign of the Golden Lamb swinging over its door. The streets which debouch here from the Strand—Surrey Street, Norfolk Street, and Howard Street—mark the site of Arundel House, originally the palace of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, in which, according to the parish register of Chelsea, died (February 25th, 1603) Catherine, Countess of Nottingham, who yielded to her husband's solicitation in not sending the ring intrusted to her by Lord Essex for Elizabeth,

and confessing this to the Queen upon her deathbed, was answered by "God may forgive you, but I never can." The house was sold by Edward VI. to his uncle, Lord Thomas Seymour, described by Latimer as "a man the furthest from the fear of God that ever he knew or heard

Wych Street.

of in England." Here he married and greatly ill-treated the Queen-Dowager Katherine Parr, and incurred much censure for his impertinent familiarities with the Princess Elizabeth, who was living under her protection. After the execution of Seymour for treason the house was sold to the Earl of Arundel, and being thenceforth called Arundel House,

became the receptacle of his busts and statues, a portion of which, now at Oxford, are still known as the "Arundel Marbles." It was Lord Arundel who brought up "Old Parr" to London from Shropshire to make acquaintance with Charles I., when far advanced in his hundred and fifty-third year. The Earl's good fare killed him, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his epitaph narrates how he lived in the reign of ten sovereigns, and had a son by his second wife when he was a hundred and twenty years old. After the Great Fire, Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel, gave a shelter at Arundel House to the Royal Society, who were driven out of Gresham College, which was temporarily needed as a Royal Exchange.

Norfolk Street will recall Sir Roger de Coverley, who there, "by doubling the corner, threw out the Mohocks," who "attacked all that were so unfortunate as to walk through the streets which they parade."* Peter the Great was lodged here, "in a house prepared for him near the water-side," on his first arrival in England in the reign of William III., and in the same house—that nearest the river—lived William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. He had a peeping-hole at the entrance, through which he surveyed every one who came to see him before they were admitted. One of these having been made to wait for a long time, asked the servant impatiently if his master would not see him. "Friend," said the servant, "he hath seen thee, but he doth not like thee."† The fact was he had discovered him to be a creditor.

* The follies and cruelties perpetrated by the Mohocks are described in the *Spectator*, No. 324, 332, 335, 347.

† Hawkins' Life of Johnson.

In *Howard Street*, which connects Norfolk Street with Surrey Street, Mr. Mountfort was killed (December 9, 1692) by Captain Richard Hill, in a duel fought for the sake of the beautiful and virtuous actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle, "the Diana of the stage." Lord Mohun, afterwards himself killed in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton, was Hill's second in this quarrel.

William Congreve (1666–1729), in whose licentious plays the immaculate Mrs. Bracegirdle obtained her greatest successes, lived and died in *Surrey Street*. Condemned now, no English author was more praised by his contemporaries; Pope dedicated his Iliad to him, Dr. Johnson lauded his merit "as of the highest kind," and Dryden wrote—

> "Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
> To Shakspeare gave so much, he could not give him more."

Perhaps the only snub which Congreve received was from Voltaire, who came to visit him here, and being received with the airs of a fine gentleman, announced that if he had thought he was *only a gentleman*, he should not have come thither to see him.

Milford Lane (right) takes its name from a corn-mill and from a famous ford which once existed across the river here. It leads to Milford stairs, where Pepys used "to take boat;" and is commemorated by Gay in the unflattering lines—

> "Behold that narrow street, which steep descends,
> Whose building to the slimy shore extends."
>
> *Trivia.*

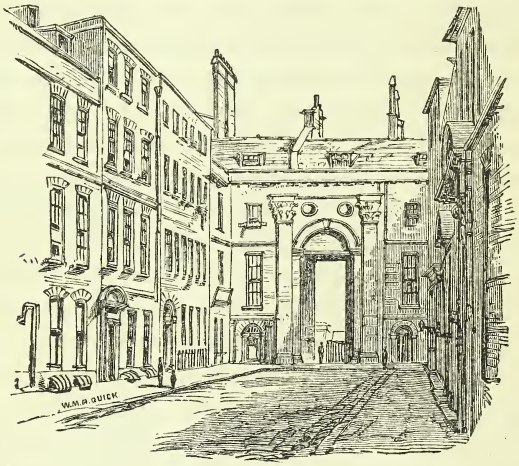
We now come to *Essex Street*, where Dr. King in his Anecdotes of his own Time describes his presentation to Prince Charles Edward in September 1750, at the house

of Lady Primrose. It was the Prince's only visit to London, and he was only there five days. The same Lady Primrose (daughter of Drelincourt, Dean of Armagh, and widow of Hugh, 3rd Viscount Primrose) gave a home in 1747 to Flora Macdonald after her release by the government. Essex Street occupies the site of Exeter House, which was built by Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter. Here he was besieged by the people when he was holding London for Edward II., and, having fled to take sanctuary at St. Paul's, was beheaded, and brought back to be buried under a dust-heap by his own gateway. After the Reformation, Exeter House was inhabited by the Earl of Leicester, and then by Elizabeth's latest favourite, the Earl of Essex (whose Countess was the widow of Sir Philip Sidney), when the name was changed to Essex House. It was here that the handsome earl tried to rouse the people against Sir R. Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other reigning court favourites whom he believed to have been the cause of his losing his ascendancy over the Queen. Here he was blockaded, cannon being pointed at Essex House from the roofs of the neighbouring houses and the tower of St. Clement Danes, and hence, having surrendered, he was taken away to the Tower, where he was beheaded. It is to Essex House that Spenser alludes, after describing the Temple, in the Prothalamion :—

> "Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
> Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
> Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
> Whose want too well now feels my freendles case."

A pair of stone pillars at the end of the street, which perhaps belonged to its water-gate, are the only existing

remains of the old house. But in *Devereux Court* (on the left of Essex Street), high up on a wall, is a bust of Lord Essex, attributed to Cibber. It marks the celebrated Grecian coffee-house, where the wits of the last century loved to congregate, and whence Steele, in the first number of the *Tatler*, says that he shall date all his learned articles.



The Water-gate of Essex House.

The dandyism and affectation displayed by the young students of the Inns of Court frequenting the Grecian excited the contempt of Addison (*Spectator*, 491), who says, "I do not know that I meet in any of my walks objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early

for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be the ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air which shows they regard one another for their vestments."

Palsgrave's Place, the next entry on the right of the Strand, marks the site of the "Palsgrave's Head Tavern," which commemorated the marriage of Frederick, Palsgrave of the Rhine, with Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James I. Ship Yard, opposite, destroyed in building the Law Courts, was a relic of Sir Francis Drake, as containing the Tavern which took as its sign the ship in which he circumnavigated the world.

We now arrive where, black and grimy, in much sooty dignity, Temple Bar (till 1878) ended the Strand, and marked the division between the City of London and the Liberty of Westminster. It was never a city gate, but as defining the City bounds, was, according to ancient custom, invariably closed, and only then, when a sovereign approached the City on some public occasion. When the monarch arrived, one herald sounded a trumpet, another herald knocked, a parley ensued, the gates were flung open, and the Lord Mayor presented the sword of the City to the sovereign, who returned it to him again. Thus it was at the old Temple Bar with Elizabeth when she went to return thanks at St. Paul's for the destruction of the Armada; so it was with Cromwell when he went to dine in state in the City in 1649; so with Queen Anne after the battle of Blenheim; so with Queen Victoria when she has gone to the City in state.

Strype says that "anciently there were only posts, rails,

and a chain" at Temple Bar. It is first mentioned as Barram Novi Templi in a grant of 1301 (29, Edward I.), but we have no definite idea of it till the sixteenth century. In the time of Henry VII. it is believed that a wooden edifice was erected, and was the gate beneath which the bier of Elizabeth of York, on its way from the Tower to Westminster, was sprinkled with holy water by the abbots of Bermondsey and Westminster. We know that it was "newly paynted and repayred" for the coronation of Anne Boleyn (1533), and that it was "painted and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with cloth of arras, and garnished with fourteen standards of flags" (1547) for the coronation of Edward VI.* It was by this "Tempull Barre" that Sir Thomas Wyatt was taken prisoner. Being summoned to surrender, he said he would do so to a gentleman, when Sir Maurice Berkeley rode up, and "bade him lepe up behind him, and so he was carried to Westminster."

The last Temple Bar was built in 1670. Charles II. promised (but never paid) a large contribution towards it from the revenue he received from licensing the then newly invented hackney coaches. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect and Joshua Marshall the mason. Bushell, a sculptor who died mad in 1701, was employed to adorn it with four feeble statues, those on the west representing Charles I. and Charles II., those on the east Elizabeth and James I.

The statue of the popular Elizabeth used annually to receive an ovation on the anniversary of her accession, which was kept as the chief festival of Protestantism, till after

* Stow

the coming of William III., when Protestant ardour was transferred to Guy Fawkes' day. Roger North, in his "Examen," describes how the statue was provided every 17th of November with a wreath of gilded laurel and a golden shield with the motto—"The Protestant Religion and Magna Charta," and how, while the figure of the Pope was burnt beneath it, the people shouted and sang—

> "Your popish plot and Smithfield threat
> We do not fear at all,
> For lo! beneath Queen Bess's feet,
> You fall! You fall! You fall!
> O Queen Bess! Queen Bess! Queen Bess!"

It was on the occasion of a tumult which arose at one of these anti-papal demonstrations (1680) that the Archbishop of York going to Lord Chief Justice North, and asking what was to be done, received the answer—"My Lord, fear God, and don't fear the people."

Within the arch hung the heavy oaken panelled gates, festooned with fruits and flowers, which opened to receive Charles II., James II., and every succeeding sovereign. In 1769 these gates were forcibly closed in "the Battle of Temple Bar," by the partisans of "Wilkes and Liberty," against the civic procession which was on its way to George III. The whole of the gateway was hung with black for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

No one saw Temple Bar without connecting it with the human remains—dried by summer heats, and beaten and occasionally hurled to the ground by winter storms —by which it was so long surmounted. The first ghastly ornament of the Bar was one of the quarters of Sir William Armstrong, Master of the Horse to Charles II., who

was concerned in the Rye House Plot, and who, after his execution (1684), was boiled in pitch and divided into four parts. The head and quarters of Sir William Perkins and the quarters of Sir John Friend, who had conspired to assassinate William III., "from love to

Temple Bar from the Strand.

King James and the Prince of Wales," were next exhibited, "a dismal sight," says Evelyn, "which many pitied." The next head raised here was that of Joseph Sullivan, executed for high treason in 1715. Henry Osprey followed, who died for love of Prince Charlie in 1716; and Christopher Layer, executed for a plot to seize the king's person in

1723. The last heads which were exposed on the Bar were those which were concerned in the "rebellion of '45." It is difficult to believe that it is scarcely more than a hundred and twenty years since Colonel Francis Townley, George Fletcher, and seven other Jacobites were so barbarously dealt with—hanged on Kennington Common, cut down, disembowelled, beheaded, quartered, their hearts tossed into a fire, from which one of them was snatched by a bystander, who devoured it to show his loyalty. Walpole afterwards saw their heads on Temple Bar, and says that people used to make a trade of letting out spy-glasses to look at them at a halfpenny a look. The spikes which supported the heads were only removed in the present century. It was in front of the Bar that the miserable Titus Oates stood in the pillory, pelted with dead cats and rotten eggs, and that De Foe, placed in the pillory for a libel on the Government, stood there enjoying a perfect ovation from the people, who drank his health as they hung the pillory with flowers.

"I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him, 'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.' When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered, 'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."—*Dr. Johnson.*

With the removal of Temple Bar an immensity of the associations of the past has been swept away. Almost all the well-known authors of the last two centuries have somehow had occasion to mention it. Fleet Street, just within its bounds, is still the centre for the offices of nearly all the leading newspapers and magazines, and those who stood beneath the soot-begrimed arches had to the last somewhat

of the experience which Dr. Johnson describes in his "Project for the Employment of Authors" (1756).

"It is my practice, when I am in want of amusement, to place myself for an hour at Temple Bar, and examine one by one the looks of the passengers; and I have commonly found that between the hours of eleven and four every sixth man is an author. They are seldom to be seen very early in the morning or late in the evening, but about dinner-time they are all in motion, and have one uniform eagerness in their faces, which gives little opportunity of discovering their hopes or fears, their pleasures or their pains. But in the afternoon, when they have all dined, or composed themselves to pass the day without a dinner, their passions have full play, and I can perceive one man wondering at the stupidity of the public, by which his new book has been totally neglected; another cursing the French, who fight away literary curiosity by their threat of an invasion; another swearing at his bookseller, who will advance no money without copy; another perusing as he walks his publisher's bill; another murmuring at an unanswerable criticism; another determining to write no more to a generation of barbarians; and another wishing to try once again whether he cannot awaken a drowsy world to a sense of his merit."

CHAPTER II.

THE INNS OF COURT.

JUST beyond the site of Temple Bar we may turn aside into the repose of the first of the four Inns of Court (Middle Temple, Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn), which Ben Jonson calls "the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom." Here, beside the bustle of Fleet Street, yet utterly removed from it, are the groups of ancient buildings described by Spenser: —

> "—those bricky towers,
> The which on Thames' broad aged back doe ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
> There whilom wont the Temple knights to bide,
> Till they decayed through pride."

The earliest residence of the Knights Templar was in Holborn, but they removed hither in 1184. After their suppression in 1313 Edward I. gave the property to Aymer de Valence. At his death it passed into the hands of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, but was leased to the Inns of Court, so called because their inhabitants, who were students of the law, belonged to "the King's Court." It is interesting to notice how many of the peculiar terms used by the Templars seem to have descended with the

place to their legal successors. Thus the serjeants-at-law represent the *fratres servientes*—"freres serjens" of the Templars; and the title of Knight reappears in that of the Judges. The waiters were, and are still, called panniers, from the *panarii*, bread-bearers, of the Templars; and the scullions are still called wash-pots. The register of the Temple is full of such entries as "On March 28th died William Brown, wash-pot of the Temple."

Before the Temple was leased by the lawyers, the laws were taught in hostels—*hospitia curiæ*, of which there were a great number in the metropolis, especially in the neighbourhood of Holborn, but afterwards the Inns of Court and Chancery increased in prosperity till they formed what Stow describes as "a whole university of students, practisers or pleaders, and judges of the laws of this realm, not living on common stipends, as in the other universities it is for the most part done, but of their owne private maintenance." The name of *Hostel* was continued in that of *Inn*. Butler, playing on the latter, speaks of

"—the hostess
Of the Inns of Court and Chancery—Justice."

The prosperity of the lawyers, however, was not without its reverses, and such was their unpopularity at the time of Jack Cade's rebellion that they were chosen as his first victims. Thus, in Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* (Pt. II. Act iv. sc. 2), Dick, the Butcher of Ashford, is introduced as saying, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers;" to which Cade replies, "Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled over, should undo a man?" And in scene 7 Cade

says, "Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the Inns of Court; down with them all!"

In the end, Jack Cade really did the lawyers no harm, but their houses were pulled down in the invasion of Wat Tyler, and their books burnt in Fleet Street. Nevertheless the Inns of the Temple continued to increase in importance till the reign of Mary I., when the young lawyers had become such notorious fops that it was actually necessary to pass an Act of Parliament to restrain them. Henceforth they were not to wear beards of more than three weeks' growth upon pain of a fine of forty shillings; and they must restrain their passion for Spanish cloaks, swords, bucklers, rapiers, gowns, hats, or daggers at their girdles. Only Knights and Benchers might luxuriate in doublets or hose of bright colours, except scarlet or crimson; and they were forbidden to wear velvet caps, scarf-wings to their gowns, white jerkins, buskins, velvet shoes, double shirt-cuffs, or feathers and ribbons in their caps.

The Temple was not finally conferred upon the lawyers till the time of James I., who declared in one of his speeches in the Star Chamber that "there were only three classes of people who had any right to settle in London—the courtiers, the citizens, and the gentlemen of the Inns of Court." The division into two Halls dates from the time of Henry VI., when the number of students who frequented the Temple first made it necessary, and the two Halls have ever since maintained a distinct individuality. Though their gateways rise almost side by side on the right of Fleet Street, and their courts and passages join, the utmost distinction exists in the minds of the inmates.

Before any student can be admitted to either of the four

Societies of the Inns of Court, he must obtain the certificate of two barristers, and in the case of the Middle Temple that of a bencher, to show he is "aptus, habilis, et idoneus moribus et scientia." On his admission, he has the use of the library, may claim a seat in the church or chapel of the Inn, and can have his name set down for chambers. He must then keep *commons*, by dining in hall for twelve terms, of which there are four in each year. Before keeping terms, he must also deposit £100 with the treasurer, to be returned, without interest, when he is called to the Bar.

No student can be *called* till he is of three years' standing, and twenty-one years of age: after he is called, he becomes a *Barrister*. The call is made by the *Benchers*, the governing body of seniors, chosen for their "honest behaviour and good disposition," and "such as from their experience are of best note and ability to serve the kingdom."

Lectures are given at each of the Inns, which are open to all its students; examinations take place and scholarships are awarded: but a man may be called to the Bar who has not attended lectures or passed examinations, though *keeping commons* by dining in hall is an indispensable qualification.

"The Inns of Court are interesting to others besides lawyers, for they are the last working institutions in the nature of the old trade guilds. It is no longer necessary that a shoemaker should be approved by the company of the craft before he can apply himself to making shoes for his customers, and a man may keep an oyster-stall without being forced to serve an apprenticeship and be admitted to the Livery of the great Whig Company; but the lawyers' guilds guard the entrance to the law, and prescribe the rules under which it shall be practised. There are obvious advantages in having some authority to govern such a profession as the Bar, but it is sufficiently remarkable

that the voluntary societies of barristers themselves should have managed to engross and preserve it."—*Times Journal.*

A dull red-brick *Gate-way*, by Wren (1684), forms the entrance to *Middle Temple Lane.* The site was formerly occupied by a gate decorated with the arms of Cardinal Wolsey, which was erected by Sir Amias Paulet while he was the cardinal's prisoner in the other Temple Gate-house, in the hope of appeasing his displeasure.

The second *Gate house* belonging to the *Inner Temple* was once surmounted by gables and annexed to very picturesque buildings of great extent. Only a fragment of the ornamental portion remains, adorned with the feathers of Henry, Prince of Wales. A hairdresser of lively imagination has set up an inscription declaring it to have been the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, but it was really built in the time of James I., when it was the office for the Duchy of Cornwall. Afterwards it became "Nando's," a coffee-house, where the foundation of Lord Thurlow's fortunes was laid. Some lawyers overheard him here arguing cleverly about some famous cause, and the next day he received his first important brief. The sides of this gate are adorned with the arms of the Inner Temple, as that of the Middle Temple is with the lamb bearing the banner of Innocence and the red cross, which was the original badge of the Templars. Here the shields bear a horse, now representing Pegasus, with the motto, "Volat ad astera virtus," but when this emblem was originally chosen it was a horse with two men upon it, the two men on one horse being intended to indicate the poverty of the Templars. The men gradually became worn from the shield, and when it was restored they were mis-

taken for wings; hence the winged horse. A wit once wrote here:—

"As by the Templars' hold you go,
The horse and lamb display'd
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.

The clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession;
The lamb sets forth their innocence,
The horse their expedition.

Oh! happy Britons, happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay."

But very soon another inscription appeared from another witty hand:—

"Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems tend to show
The *clients*—not *themselves*.

'Tis all a trick; these all are shams
By which they mean to cheat you:
But have a care—for *you're* the *lambs*,
And they the *wolves* that eat you.

Nor let the thought of 'no delay'
To these their courts misguide you:
'Tis *you're* the showy horse, and they
The *jockeys* that will ride you."

It was at No. 1 on the right of the *Inner Temple Lane* (now rebuilt as Johnson's Buildings) that Dr. Johnson lived from 1760 to 1765. Boswell describes his visit to him there.

"His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and the knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted

stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particulars were forgotten the moment he began to talk."

By Inner Temple Lane we reach the only existing relic of the residence of the Knights Templars in these courts, their magnificent *Temple Church* (St. Mary's), which fortunately just escaped the Great Fire in which most of the Inner Temple perished. The church was restored in 1839—42 at an expense of £70,000, but it has been ill-done, and with great disregard of the historic memorials it contained.

It is entered by a grand Norman arch under the western porch, which will remind those who have travelled in France of the glorious door of Loches. This opens upon the Round Church of 1185 (fifty-eight feet in diameter), built in recollection of the Round Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one of the only four remaining round churches in England; the others being at Cambridge, Northampton, and Maplestead in Essex. Hence, between graceful groups of Purbeck marble columns, we look into the later church of 1240; these two churches, built only at a distance of fifty-five years from each other, forming one of the most interesting examples we possess of the transition from Norman to Early English architecture. The Round Church is surrounded by an arcade of narrow Early English arches, separated by a series of heads, which are chiefly restorations. On the pavement lie two groups of restored effigies of "associates" of the Temple (not Knights Templar), carved in freestone, being probably the "eight images of armed knights" mentioned by Stow in 1598. They cannot be identified with any certainty, but are supposed to be—

Right.

1. William Marshall the younger, husband of Eleanor, sister of King Richard I. and John, sheathing his sword.

2. His father, the Protector Pembroke, Earl Marshall, 1119, his sword piercing an animal. It is this William Marshall who, a man of unsullied life, is introduced by Shakspeare as interceding for Prince Arthur.

3. Unknown.

4. Gilbert Marshall, another son of Pembroke, drawing the sword which he never was able to bear to the Crusades, having been killed by a runaway horse at a tournament in 1241, when he was going to start. His wife was Princess Margaret of Scotland. This was the last of the great family of the Marshalls, whose extinction was at that time believed to be due to a curse of the Abbot of Fernes, whom the Protector had robbed of his lands. Matthew Paris narrates how the abbot "came with great awe," and standing here by the Earl's tomb, promised him absolution if the lands were restored. But the dead gave no sign, so the curse fell.

Left.

1. The first Earl of Essex.

2. Geoffry de Magnaville, who was driven to desperation by the acts of injustice he received from Stephen, and fought against him. He was mortally wounded whilst attacking Burwel Castle in Cambridgeshire and died excommunicated. His body was soldered up in lead and hung up by the Templars on a tree in their orchard, till he received absolution upon its being proved that he had expressed repentance in his last moments.

3. Unknown.

4. Unknown.

The sight of these effigies will recall the lines in Spenser's "Fairy Queen—"

"And on his breast a bloudie cross he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him adored.
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope which in his help he had."

Against the wall, behind the Marshalls, is the effigy of Robert Ros, Governor of Carlisle in the reign of John.

He was one of the great Magna Charta barons, and married the daughter of a king of Scotland, but he was not a Templar, for he wears flowing hair, which is forbidden by the rites of the Order: at the close of his life, however, he took the Templars' habit as an associate, and was buried here in 1227. On the opposite side is a Purbeck marble sarcophagus, said to be that of Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine, but her effigy is at Fontevrault, where the monastic annals prove that she took the veil after the murder of Prince Arthur. Henry II. left five hundred marks by his will for his burial in the Temple Church, but was also buried at Fontevrault. Gough considers that the tomb here may be that of William Plantagenet, fifth son of Henry III., who died in infancy, and (according to Weaver) was buried in the Temple in 1256.

In olden times the Round Church was the place where the lawyers used to meet their clients and—

> "Retain all kinds of witnesses
> That ply i' the Temple under trees;
> Or walk the Round with Knights o' the Posts,
> About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts."
>
> *Hudibras*, *pt.* iii. *c.* 3.

Ben Jonson also speaks of this in the *Alchemist*.

A staircase in the wall leads to the triforium of the Round Church, which is now filled with the tombs, foolishly removed from the chancel beneath. Worthy of especial notice is the coloured kneeling effigy of Martin, Recorder of London, and Reader of the Middle Temple, 1615. Near this is the effigy—also coloured and under a canopy—of Edmund Plowden, the famous jurist, of whom Lord Ellenborough said that "better authority could not be

cited;" and referring to whom Fuller quaintly remarks, "How excellent a medley is made, when honesty and ability meet in a man of his profession!" There is also a monument to James Howell (1594—1666), whose entertaining letters, chiefly written from the Fleet, give many curious particulars relating to the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Opening upon the stairs leading to the triforium is a penitential cell (four feet six inches by two feet six inches) with slits towards the church, through which the prisoner, unable to lie down, could still hear mass. Here the unhappy Walter de Bacheler, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was starved to death for disobedience to the Master of the Templars; and hence probably it was that, with the severe discipline of the Templars, other culprits were dragged forth naked every Monday to be flogged publicly by the priest before the high altar.

The Church (eighty-two feet long, fifty-eight wide, thirty-seven high), begun in 1185 and finished in 1240, is one of our most beautiful existing specimens of Early English Pointed architecture: "the roof springing, as it were, in a harmonious and accordant fountain, out of the clustered pillars that support its pinioned arches; and these pillars, immense as they are, polished like so many gems."* In the ornaments of the ceiling the banner of the Templars is frequently repeated—black and white, "because," says Fawyne, "the Templars showed themselves wholly white and fair towards the Christians, but black and terrible to them that were miscreants." The letters "Beauséan" are for "Beauseant," their war-cry.

* Hawthorne.

In a dark hole to the left of the altar is the white marble monument of John Selden, 1654, called by Milton "the chief of learned men reputed in this land." The endless stream of volumes which he poured forth were filled with research and discrimination. Of these, his work "On the Law of Nature and of Nations" is described by Hallam as amongst the greatest achievements in erudition that any English writer has performed, but he is perhaps best known by his "Table Talk," of which Coleridge says, "There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer." His funeral sermon was preached here by Archbishop Usher, to whom he had said upon his death-bed, "I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, but I cannot recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul, save this from the sacred Scriptures: 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity.'"

"Mr. Selden was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of such stupendous learning in all kinds and in all languages, as may appear from his excellent and transcendent writings, that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant among books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability were such that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good and in communicating all he knew exceeded that breeding."—*Earl of Clarendon, Life.*

On the right of the choir, near a handsome marble piscina, is the effigy of a bishop, usually shown as that of Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, by whom the church was consecrated, but he left England in a fury, after Henry II. refused to perform his vow of joining the Crusades in person, to atone for the murder of Becket. The figure more probably represents Silverston de Eversdon, Bishop of Carlisle, 1255. In the vestry are monuments to Lords Eldon and Stowell, and that of Lord Thurlow (1806) by *Rossi*.

The organ, by Father Smydt or Smith, is famous from the long competition it underwent with one by Harris. Both were temporarily erected in the church. Blow and Purcell were employed to perform on that of Smith; Battista Draghi, organist to Queen Catherine, on that of Harris. Immense audiences came to listen, but though the contest lasted a year, they could arrive at no decision. Finally, it was left to Judge Jefferies of the Inner Temple, who was a great musician, and who chose that of Smith.

By the side of a paved walk leading along the north side of the church to the *Master's House*, is the simple monument of Oliver Goldsmith, who died April 9, 1774. It is only inscribed, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

"Let not his faults be remembered; he was a very great man."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"He died in the midst of a triumphant course. Every year that he lived would have added to his reputation."—*Prof. Butler.*

"The wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The preacher at the Temple is called "the Master," though he has no authority whatever, and can do nothing without permission from the Benchers. The "learned and

judicious" Hooker held the mastership and began to write his "Ecclesiastical Polity" here. "It was a place," says Walton, "which he rather accepted than desired," and whence he wrote to Archbishop Whitgift, "I am weary of the noise and opposition of this place; and, indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. . . . I shall never be able to finish what I have begun unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy." Hooker's chair and table remain in the Master's House, which was built for William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, and Master of the Temple. His successor was Dr. Thomas Sherlock, who held the mastership with the successive bishoprics of Bangor, Salisbury, and London. His residence here in 1748, when the sees of Canterbury and London became vacant at the same time, occasioned the epigram—

"At the Temple one day, Sherlock taking a boat,
The waterman asked him, 'Which way will you float?'
'Which way?' says the Doctor; 'why, fool, with the stream!'
To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him;"

and he was made Bishop of London.

In the registers of the Temple, kept in the Master's House, perhaps the most interesting of many remarkable records is that which attests the marriage—the surreptitious marriage—of Mr. Sidney Godolphin with Margaret Blagg, the lady whose lovely and lovable life was portrayed by Evelyn and published by Wilberforce. The entry is not entered on the regular page, but pinned in afterwards, apparently when the event was made public, the lady having been previously provided with her "marriage lines."

The labyrinthine courts of the Temple are all replete with quaint associations. The Inner Temple is the least so. Most of it was destroyed by the great fire of 1666, which even "licked the windows" of the Temple Church, and what remained perished in the fire of January, 1678, when the Thames and the pumps were frozen so hard that no water could be obtained, and all the barrels of ale in the Temple cellars were used to feed the fire-engines. The old *Inner Temple Hall* of James I.'s time (where the last revel of the Inns of Court took place in 1733 when Mr. Talbot was made Lord Chancellor) was replaced in 1870 by a handsome perpendicular gothic hall from designs of *Sidney Smirke*.

"At the Inner Temple, on certain grand occasions, it is customary to pass huge silver goblets (loving cups) down the table, filled with a delicious composition, immemorially termed 'sack,' consisting of sweetened and exquisitely flavoured white wine: the butler attends its progress to replenish it, and each student is restricted to a *sip*. Yet it chanced not long since at the Temple, that, though the present number fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquid were consumed!"—*Quarterly Review*, 1836, No. 110.

Hare Court is so called from Nicholas Hare (1557), Master of the Rolls in the time of Mary I. *Crown Office Row* was the birthplace of Charles Lamb, who afterwards lived in 4, Inner Temple Lane, whence he wrote, "The rooms are delicious, and Hare's Court trees come in at the window, so that it's like living in a garden." In 1800 Lamb moved again—

"I am going to change my lodgings," he wrote, "I have partly fixed upon most delectable rooms, which look out (when you stand a tip-toe) over the Thames, and Surrey hills; at the Upper end of King's Bench walk, in the Temple. There I shall have all the privacy of a

house without the encumbrance, and shall be able to lock my friends out as often as I desire to hold free converse with any immortal mind. I shall be airy, up four pair of steps, as in the country; and in a garden, in the midst of enchanting, more than Mahometan paradise, London, whose dirtiest, drab-frequerted alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain."

It was in *King's Bench Walk* that William Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, had chambers (No. 5), and here that he was visited as client by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who came late in the evening, and was disgusted at finding him gone out to a supper party. "I could not tell who she was," said the servant, reporting her visit, "for she would not tell me her name, but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality."

In *Tanfield Court*, on this side of the Temple, old Mrs. Duncomb with her companion Elizabeth Harrison and her maid Anne Price, were murdered in 1732 by Sarah Malcolm, a washerwoman of the Temple, who having, after her execution in Fleet Street (opposite Mitre Court) been buried against all rules in St. Sepulchre's churchyard, was dug up again, and is now exhibited as a skeleton at the Botanic Garden at Cambridge. She was extremely handsome, and, two days before her execution, she dressed up in scarlet and sate to Hogarth for her portrait. Immediately above Tanfield Court, adjoining what is now the Master's Garden, stood the old refectory of the knights, only pulled down within the last few years.

Turning to the Middle Temple, it will be interesting to remember that Chaucer was one of its students in the reign of Edward III., and, while here, gave a sound thrashing to a Franciscan friar who insulted him in Fleet Street. On

the first floor of No. 2. *Brick Court*, lived the learned Blackstone, and here in his "Farewell to the Muse," after bidding a fond adieu to the woods and streams of his youth he wrote—

> "Then welcome business, welcome strife,
> Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
> The visage wan, the purblind sight,
> The toil by day, the lamp by night,
> The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
> The pert dispute, the dull debate,
> The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,—
> For thee, fair Justice! welcome all!"

Here the great lawyer was soon immersed in writing the fourth volume of his famous Commentaries; but in his calculation of the trials of legal life, there was one which he had not foreseen. Oliver Goldsmith had taken the rooms above him, and sorely was he disturbed by the roaring comic songs in which the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was wont to indulge, and by the frantic games of blind-man's-buff which preceded his supper-parties, and the dancing which followed them.* Here Sir Joshua Reynolds, coming in suddenly, found the poet engaged in furiously kicking round the room a parcel containing a masquerade dress which he had ordered and had no money to pay for; and here, on April 9, 1774, poor Goldsmith died, from taking too many James's powders, when he had been forbidden to do so by his doctor—died, dreadfully in debt, though attended to the grave by numbers of the poor in the neighbourhood, to whom he had never failed in kindness and charity—"mourners without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to

* He took and furnished these rooms with £400 received for "The Good-natured Man."

weep for; outcasts of the great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable."

The pleasantest part of the Middle Temple is the *Fountain Court*, with its little fountain, low enough now, but which, Sir Christopher Hatton says, sprang "to a vast and

Fountain Court, Temple.

almost incredible altitude" in his time. It is commemorated in a poem of L. E. L. (Miss Landon), with the lines—

> "The fountain's low singing is heard in the wind,
> Like a melody, bringing sweet fancies to mind;
> Some to grieve, some to gladden; around them they cast
> The hopes of the morrow, the dreams of the past.
> Away in the distance is heard the far sound
> From the streets of the city that compass it round,
> Like the echo of mountains or ocean's deep call;
> Yet that fountain's low singing is heard over all."

Charles Dickens has left a pretty description of Ruth Pinch going to meet her lover in this court—"coming briskly up, with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain, and beat it all to nothing;" and how, when John Westlock came at last—"merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim and vanished."

In this court is the *Middle Temple Hall*, an admirable Elizabethan building (of 1572) with a screen, which is very handsome, though it is not, as is often said, made from the spoils of the Spanish Armada, being thirteen years earlier in date. The order of the military monks is preserved here during dinner, the Benchers on the dais representing the knights, the Barristers the priors or brethren, the Students the novices. The old Cow's Horn is preserved, by the blowing of which the Benchers used to be summoned to dinner. It is a fact worth notice as showing the habits of these Benchers in former days, that when the floor of the Middle Temple Hall was taken up in 1764, no less than a hundred pair of (very small) dice were found beneath it, having slipped through between the ill-adjusted boards. In the time of Elizabeth the Benchers were so quarrelsome a body that an edict was passed that no one should come into hall with other weapons than a sword or a dagger! The feasts of Christmas, Halloween, Candlemas, and Ascension were formerly kept here with great splendour, a regular Master of the Revels being elected, and the Lord Chancellor, Judges, and Benchers opening the sports by dancing solemnly three times around the sea-coal fire.

"Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danced before him."

This dance called forth many satires—especially from Buckingham in his play of *The Rehearsal*, from Prior in his *Alma*, and Dr. Donne in his *Satires*. In Pope's *Dunciad* we find—

"The judge to dance, his brother serjeant calls."

In this Hall Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night, or What you Will*, was performed soon after its production, Feb. 2, 1601; and it is probably the only remaining building in which one of his plays was seen by his contemporaries. Sir John Davys was expelled the Society for thrashing his friend Mr. Richard Martin (the Bencher to whom Ben Jonson dedicated his "Poetaster") in this hall during dinner.

"Truly it is a most magnificent apartment; very lofty, so lofty, indeed, that the antique oak roof is quite hidden, as regards all its details, in the sombre gloom that broods under its rafters. The hall is lighted by four great windows, on each of the two sides, descending half-way from the ceiling to the floor, leaving all beneath enclosed by oaken panelling, which, on three sides, is carved with escutcheons of such members of the society as have held the office of reader. There is likewise, in a large recess or transept, a great window, occupying the full height of the hall and splendidly emblazoned with the arms of the Templars who have attained to the dignity of Chief-Justices. The other windows are pictured, in like manner, with coats of arms of local dignities connected with the Temple; and besides all these there are arched lights, high towards the roof, at either end, full of richly and chastely coloured glass, and all the illumination of that great hall came through those glorious panes, and they seemed the richer for the sombreness in which we stood. I cannot describe, or even intimate, the effect of this transparent glory, glowing down upon us in the gloomy depth of the hall."—*Hawthorne. English Note-Books.*

The expression "moot (mot) point" comes from the custom of proposing difficult points of law for discussion during dinner, which was formerly observed in the halls of the Inns of Court.

Near the Hall is the *New Library* erected by *H. R. Abraham.* Its garden has a tree—Catalpa Syringifolia—said to have been planted by Sir Matthew Hale.

Three Sun-Dials in the Temple have mottoes. That in Temple Lane, "Pereunt et imputantur;" that in Essex Court, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum;" that in Brick Court, "Time and Tide tarry for no man."

"I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places!—these are my oldest recollections. . . . What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never catched, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

Ah, yet doth beauty like a dial-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived!"

Charles Lamb.

The Temple Garden is the place where Shakspeare makes the partisans of the Houses of York and Lancaster first choose a red and white rose as their respective badges.

"*Suffolk.* Within the Temple Hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient. . . .
Plantagenet. Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Somerset. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me. . . .
Plantagenet. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Somerset. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet? . . . .
Warwick. This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Gardens,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

First Part of Henry VI. Act ii. sc. 4.

There are charming views of the river—the busy silent highway, from the gardens, though on Lord Mayor's Day you can no longer

"Stand in Temple Gardens, and behold
London herself on her proud stream afloat;
For so appears this fleet of magistracy,
Holding due course to Westminster."

Shakspeare's Henry V.

No roses will live now in the smoke-laden air, but the gardens are still famous for their autumnal show of Chrysanthemums, the especial flowers of the Temple. Near a dial given by "Henricus Wynne, Londini, 1770," are the remains of a sycamore of Shakspeare's days.

"So, O Benchers, may the Winged Horse, your ancient badge and cognisance, still flourish! So may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers! So may the sparrow, in default of more melodious quiristers, unpoisoned hop about your walks! So may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nursery-maid, who, by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! So may the younkers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration, with which the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnised the parade before ye."—*Charles Lamb.*

Opposite the Temple, occupying a space of eight acres, in the clearance of which as many as thirty wretched

courts and alleys were removed, the *New Law Courts* are rising, with a front four hundred and eighty-three feet in length towards the Strand and Fleet Street. They are built in the Decorated style from designs of *G. E. Street. R.A.*, with the view of uniting all the principal Law Courts (hitherto divided between Lincoln's Inn and Westminster) upon one site, and they promise to form one of the handsomest piles of building in London.

A little farther down Fleet Street is the entrance of *Chancery Lane*, a long winding street where the great Lord Strafford was born (1593) and where Izaak Walton, "the father of angling," lived as a London linen-draper (1627—1644). Pope says—

"Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound."

The Lane and its surrounding streets have a peculiar legal traffic of their own, and abound in wig makers, strong-box makers, and law stationers and booksellers. In former times when the Inns of Court were more like colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and when the students which belonged to them lived together within their walls, dined together, and shared the same exercises and amusements, the Inns of Court always had Inns of Chancery annexed to them. These were houses where the younger students underwent a course of preparation for the greater freedom of the colleges of the Inns of Court, to which, says Jeaffreson, in his "Book about Lawyers," they bore much the same position as Eton bears towards King's College at Cambridge, or Winchester to New College at Oxford. Now the Inns of Chancery are comparative

solitudes: readers of Dickens will recollect the vivid descriptions of Symond's Inn in "Bleak House."

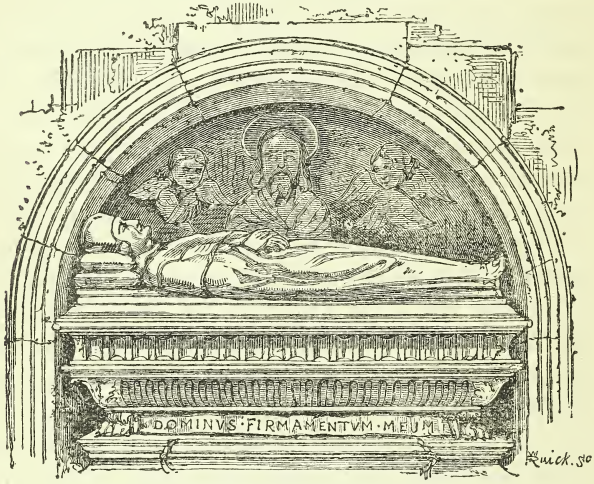
On the right of Chancery Lane, behind St. Dunstan's Church, are the dark brick courts of *Serjeants' Inn*, originally intended only for judges and the serjeants-at-law who derive their name from the *Fratres Servientes* of the Knights Templars. The serjeants still address each other as brothers. The degree of Serjeant is the highest attainable in the faculty of law, and indispensable for a seat on the judicial bench. The buildings were sold in 1877, and the little Hall (38 ft. by 21) and Chapel (31 ft. by 20)—both with richly stained windows—will probably ere long be pulled down.

The courts of Serjeants' Inn join those of the earliest foundation of those Inns of Chancery which we have been describing, *Clifford's Inn* (entered from Fetter Lane), which is so called because the land on which it stands was devised in the reign of Edward II. (1310) to "our beloved and faithful Robert de Clifford." It was in the hall of Clifford's Inn that Sir Matthew Hale and seventeen other judges sate after the Great Fire to adjudicate upon the perplexed claims of landlords and tenants in the destroyed houses—a task which they accomplished so much to the satisfaction of every one concerned that their portraits are all preserved in Guildhall in honour of patient justice.

Farther down Chancery Lane, on the same side, is an old dingy courtyard containing the *Rolls Court* and *Chapel*. The latter was originally built in the time of Henry III., but rebuilt by Inigo Jones in 1617, when Dr. Donne preached the consecration sermon. Bishop Atterbury and Bishop Butler were Preachers at the Rolls, and also Bishop Burnet, who was dismissed on account of the offence given

to King and Court, by his preaching a sermon here on the text, "Save me from the lion's mouth; thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns."

It is little known that within the walls of this ugly chapel is one of the noblest pieces of sculpture which England possesses, a tomb which may be compared for beauty with the famous monuments of Francesco Albergati at Bologna,



The Torregiano Tomb, Rolls Chapel.

and of Bernardo Guigni in the Badia at Florence. The visitor will at once be struck by the contrast of the tomb of Dr. John Young, Master of the Rolls in the time of Henry VIII., with the usual types of English monuments. The aged Master reposes in the most sublime serenity of death upon a sarcophagus, shaped like a Florentine "bride-chest," within a circular arch, on the back of which the

half figure of the Saviour rises in low relief between two cherubim. In the panel of the pedestal beneath is the inscription and the date MDXVI. The whole is the work of the immortal *Torregiano*, who was the sculptor of Henry VII.'s tomb, and words would fail to give an idea of the infinite repose which he has here given to the venerable features of the dead. Another stately monument on the same side of the chapel commemorates Lord Bruce of Kinloss (1610), who was sent to open a secret correspondence with Cecil, under the pretence of congratulating Elizabeth on the failure of the revolt under Lord Essex, and who was afterwards rewarded by James I. with the Mastership of the Rolls. In front kneel his four children. The eldest son, in armour, was the Lord Bruce of Kinloss who was killed in a duel with Sir Edward Sackville. On the opposite side of the altar is the tomb of Sir Richard Allington, of Horseheath (1561): he kneels with his wife at an altar on which their three daughters are represented. Amongst other Masters buried here are Sir John Strange, of whom Pennant gives the punning epitaph—

"Here lies an honest lawyer, that is—Strange,"

and Sir John Trevor, Speaker of the House of Commons, who was compelled to pronounce his own conviction and dismissal for bribery. On the windows are the arms of Sir Harbottle Grimston (1594—1683), Master of the Rolls.

"He was a just judge: very slow, and ready to hear any thing that was offered, without passion or partiality. He was a very pious and devout man, and spent at least an hour in the morning and as much at night in prayer and meditation. And even in winter, when he was obliged to be very early on the bench, he took care to rise so soon that he had always the command of that time, which he gave to those exercises."—*Burnet.*

Chichester Rents, the name of a wretched court on the left of Chancery Lane, still commemorates the town-house of the Bishops of Chichester, built in 1228 by Bishop Ralph Nevill, Chancellor in the time of Henry III.

On the left of the lane is the noble brick *Gateway* of *Lincoln's Inn*, bearing the date 1518, and adorned with the arms of Sir Thomas Lovell, by whom it was built in the

Gateway, Lincoln's Inn.

reign of Henry VIII. It is ornamented by inlaid brickwork of different colours, in the style of Hampton Court, and is the only example remaining in London, except the gate of St. James's. Stretching along the front of the Inn, on the interior, are a number of curious towers and gables with pointed doorways and Tudor windows, forming, with the chapel opposite upon its raised arches, one of the most picturesque architectural groups in London. It is upon this

gateway that Fuller describes Ben Jonson as working with his Horace in one hand, and a trowel in the other, when "some gentlemen pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did of their bounty manumize him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations." But the generation which can delight in the Albert Hall and the Albert Memorial has no admiration to spare for these grand relics of architects who knew their business, and, unless opinion speedily interferes to protect it, the gateway of Lincoln's Inn will share the fate of Northumberland House, the Burlington Portico, and the Tabard, for it is doomed to be pulled down!

The name Lincoln's Inn came from Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, *ob.* 1312, whose town-house once occupied its site. Its courtyards have a greater look of antiquity than those of the Temple. On the left of the ground-floor, at No. 24 in the "Old Buildings" were the rooms of Oliver Cromwell's secretary Thurloe from 1645 to 1659, where his correspondence was discovered behind a false ceiling. There is a tradition that the Protector came thither one day to discuss with Thurloe the plot of Sir Richard Willis for seizing the persons of the three princes, sons of Charles I. Having disclosed his plans, he discovered Thurloe's clerk apparently asleep upon his desk. Fearing treason, he would have killed him on the spot, but Thurloe prevented him, and after passing a dagger repeatedly over his unflinching countenance he was satisfied that the clerk was really asleep. He was not asleep, however, and had heard everything, and found means to warn the princes.

Two of the old gables have sun-dials with the mottoes—"Qua redit, nescitis horam,"—"Ex hoc momento pendet

æternitas." The Perpendicular Chapel, at the right of the entrance, was built from designs of Inigo Jones, and is raised upon arches, which form a kind of crypt, open at the sides, where Pepys went "to walk under the chapel, by agreement." The stained windows are remarkably good; they represent different saints, and it is not to be wondered at that Archbishop Laud thought it odd that so much

Chapel and Gateway, Lincoln's Inn.

abuse should be raised against his windows at Lambeth, while these passed unnoticed, yet would not speak of it lest he should "thereby set some furious spirit on work to destroy those harmless goodly windows to the just dislike of that worthy society." The chapel bell was taken by the Earl of Essex, at Cadiz, in 1596. William Prynne, the Puritan, was buried here. Dr. Donne, Usher, Tillotson, Warburton, and Heber were preachers of Lincoln's Inn.

In the porch is a monument to Spencer Perceval (murdered May 11, 1812), Attorney-General and Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn.

Crossing one end of the old-fashioned brick square of *New Inn*, we reach a handsome group of brick buildings by *Hardwicke*, 1843-45, comprising the *Hall* and the *Library*. In the former are a great fresco by *G. F. Watts* (1854-59), representing "The Origin of Legislation," *Hogarth's* picture of Paul before Felix, and a fine statue of Lord Eldon by *Westmacott*. The latter contains a valuable collection of manuscripts, chiefly bequeathed by Sir Matthew Hale. One of the curious customs, preserved till lately at Lincoln's Inn, was that a servant went to the outer hall door and shouted three times "Venez manger" at twelve o'clock, when there was nothing on the table.

The ancient

> "Walks of Lincoln's Inn
> Under the elms,"

mentioned by Ben Jonson have perished; but *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, "perplexed and troublous valley of the shadow of the Law," as Dickens calls it, is still the largest and shadiest square in London, and was laid out by Inigo Jones. Its dimensions have been erroneously stated to be the same as those of the great pyramid, which are much larger. The square was only railed off in 1735, and till then bore a very evil reputation. Gay says—

> "Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
> Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
> The lurking thief, who, while the daylight shone,
> Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
> That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
> Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.

Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band,
Still keep the public streets where oily rays
Shot from the crystal lamp o'erspread the ways."

It was here (Sept. 20 and 21, 1586) that Babington and other conspirators for Mary, Queen of Scots, were "hanged, bowelled, and quartered, even in the place where they used to meet and conferre of their traiterous purposes." Here, also, the brave and upright William, Lord Russell, unjustly suffered for alleged high treason, attended by Tillotson and Burnet on the scaffold.

"His whole behaviour looked like a triumph over death. . . . He parted with his lady with a composed silence: and as soon as she was gone, he said to me, 'The bitterness of death is passed;' for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as she well deserved it in all respects. She had the command of herself so much that at parting she gave him no disturbance. . . . Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted; he was touched with the tenderness that the one gave him, but did not seem at all provoked by the other. He was singing psalms a great part of the way; and said, he hoped to sing better very soon. As he observed the great crowds of people all the way, he said, I hope I shall quickly see a much better assembly. . . . He laid his head on the block, without the least change of countenance: and it was cut off at two strokes."—*Burnet.*

On the north side of the square, beyond the handsome *Inns of Court Hotel*, is (No. 13) the eccentric *Soane Museum*, formed in his own house and bequeathed to the nation by Sir John Soane (*ob.* 1837), who was the son of a bricklayer at Reading, but, being distinguished as a student in the Royal Academy, and sent to Rome with the Academy pension, lived to become the architect of the Bank of England. The museum, which Mrs. Jameson calls "a fairy

palace of *virtu*," was especially intended by its founder to illustrate the artistic and instructive purposes to which it is possible to devote an English private residence, and is open to the public from ten to four on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. Few people know of it, and fewer visit it, which is much to be regretted, since, though, as Dr. Waagen says, the over-crowded and labyrinthine house leaves an impression as of a feverish dream, it contains, together with much rubbish, several most interesting pictures.

Room I.

Sir J. Reynolds. "The Snake in the Grass" or "Love unloosing the zone of Beauty"—bought at the Marchioness of Thomond's sale. In very bad condition.

Sir T. Lawrence. Portrait of Sir John Soane.

Room II.—(*Right.*)

Canaletto. The Grand Canal at Venice—a glorious picture, full of light and air, with sparkling waves and animated figures—so different to the wooden abortions usually attributed to this injured artist, that few can be said to have made his acquaintance, who have not looked upon it. From the Fonthill collection.

Hogarth. The Election. A series of four pictures.

1. *The Entertainment.* It is the end of the feast. The mayor is seized with apoplexy from a surfeit of oysters and the barber is bleeding him in vain. A candidate is flattering an old woman. A crowd of the opposing faction have thrown brickbats into the room, one of which has struck a lawyer on the head. A virago resents the refusal of a bribe by her tailor husband, whose son exhibits his need of it by showing his worn-out shoe.

2. *The Canvassing.* Bribery is exhibited in all its forms. In the background is the Excise Office. Hogarth's quaint wit is shown in the man at the end of the beam to which the crown is suspended, busily engaged in sawing it down, forgetful that he must fall with it.

3. *The Polling.* The rival candidates are seated in a booth to receive votes. A Chelsea pensioner is objected to by a lawyer, because he cannot lay his right hand, but only a stump, on the book. A man is bawling into the ear of another who is deaf the name of the

person he is to vote for. A dying man is carried to vote in blankets. In the background is Britannia upsetting in her coach, while her servants are playing cards on the box.

4. *The Chairing of the Successful Candidate.* The new Member, represented by Bubb Doddington, is in danger of being upset in his chair, one of his bearers having had his head broken by the club of a countryman who is fighting with a Greenwich pensioner. The tailor of the former scene is beaten by his wife; an old woman is thrown down amongst the pigs. In the midst of the confusion the cooks are carrying in the dinners.

"Hogarth painted life as he saw it. He gives no visions of by-gone things—no splendid images of ancient manners; he regards neither the historian's page nor the poet's song. He was contented with the occurrences of the passing day—with the folly or the vice of the hour; to the garb and fashion of the moment, however, he adds story and sentiment for all time."—*Allan Cunningham.*

Room III.—(*Breakfast Room.*)

Francesco Goma. Portrait of Napoleon, 1797.
Isabey. Miniature of Napoleon, painted at Elba.

Upper Floor.

Hogarth. The Rake's Progress, a series of eight pictures.

1. *The Rake comes into his Fortune.* The accumulations of the relation whose fortune he has inherited are displayed, while the starved cat and the woman bringing chips to the empty grate refer to the penury in which the miser has lived. The heir, an empty-headed lout, is being measured for fine clothes. A girl whom he has seduced, accompanied by her mother, with her lap full of love-letters, vainly seeks the fulfilment of his promises. A villainous attorney, who has been employed in making an inventory, is stealing a bag of gold from the table.

2. *The Levee of the Rake.* His chamber is crowded with sycophants, and persons seeking his patronage. Amongst the portraits introduced are those of Dubois the fencing-master, Figg the prize-fighter, and Bridgeman the king's gardener.

3. *The Orgies of the Rake.* A woman picks the pocket of the drunken rake of his watch which she hands to an accomplice. On the floor are the lanthorn and staff of a watchman with whom he has been fighting. Everything indicates the most vicious dissipation. The harlot in the background, setting fire to the world, is peculiarly Hogarthian.

4. *The Arrest of the Rake.* He is arrested in his sedan chair, when he is going to court on the queen's birthday, indicated by the leek in the Welshman's cocked hat (St. David's Day being the birthday of Queen Caroline). St. James's Palace is seen in the background, with White's Chocolate House, where the Rake has probably completed his ruin at the gaming-table. The lamplighter, while gaping at the scene beneath, lets his oil stream down on the Rake's peruke. A touch of human sympathy is shown in the neglected girl of the first picture, who appears here as having redeemed the past, and who, accidentally seeing her faithless lover in trouble, offers her purse to save him.

5. *The Marriage of the Rake.* Discharged by the assistance of the girl he has injured, the Rake again deserts her to redeem his fortunes by marrying a hideous but rich old woman. While placing the ring upon her finger, he leers at her maid in the background. The neglected girl and her mother try to forbid the marriage, but are ejected from the church by the pew-opener. The absurdity of the courtship is parodied in that of the two dogs in the background. The scene is the old Church of Marylebone, then (1735) in the country and the resort of couples seeking to be privately married – the Commandments are cracked across, the Creed is effaced, the poor-box is covered with cobwebs; all is significant.

6. *The Rake at the Gambling Table.* At White's (where the incident of the fire pourtrayed here really occurred in 1733), the Rake loses the second fortune for which he has sold himself.

7. *The Rake in Prison.* The Rake is seated in despair, his wife is cursing him; only the girl whose early affections he won, remains kind, and comes to visit him, but faints on seeing his misery. A rejected tragedy by which he has tried to obtain money lies upon the table. In contrast to this scene of poverty, an alchemyst is at work in the background.

8. *The Rake in Bedlam.* Having reached the last stage of degradation, we see the Rake, naked and shaven, still sustained by the one friend who has refused to desert him. All phases of madness—the man who thinks himself an astronomer – the man who thinks himself a king, the melancholy madness of religion, the simpering idiocy of love —are introduced; and to visit and ridicule them, as was then permitted, come two fine ladies.

The other pictures here are unimportant. We may notice—

Turner. Van Tromp's barge entering the Texel.

W. Hilton (1786—1839). Marc Antony reading Cæsar's will.
Sir C. Eastlake (1793-1865). The Cave of Despair.

In the dimly-lit under chambers, surrounded by an extraordinary and heterogeneous collection, is the magnificent sarcophagus of Osiris, father of Rameses the Great, discovered by Belzoni (1816) in the valley of Behan el Malook. It is covered with hieroglyphics, and is cut out of a single block of the substance called by mineralogists aragonite.

The beautifully-illuminated manuscripts of this museum are well deserving of study, the finest being the Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles by Cardinal Marino Grimani, Patriarch of Aquileja, with exquisite miniatures by Giulio Clovio. Amongst other literary curiosities preserved here, is the original MS. of the Gerusalemme Liberata of Tasso.

At the north-western corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields is *Newcastle House* (with a double staircase to its entrance), built in 1686 by the Marquis of Powis, who followed James II. into exile, and was created Duke of Powis by him. It was inhabited by the insignificant prime minister of George II.'s reign, the Duke of Newcastle, of whom Lord Wilmington said, "he loses half an hour every morning, and runs after it all the rest of the day, without being able to overtake it." Now it is occupied by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

In *Great Queen Street*, which leads from hence into Long Acre, Lord Herbert of Cherbury lived, and wrote the first part of his "De Veritate,"—"justly deemed inimical to every positive religion." *

* Hallam, "Lit. Hist. of Europe."

"In Great Queen Street Sir Godfrey Kneller lived next door to Dr. Ratcliffe; Kneller was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was great intimacy between him and the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden, but Ratcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut the door. Ratcliffe replied peevishly, 'Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it.'—'And I,' answered Sir Godfrey, 'can take anything from him but physic.'"—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.*

Nos. 55 and 56 are good specimens of street house architecture. The fleur de lis, which till lately might be seen on the fronts of some of the houses on the south of Great Queen Street, was in compliment to Henrietta-Maria, after whom it was named.

On the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, No. 59, *Lindsey House*, afterwards *Ancaster House* (marked by its little semi-circular portico), was built by Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, Charles the First's general, who fell in the battle of Edgehill. Close to a low massive archway, leading into Duke Street, is the *Sardinian Chapel*, built in 1648, the year before Charles I. was beheaded, being the oldest foundation now in the hands of Roman Catholics in London. It was partially destroyed in the Gordon Riots, when Protestantism hung a cat dressed in priestly vestments to the lamp-post in front of it, with the holy wafer in its paws. It is the church frequented by the Savoyard organ boys who live on Saffron Hill.

In a house opposite the chapel Benjamin Franklin lived in 1725, when he was a journeyman printer in the office of Mr. Watts in Great Wild Street. He lodged with a Roman Catholic widow lady and her daughter, to whom he paid a rent of 3s. 6d. a week. When kept at home by the gout he was frequently asked to spend the evenings with his

landlady. "Our supper," he says in his autobiography, "was only half an anchovy each, on a very little slice of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us: but the entertainment was in her conversation." In the upper floor of the same house lived—on water-gruel only—a Roman Catholic maiden lady of fortune, as if in a nunnery, spending £12 a year on herself, and giving away all the rest of her estate. While he worked in Great Wild Street, Franklin relates that he only drank water, while the other workmen, some fifty in number, were great beer-drinkers; but he used to be much stronger, and could carry far greater weights than his companions, which greatly excited their surprise against him whom they called the "Water-American."

[*Great Wild Street* (right) takes its name from Humphrey Wild, Lord Mayor in 1608. Wild House was afterwards the Spanish Embassy, and the ambassador escaped with difficulty by its back door in the anti-papal riots under James II. The site of the house is now occupied by a Baptist Chapel, where a sermon is annually preached on the great storm of Nov. 26, 1763, in which more than 800 houses were laid in ruins in London alone.

Duke Street and Prince's Street lead into *Drury Lane*, one of the great arteries of the parish of St. Clement Danes, an aristocratic part of London in the time of the Stuarts.* It takes its name from Drury House, built by Sir William Drury in the time of Henry VIII. From the Drurys it passed into the hands of William, Lord Craven, who (the grandson of a Yorkshire carrier's boy who rose to be Lord Mayor) was so celebrated in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus. He

* The Ducness of Ormond was living in Great Wild Street in 1655.

rebuilt Drury House, which was for a short time the residence of the unfortunate Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, to whom he always showed the most chivalrous devotion, and who is sometimes believed to have become his wife, though twelve years his senior. Here he heroically staid during the great Plague, which began in Drury Lane, and, at the hazard of his life, assisted in preserving order amidst

The Old House in Drury Lane.

the terrors of the time. He is still commemorated in *Craven Buildings*, where a fresco, now quite obliterated, long represented him, riding on his white charger. Near the entrance of Drury Lane from the Strand, on the left, an old house, now a Mission House, still exists, which stood in the Lane, with the old house of the Drurys, before the street was built.

Aubrey mentions that the Duchess of Albemarle, wife of General Monk, was daughter of one of the five female barbers of Drury Lane, celebrated in the ballad—

> "Did you ever hear the like,
> Or ever hear the fame,
> Of five women barbers
> That lived in Drury Lane?"

This was the "plain and homely dowdy"—the "ill-look'd woman" of Pepys. The respectability of Drury Lane began to wane at the end of the seventeenth century, and Gay's lines,

> "Oh may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
> Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes!"

are still as applicable as when they were written.

Drury Lane Theatre was first opened in 1674 with an address by Dryden, who extolled the advantages of its then country-situation over those of "the Duke's Theatre" in Dorset Gardens—

> "*Our* House relieves the ladies from the frights
> Of ill-paved streets and long dark winter nights."

The burning of the theatre (Feb. 24, 1809) is rendered memorable by the publication of the "Rejected Addresses," * the famous jeu d'esprit of James and Horace Smith, the "very best imitations," says Lord Jeffrey (and often of difficult originals), "that ever were made," but of which Murray refused to buy the copyright for £20.]

At the south-west angle of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Portsmouth House, built by Inigo Jones for the Earl of Ports-

* Supposed to have been presented for competition at the opening of the new house.

mouth, has given a name to *Portsmouth Street.* Here the *Black Jack Public House* was long called "The Jump," from Jack Sheppard having escaped his pursuers by jumping from a window on its first floor.

[Portsmouth Street leads into *Portugal Street* (named in honour of Catherine of Braganza), where *King's College Hospital* and its surroundings have obliterated the recollections and annihilated the grave-stones of the Burial Ground of St. Clement Danes, where Nathaniel Lee, the bombastic dramatist (1657-1692), author of "Sophonisba" and "Gloriana," was buried, having been killed in a drunken street brawl. Here also was the monument with an interesting epitaph to "Honest Joe Miller," the "Father of Jokes" (1684-1738). The neighbouring *Carey Street* takes its name from the house of Sir George Carey, 1655.]

On the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields is the *College of Surgeons*, built by *C. Barry*, 1835. It has a fine library, in which the cartoon for Hogarth's picture of the grant of the charter to the Barber-Surgeons is preserved. In the Council-Room is an admirable portrait of John Hunter (*ob.* 1792), the chief benefactor of the College, by *Reynolds.* There are several good busts by *Chantrey.*

The *Museum* (right of entrance) was founded by and is chiefly due to the exertions of Hunter; and "was intended to illustrate, as far as possible, the whole subject of life, by preparations of the bodies in which its phenomena are represented." The skeleton of the elephant Chunee, brought to England in 1810, is preserved here. It is 12 feet 4 inches in height.

If we follow Chancery Lane into Holborn, a long series of gables of the time of James I. breaks the sky line

upon the right, and beneath them is a grand old house, following the bend of the street with its architecture, projecting more and more boldly in every story, broken by innumerable windows of quaint design and intention, and with an arched doorway in the centre. This is the entrance to *Staple Inn*, originally a hostelry of the merchants of the Wool Staple, who were removed to Westminster by Richard II. in 1378. It became an Inn of Chancery in

Staple Inn, Holborn.

the reign of Henry V., and since the time of Henry VIII. has been a dependency of Gray's Inn.

"Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, where certain gabled houses some centuries of age still stand looking on the public way, as if disconsolately looking for the Old Bourne that has long since run dry, is a little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn. It is one of those nooks, the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears, and velvet soles on his boots. It is one of those nooks where a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to each other, 'let us play at country;' and where

a few feet of garden mould and a few yards of gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings. Moreover it is one of those nooks which are legal nooks; and it contains a little hall, with a little lantern in its roof: to what obstructive purposes devoted, and at whose expense, this history knoweth not."—*Dickens—Edwin Drood.*

Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his first visit to London, says—

"I went astray in Holborn through an arched entrance, over which was 'Staple Inn,' and here likewise seemed to be offices; but, in a court opening inwards from this, there was a surrounding seclusion of quiet dwelling-houses, with beautiful green shrubbery and grass-plots in the court, and a great many sun-flowers in full bloom. The windows were open; it was a lovely summer afternoon, and I have a sense that bees were humming in the court, though this may have been suggested by my fancy, because the sound would have been so well suited to the scene. A boy was reading at one of the windows. There was not a quieter spot in England than this, and it was very strange to have drifted into it so suddenly out of the bustle and rumble of Holborn; and to lose all this repose as suddenly, on passing through the arch of the outer court. In all the hundreds of years since London was built, it has not been able to sweep its roaring tide over that little island of quiet."

Beyond the miniature *Hall*—eminently picturesque, with its high timber roof and lanthorn, its stained windows and ancient portraits and busts of the Cæsars—is a second court containing some admirable modern buildings on a raised terrace (by *Whig and Pownall*, 1843), of the architecture of James I., devoted to the offices of the taxing masters in Chancery. It was to Staple Inn that Dr. Johnson removed from Gough Square, and here that—to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral and fulfil the few debts she left behind her—he wrote, what he described to Miss Porter as a little story-book—*i.e.* his "Rasselas."

A little lower down on the same side of Holborn a

passage under a public-house forms the humble entrance to *Barnard's Inn*, a little Inn of Chancery belonging to Gray's Inn. Again, there are tiny courts with a single tree growing in them, and flowers lining the window sills, divided by a tiny hall with a baby lanthorn, and a line of quaint windows decorated by coats of arms and set in a timber framework.

On the opposite side of the street is *Furnival's Inn*, which was called after a Sir William Furnival, who once owned the land. It was an Inn of Chancery attached to Lincoln's Inn. Its buildings are shown by old prints to have been exceedingly stately, and were for the most part pulled down in the time of Charles I., and it was entirely rebuilt in 1818. A statue of Henry Peto, 1830, stands in the modern courtyard. Sir Thomas More was a "reader" of Furnival's Inn, and Dickens was residing here when he began his "Pickwick Papers."

Very near this was Scroope's Inn, described by Stow as one of the "faire buildings" which stood on the north side of "Old Borne Hill," above the bridge. It belonged to the Serjeants at Law, but is entirely destroyed.

On the opposite side of the street, close to where St. Andrew's Church now stands, was Thavie's Inn, the most ancient of all the Inns of Court, which in the time of Edward III. was the "hospitium" of John Thavie, an armourer, and leased by him to the "Apprentices of the Law." Its buildings were destroyed by fire at the end of the last century.

Gray's Inn Lane leads from the north of Holborn to *Gray's Inn*, which is the fourth Inn of Court in importance. It derives its name from the family of Gray de Wilton, to which it formerly belonged. Its vast pink-red court, with

the steep roofs and small-paned windows which recall French buildings, still contains a handsome hall of 1560, in which, on all festal meetings, the only toast proposed is "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth," by whom the members of Gray's Inn were always treated with great distinction.

Sir William Gascoigne, the just judge who committed Henry V. as Prince of Wales to prison for contempt of court; Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Bishop Gardiner; Lord Burleigh; Sir Nicholas Bacon, and the great Lord Bacon, were members of Gray's Inn, as were Archbishop Whitgift, Bishop Hall, and Archbishop Laud. Lord Bacon wrote the "Novum Organum" here, a work which, in spite of King James, who declared it was "like the peace of God which passeth all understanding," was welcomed with a tumult of applause by all the learned men of Europe. Dr. Richard Sibbes, who wrote the "Soul's Conflict" and the "Bruised Reed," was a Preacher in this Inn, and died here in one of the courts—he of whom Dr. Doddridge wrote—

> "Of this blest man let this just praise be given,
> Heaven was in him before he was in Heaven."

"Gray's Inn is a great quiet domain, quadrangle beyond quadrangle, close beside Holborn, and a large space of greensward enclosed within it. It is very strange to find so much of ancient quietude right in the monster city's very jaws, which yet the monster shall not eat up—right in its very belly, indeed, which yet, in all these ages, it shall not digest and convert into the same substance as the rest of its bustling streets. Nothing else in London is so like the effect of a spell, as to pass under one of these archways, and find yourself transported from the jumble, rush, tumult, uproar, as of an age of week-days condensed into the present hour, into what seems an eternal Sabbath."—*Hawthorne. English Note Books.*

Gray's Inn is described by Dickens in "The Uncommercial Traveller." The trees in *Gray's Inn Gardens* (now closed to the public) were originally planted by Lord Bacon, but none remain of his time. On the west side of the gardens "Lord Bacon's Mount" stood till lately, answering to his recommendation in his "Essay on Gardens"—"a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields." These gardens were a fashionable promenade of Charles II.'s time. Pepys, writing in May, 1662, says—

"When church was done, my wife and I walked to Graye's Inne, to observe the fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes."

In 1621 Howell wrote of them as "the pleasantest place about London, with the choicest society," and the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* thus speak of them. In their days, however, it will be remembered that Gray's Inn was almost in the country, for we read in the *Spectator* (No. 269)—

"I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend (Sir Roger de Coverley) upon the terrace, hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems."

The characteristics of the four Inns of Court are summed up in the distich—

"Gray's Inn for walks, Lincoln's Inn for wall,
The Inner Temple for a garden, and the Middle for a hall."

CHAPTER III.

BY FLEET STREET TO ST. PAUL'S.

ON passing the site of Temple Bar we are in the City of London. It separates the City from the Shire, in allusion to which "Shire Lane" (destroyed by the New Law Courts) was the nearest artery on its north-western side. We enter *Fleet Street*, which, like Fleet Market and Fleet Ditch, takes its name from the once rapid and clear, but now fearfully polluted river Fleet, which has its source far away in the breezy heights of Hampstead, and flows through the valley where Farringdon Street now is, in which it once turned the mills which are still commemorated in Turnmill Street. Originally (1218) it was called the "River of Wells," being fed by the clear springs now known as Sadler's Wells, Bagnigge Wells, and the Clerks' Well or Clerkenwell, and it was navigable for a short distance. The river was ruined as the town extended westwards. Ben Jonson graphically describes in verse the horrors to which the increasing traffic had subjected the still open Fleet in his day, and Gay, Swift, and Pope also denounce them; but in 1765 the stream was arched over, and since then has sunk to the level of being recognised

as the most important sewer—the Cloaca Maxima—of London.

Having always been considered as the chief approach to the City, Fleet Street is especially connected with its ancient pageants. All the Coronation processions passed through it, on their way from the Tower to Westminster: but perhaps the most extraordinary sight it ever witnessed was in 1448, when Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, aunt of King Henry VI., was forced to walk bare-headed through it to St. Paul's with a lighted taper in her hand, in penance for having made a wax figure of the young king and melted it before a slow fire, praying that his life might melt with the wax.

Just within the site of Temple Bar, on the right of the street, is *Child's Bank*, which deserves notice as the oldest Banking house in England, still kept where Francis Child, an industrious apprentice of Charles I.'s time, married the rich daughter of his master, William Wheeler the goldsmith, and founded the great banking family. Here "at the sign of the Marygold"—the quaint old emblem of the expanded flower with the motto "Ainsi mon ame," which still adorns the banking-office and still appears in the water-mark of the bank-cheques—Charles II. kept his great account and Nell Gwynne her small one, not to speak of Prince Rupert, Pepys, Dryden, and many others. Several other great Banks are in this neighbourhood. No. 19 is *Gosling's Bank*, with the sign of the three squirrels (represented in iron-work on the central window), founded in the reign of Charles II. No. 37 is *Hoare's Bank*, which dates from 1680: the sign of the Golden Bottle over the door, a leathern bottle (such as was used by hay-makers for their

ale), represents the flask carried by the founder when he came up to London to seek his fortunes.*

Fleet Street retains its old reputation of being occupied by newspaper editors and their offices, and it is almost devoted to them. But it also contains many taverns and coffee-houses, where lawyers and newspaper writers congregate for luncheon, and which are more frequent here than almost anywhere else in London, and, many of these, of great antiquity, are celebrated in the pages of the *Rambler* and *Spectator*.

"The coffee-house was the Londoner's house, and those who wished to find a gentleman, commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented 'the Grecian' or 'the Rainbow.'"—*Macaulay.*

It was next door to Child's Bank that the famous "Devil Tavern" stood,† with the sign of St. Martin and the Devil, where the Apollo Club had its meetings, guided by poetical rules of Ben Jonson, which began—

> Let none but guests or clubbers hither come;
> Let dunces, fools, and sordid men keep nome;
> Let learned, civil, merry men b' invited,
> And modest too; nor be choice liquor slighted;
> Let nothing in the treat offend the guest:
> More for delight than cost prepare the feast."

We hear of Swift dining "at the Devil Tavern with Dr. Garth and Addison," when "Garth treated,"‡ and of Dr Johnson presiding here at a supper-party in honour of the publication of Mrs. Lennox's first book.

* Sir R. Colt Hoare considers it a sign adopted by James Hoar of Cheapside "from his father Ralph having been a citizen and cooper of the City of London."

† Taken down in 1788.

‡ Journal to Stella.

Close beside "The Devil," Bernard Lintot, the great bookseller of the last century, kept the stall on which Gay was so anxious that his works should appear.

> "Oh, Lintot, let my labours obvious lie
> Ranged on thy stall for every envious eye;
> So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
> And to my verse their future safeties owe."
>
> *Trivia. Book* ii.

In Shire Lane was the "Kit-Kat Club" (which first met in Westminster at the house of a pastry-cook called Christopher Cat), where the youth of Queen Anne's reign were wont to—

> "Sleep away the days and drink away the nights."

Thither it was that Steele and Addison brought Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, on the anniversary of William III., to drink to his "immortal memory," and thence, as Steele dropped drunk under the table, the scandalised bishop stole away home to bed, but was propitiated in the morning by the lines—

> "Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
> All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

The members of this club all had their portraits painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller for Jacob Tonson, their secretary, and the half-size then chosen by the artist has always since caused the term "Kit Kat" to be applied to that form of portrait. The pictures painted here by Kneller are now at Bayfordbury in Hertfordshire.

Hard by, also in Shire Lane, was the tavern—"the Bible Tavern," which was appropriately chosen by Jack Sheppard for many of his orgies, for it was possessed of a

trapdoor, through which, in case of pursuit, he could drop unobserved into a subterranean passage communicating with Bell Yard, an alley which is associated with Pope, who used to come thither to visit his friend Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls.

Opposite the first gate of the Temple, No. 201 in Fleet Street, marked by its golden bird over the door, is the *Cock*

Drayton's House, Fleet Street.

Tavern, one of the few ancient taverns remaining unaltered internally from the time of James I., with its long low room, subdivided by settees, and its carved oak chimney-piece of that period. It was hither that Pepys, to his wife's great aggravation, would come gallivanting with pretty Mrs. Knipp, and where they "drank, ate a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry till almost midnight." Tennyson begins

"Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, made at The Cock," with the lines—

> "O plump head waiter at The Cock,
> To which I most resort,
> How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
> Go fetch a pint of port."

As we pass the angle of Chancery Lane we must recollect that the gentle Izaak Walton lived as a hosier and shirt-maker in the corner house from 1627 to 1647, and that, just beyond, in the bow-windowed house which is still standing (No. 184, 185), lived the poet Drayton. In a house close by, now demolished, Abraham Cowley was born in 1618, being the son of a grocer, and studied, as a child, the large copy of Spenser's "Faery Queen" which lay on his mother's window-sill, till he became, as he himself narrates—"irrecoverably a poet."

The chief feature of Fleet Street as seen on entering it, is the *Church of St. Dunstan in the West*, built by *Shaw*, 1831, on the site of the church in which the great Lord Strafford was baptized. This old church was famous for its clock, in which two giants struck the hour: they are commemorated by Cowper in his Table-talk:

> "When Labour and when Dullness, club in hand,
> Like the two figures of S. Dunstan's stand,
> Beating alternately, in measured time,
> The clock-work tintinnabulum of rhyme."

It was here that Baxter was preaching when there arose an out-cry that the building was falling. He was silent for a moment, and then said solemnly, "We are in God's service, to prepare ourselves that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world, when the heavens shall

pass away, and the elements melt with fervent heat."* In the middle of the last century the church became well known from the lectures of William Romaine, author of "The Life, the Walk, and the Triumph of Faith." When he preached, the crowds were so great as entirely to block up the street. The opposition of the rector, who placed all possible hindrances in his way, and prevented his having more than a single candle, which he held in his hand during his sermon, only secured for him the firmer support of the people.

Over the side entrance towards the street is a *Statue of Queen Elizabeth* holding the orb and sceptre, which is of much interest as having survived the Great Fire of London, when the building in which it stood was consumed, and as one of the few existing relics of the old city gates, for it formerly adorned the west front of Ludgate, one of the four ancient entrances to the city.

In *Falcon Court*, opposite St. Dunstan's, was the office of Wynkyn de Worde, the famous printer, whose sign was the Falcon.

At the corner of *Fetter Lane* (named from the professed beggars, called Faitours or Fewters), which opens now upon the left, Lords Eldon and Stowell were upset in their sedan chair in a street row.† Here is a Moravian Chapel (No. 32) replete with memories of Baxter, Wesley, Whitfield, and in later times of Count Zinzendorf. Dryden and Otway lived opposite to each other in this street, and used to quarrel in verse. In 1767 Fetter Lane obtained notoriety as the abode of Elizabeth Brownrigg, the prentice-cide, who lived

* Bates's "Funeral Sermon for Baxter."
† Horace Twiss's Life of Eldon, i. 49.

in the first house on the right of the entrance of Flower de Luce (Fleur de Lis) Court. She is commemorated in the inscription for her cell in Newgate in the poetry of "The Anti-Jacobin."

> "For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
> Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells
> Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
> She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
> Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
> St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
> Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
> To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
> She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death,
> And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
> Shaped strictest plans of discipline."

On the left of Fetter Lane is the magnificent new *Record Office*, erected 1851-66 from designs of *Sir James Pennethorne* to contain the National Records, hitherto crowded into St. John's Chapel in the White Tower, the Chapter House of Westminster and four other offices. It is a stately Gothic building, but is perhaps most effective when seen from the north-east angle. The greatest of the many treasures preserved here is the *Domesday Book*, compiled in the time of the Conqueror and written in two volumes on vellum.

On the left of Fleet Street, beyond Fetter Lane, is the opening of *Crane Court* (formerly Two-Crane Court), rebuilt immediately after the Fire and retaining many houses of Charles II.'s time. In the first house on the right (rebuilt) Dryden Leach, the printer, was arrested at midnight on suspicion of having printed Wilkes's *North Briton*, No. 45. The site at the end of the court was purchased by the Royal Society from Dr. Nicholas Barebone, son of the "Praise God Barebone," who gave his name to a

parliament of which he was a conspicuous member. It is said that the son was christened "If Jesus Christ had not died for thee thou hadst been damned Barebone," but he was generally known by the name of "damned Dr. Barebone." The situation of the house was recommended by Sir Isaac Newton, then President, as "in the middle of the town, and out of noise." The Society removed hither in 1710 from Gresham College, to accommodate the Mercers' Company, and here they remained in the house built for them by Sir Christopher Wren for seventy-two years, till in 1782 they moved to Somerset House.

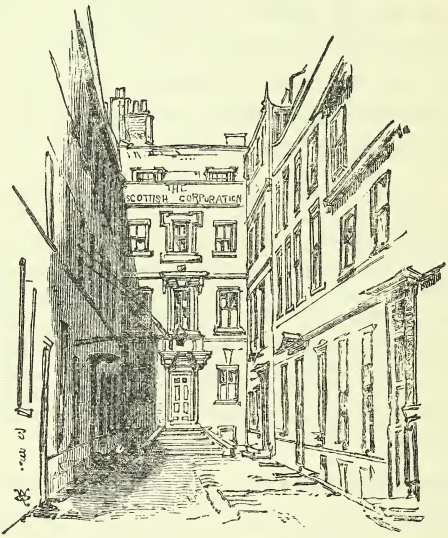
"The promotion of inoculation received its attention from 1714 to 1722; electrical experiments were the chief features of its efforts of 1745; ventilation and the suppression of fevers absorbed the efforts of 1750. In 1757 thermometers and the laws of light were the topics of investigation; astronomy came to the fore in the year following, and the Greenwich Observatory followed; and the succeeding years were directly and indirectly productive of an amount of real substantial good, by which the whole world has benefited, and which should be amply sufficient to make the story of this old house a deeply interesting one, and the house itself a relic in every way worthy of the most careful preservation."—*The Builder, Jan.* 8, 1876.

The house in Crane Court was sold by the Royal Society to *The Scottish Corporation*, an excellent national charity, founded soon after the accession of James I., for relief of persons of Scottish parentage who have fallen into distress, and which now gives constant assistance to as many as six hundred indigent persons of Scottish birth within ten miles of London.

"It has passed by the able-bodied impostors, but it has been of incalculable service to many who have hoped to find London streets paved with gold and been disappointed; to many who have entered on the great battle of life and broken down in the conflict. It relieves aged soldiers, those who from various causes have failed to lay up a

sufficient provision for old age; it lends a helping hand to those who are willing to help themselves."—*Speech of Lord Rosebery as President, 211th Anniversary.*

The Hall of the Royal Society, where Sir Isaac Newton sat as President, exists in its ancient condition, with a



House of the Royal Society, Crane Court.

richly stuccoed ceiling of 1665. It is hung with pictures, including—

Zucchero? Mary, Queen of Scots—"piissima Regina Franciæ Dotaria," 1578.
Sir Godfrey Kneller. The First Duke of Bedford.
Sir G. Kneller. The Duke of Queensberry.
Tweedie. The Third Duke of Montrose.
Wilkie. William IV.

The adjoining room, which the Royal Society employed for their larger meetings, and where the ladies' gallery with its narrow oak staircase still remains, is now used as the chapel of the Scottish Corporation.

Fleet Street is peculiarly associated with Dr. Johnson, who admired it beyond measure. Walking one day with Boswell on the beautiful heights of Greenwich Park, he asked "Is not this very fine?"—"Yes, sir, but not so fine as Fleet Street." "You are quite right, sir," replied the great critic. Thus, passing over the recollections of a tavern called "Hercules' Pillars," where Pepys enjoyed many a supper-party, and the "Mitre Tavern," whither Boswell came so often to meet Johnson, let us, if we care for them, visit in the swarthy courts and alleys on the left, a number of the different scenes in which Johnson's life was passed.

Here we may fancy him as Miss Burney describes him—"tall, stout, grand and authoritative, but stooping horribly, his back quite round, his mouth continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; with a singular method of twirling and twisting his hands; his vast body in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards; his feet never a moment quiet, and his whole great person looking often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from its chair to the floor." There is no figure out of the past with which we are able to be as familiar as we are with that of Samuel Johnson: his very dress is portrayed for us by Peter Pindar:—

> "Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
> The large grey bushy wig, that graced his crown;
> Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
> And shirt, that had no ruffles for his knuckles.

I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold !)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold."

The dismal court called *Gough Square* still exists, where he resided (at No. 17) from 1748 to 1758, in which his wife died, and where he wrote the greatest part of his Dictionary and began the *Rambler* and the *Idler;* in the narrow blackened *Johnson's Court* (not named from him), he dwelt (at No. 7) from 1765 to 1776; after which he lived at No. 8 in *Bolt Court,** till in December 1784, he lay upon his death-bed, surrounded by the faithful friends of his life. With Johnson, in Bolt Court, dwelt a curious collection of disappointed, cross, and aged persons, chiefly old ladies, who depended upon the bounty of the man whose bearish exterior ever covered a warm heart. It was not a very harmonious household. "Williams," he wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, speaking of one of these ladies, "Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both, and Poll Carmichael loves none of them." "He is now become miserable, and that ensures the protection of Johnson," was Goldsmith's answer when some one expressed his surprise at one of the objects selected for the friendship of the lexicographer.

While Johnson was living in this neighbourhood, Goldsmith was residing at No. 6, *Wine Office Court,* and the favourite seat of the friends, in the window of the Cheshire Cheese Tavern, is still pointed out. It was in this court that Goldsmith received Johnson for the first

* The Bolt Court house of Dr. Johnson was burnt in 1819

time at supper, who came—his clothes new and his wig nicely powdered, wishing, as he explained to Percy (of the "Reliques"), who inquired the cause of such unusual neatness, to show a better example to Goldsmith whom he had heard of as justifying his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting his practice. It was from hence, while Goldsmith's landlady was pressing him within doors and the bailiff without, that Dr. Johnson took the manuscript of a novel he had written to James Newberry, sold it for sixty pounds, and returned with the money to set him free. The manuscript lay neglected for two years, and was then published without a notion of its future popularity. It was "The Vicar of Wakefield."

An offshoot of Shoe Lane, a narrow entry on the left, called "Gunpowder Alley," was connected with the sad fate of another poet, Richard Lovelace the Cavalier, who died here of starvation.* Anthony Wood describes him when he was presented at the Court of Charles I. at Oxford, as "the most beautiful and amiable youth that eye ever beheld. A person too of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but specially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." From 1648 to the King's death, he was imprisoned in the Gatehouse at Westminster for his devotion to Charles I., and when he was released, he went to serve in the French army, writing to his betrothed, Lucy Sacheverell, the lines, ending—

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more."

* Though Aubrey says, "in a cellar at Long Acre."

But he was left for dead upon the field of Dunkirk, and when he came back his Lucy was married. He never looked up again: all went wrong, he was imprisoned, ruined, and died here in miserable destitution.

Bangor House, the town residence of the Bishops of Bangor, stood in Shoe Lane till 1828, and, hard by, the entry of *Poppin's Court* in Fleet Street still marks the site of Poppingaye, the town palace of the abbots of Cirencester. No. 109 Fleet Street, near this, is an admirable specimen of a modern house in the olden style.

One of the streets which open upon the right of Fleet Street still bears the name of *Whitefriars*, which it derives from the convent of the Brotherhood of the Virgin of Mount Carmel, founded by Sir Richard Grey in 1241.* The establishment of one of the earliest Theatres in London in the monastic hall of Whitefriars was probably due to the fact of its being a sanctuary beyond the jurisdiction of the Mayor and Corporation, who then and ever since have opposed theatrical performances within the City. The first playhouse was at Blackfriars, and Whitefriars followed in 1576. After the Dissolution, this district retained the privilege of sanctuary, and thus it became the refuge for troops of bad characters of every description. It obtained the name of Alsatia, a name which is first found in Shadwell's Play, "The Squire of Alsatia," and to which Sir Walter Scott has imparted especial interest through "The

* It contained the tombs of Sir Robert Knolles, the builder of Rochester Bridge, celebrated in the French wars (1407); of Robert Mascall, Bishop of Hereford, who built the choir and steeple (1416); of William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury and King of Man, killed in a tournament at Windsor (1343); and of Stephen Patrington, Confessor of Henry IV. and Bishop of St. David's and Chichester (1417). King Henry VIII. gave the chapter-house of Whitefriars to his physician, Dr. Butts, the enemy of Cranmer.

Fortunes of Nigel." In the reign of James I., almost as much sensation was created here by a singular crime in high life, as in Paris by the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin in our own time. Young Lord Sanquhar had his eye put out while taking lessons in fencing from John Turner, the famous fencing-master of the day. Being afterwards in France, the young King Henry IV., after inquiring kindly about his accident, said condolingly but jokingly, and "does the man who did it still live?" From that time it became a monomania with Lord Sanquhar to compass the death of the unfortunate Turner, though two years elapsed before he was able to accomplish it—two years in which he dogged his unconscious victim like a shadow, and eventually had him shot by two hired assassins at a tavern which he frequented in Whitefriars. The deputy murderers were arrested, and then Lord Sanquhar surrendered to the mercy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but he was sentenced to death, and was hung before the entrance of Westminster Hall.

Bordering on Alsatia is *Salisbury Court*, marking the site of the town-house of the Bishops of Salisbury. Here we have again literary reminiscences, Richardson having written and printed his "Pamela" there, and Goldsmith having sat there as his press corrector.

In 1629 the "Salisbury Court Theatre" was erected, which was destroyed in 1649. It was rebuilt in 1660, in Dorset Gardens near the river, and attained great celebrity under the name of "The Duke's Theatre." Being burnt in the Fire, it was rebuilt by Wren in 1671, and decorated by Gibbons. Dryden describes it as "like Nero's palace, shining all with gold." It faced the river and had a land-

ing-place for those who came by water, and a quaint front resting on open arches. Pepys was a great admirer of the performances at The Duke's Theatre. Here he saw "The Bondsman"—"an excellent play and well done," and here he reports that while he was watching Sir W. Davenant's opera of the "Siege of Rhodes" "by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fall in the ladies' necks and the men's haire, which made good sport." The theatre declined in 1682, but was still in existence in 1720. The site is now occupied by the City Gas Works.

Through Alsatia, the abode of the rogues, we descend appropriately upon the site of their famous prison of *Bridewell*, which was demolished in 1863-4. It was founded, like Christ's Hospital, by King Edward VI., under the first flush of emotion caused by a sermon on Christian charity which he had heard from Bishop Ridley, who urged that there was "a wide empty house of the King's Majesty, called Bridewell, that would wonderfully well serve to lodge Christ in," and it was used as a refuge for deserted children, long known as "Bridewell Boys." Gradually, from a Reformatory, it became a prison, and the horrors of the New Bridewell Prison are described by Ward in "The London Spy." The prisoners, both men and women, used to be flogged on the naked back, and the stripes only ceased when the president, who sat with a hammer in his hand, let it fall upon the block before him. "Oh, good Sir Robert, knock; pray, Sir Robert, knock!" became afterwards often a cry of reproach against those who had been imprisoned in Bridewell. Here died Mrs. Creswell, a famous criminal of Charles II.'s reign, who bequeathed

£20 to a divine of the period upon condition that he should say nothing but what was good of her. It was a difficult task, but the clergyman was equal to the occasion. He wound up a commonplace discourse upon mortality by saying—"I am desired by the will of the deceased to mention her, and to say nothing but what is *well* of her. All that I shall say therefore is this—that she was born well, lived well, and died well; for she was born a Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."*

The prison was, as we have said, founded upon the old palace of Bridewell, which, in its turn, had occupied the site of the tower of Montfiquet, built by a Norman follower of the Conqueror. The palace embraced courts, cloisters, and gardens, and close against the walls ran the Fleet. It was to this Bridewell Palace that Henry VIII., after he had been captivated by Anne Boleyn, summoned the Members of Council, the Lords of the Court, and the Mayor and Aldermen, and communicated to them that scruples had "long tormented his mind with regard to his marriage with Katherine of Arragon." Shakspeare makes the whole third act of his *Henry VIII.* pass in the palace at Bridewell, which is historically correct. It was there that the unhappy Katherine received Wolsey and Campeggio, "having a skein of red silke about her neck, being at work with her maidens." †

The name of Bridewell comes from St. Bride's or St. Bridget's Well, a holy spring with supposed miraculous

* In the court-room of the prison hung a huge picture of Edward VI. granting a charter for the endowment of Bridewell to the mayor. It was attributed to Holbein, but could not be his, for the simple reason that it represented an event which occurred ten years after his death.

† Cavendish.

powers like that of St. Clement, which we have already noticed in the Strand. The well here, of which Milton certainly drank, has shared the fate of all the other famous wells of London, and has become a pump. *St. Bride's Church* was rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, and its steeple is one of those on which he bestowed particular pains, though it is often not unjustly compared to the slides of a telescope drawn out. It stands effectively at the end of a little entry at the foot of Fleet Street, but it should be remembered that, owing to its having been twice struck by lightning, it is somewhat shorn of the lofty proportions which were originally given to it by the great architect (226 ft. instead of 234). Its bells, put up in 1710, are dear to the Londoner's soul. Wynkin de Worde, the famous printer, who rose under the patronage of the mother of Henry VII., and published no less than 400 works, was buried in the old church, which also contained the graves of the poets Sackville (1608) and Lovelace (1658), and of Sir Richard Baker (1645), who died in the Fleet prison, author of the very untrustworthy "Chronicle of the Kings of England," beloved by Sir Roger de Coverley. In the existing building are monuments to Samuel Richardson (1761), who is buried here with his wife and family, and to John Nichols, the historian of Leicestershire. John Cardmaker, who suffered for his faith in Smithfield, May 30, 1553-4, was vicar of this church.

Here, in the churchyard of St. Bride, still a quiet and retired spot, John Milton came to lodge in 1643 in the house of one Russell a tailor; here he wrote his treatises "Of Reformation," "Of Practical Episcopacy," and others; and here he instructed, and very often whipped, his sister's

two boys. "Here," says Aubrey, "his first wife, Mrs. Mary Powell, a royalist, having been brought up and lived where there was a great deal of company, merriment, and dancing, when she came to live with her husband at Mr. Russell's, found it very solitary; no company came to her, and oftentimes she heard his nephews beaten and cry." Her parents also, reports Milton's nephew Phillips, "began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought that it would be a blot on their escutcheon." At length the poor young wife found married life "so irksome to her, that she went away to her parents at Forest Hill." This visit was indefinitely prolonged, and the poet's letters remained unanswered. He sent a messenger to bring her back, who was scornfully dismissed; but after a time Mrs. Milton's jealousy was excited by the belief that the poet was paying attentions to the beautiful Miss Davis, and she entreated for a reconciliation of her own accord, an event which had a happy result for the Powell family, as they were able to take refuge in the house of their republican son-in-law, when the royalist cause became desperate. The poet's royalist wife Mary died in 1653, leaving her husband, who was then becoming blind, with three little daughters, of whom the eldest was only six years old.

It was in defence of this house in St. Bride's Churchyard that, on the advance of Prince Rupert's troops after the Battle of Edgehill, Milton wrote his sonnet:

"Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare."

At the entrance of the passage down which the tower of St. Bride's is seen from Fleet Street, the well-known figure of "Punch" will always attract attention to the office whence so much fun has emanated since the first establishment of the Paper in 1841.

Bridewell was not the only prison which was waiting on the outskirts of Alsatia for its frequenters. The great prison of the *Fleet* was only demolished in 1844, having been first used for those who were condemned by the Star Chamber. It is an evidence of the size of the river Fleet in old days, difficult as it is to believe possible now, that the prisoners used to be brought from Westminster by water, and landed at a gate upon the Fleet like the Traitor's Gate upon the Thames at the Tower. It was here that poor old Bishop Hooper was imprisoned (1555) before he was sent to be burnt at Gloucester, his bed being "a little pad of straw, with a rotten covering," and here, to use his own words, he "moaned, called, and cried for help" in his desperate sickness, but the Warden charged that none of his men should help him, saying, "Let him alone, it were a good riddance of him." Here Prynne was imprisoned for a denunciation of actresses, which was supposed to reflect upon Queen Henrietta Maria, who had lately been in-

dulging in private theatricals at Somerset House, was condemned to pay a fine of £10,000, to be burned in the forehead, slit in the nose, and to have his ears cut off. Hence, six years later, for reprinting one of Prynne's books, "free-born John Lilburne" was whipped to Westminster, and then brought back to be imprisoned, till he was triumphantly released by the Long Parliament. The cruelties which were discovered to have been practised in the Fleet led, in 1726, to the trial of its gaoler, Bambidge, for murder, when horrors were disclosed which appalled all who heard of them. Bambidge was found to have frequently beguiled unwary and innocent persons to the prison gate-house, and then seized and manacled them without any authority whatever, and kept them there until he had extorted a ransom. In several cases the prisoners were tortured, in others they were left for so many days without food that they died from inanition, in others Bambidge having ordered his men to stab them with their bayonets, they perished from festered wounds. Hogarth first rose to celebrity by his picture of the Fleet Prison Committee. Horace Walpole describes it:

"The scene is the committee. On the table are the instruments of torture. A prisoner in rags, half-starved, appears before them. The poor man has a good countenance, that adds to the interest. On the other hand is the inhuman gaoler. It is the very figure that Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villainy, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance. His lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie, his legs step back as thinking to make his escape. One hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this was a portrait, it is the most striking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is still finer."

The formation of the Fleet Committee found a more lasting eulogium in the lines in Thomson's "Winter."

> "And here can I forget the generous band
> Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
> Into the horrors of the gloomy jail,
> Unpitied and unheard, where Misery moans,
> Where Sickness pines, where Thirst and Hunger burn,
> And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice."

The precincts of the prison were long celebrated for the notorious "Fleet Marriages," which were performed, without license or publication of banns, by a set of vicious clergymen confined in the prison for debt, and therefore free from fear of the fine of £100 usually inflicted on clergymen convicted of solemnising clandestine marriages. No less than 217 marriages are shown by the Fleet registers to have been sometimes celebrated there in one day! The "marrying houses," as they were called, were generally kept by the turnkeys of the prison, and the different degraded clergymen of the Fleet maintained touts in the street to beguile any arriving lovers to their especial patrons. Pennant, walking past the Fleet in his youth, was often tempted with the question, "Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?" In the curious poem called "The Humours of the Fleet" we read—

> "Scarce had the coach discharged its trusty fare,
> But gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair,
> The busy plyers make a mighty stir,
> And whispering cry, 'D'ye want the parson, sir?
> Pray step this way—just to the 'Pen in Hand,'
> The doctor's ready there at your command.'
> 'This way,' another cries. 'Sir, I declare,
> The true and ancient register is here.'
> The alarmèd parsons quickly hear the din,
> And haste with soothing words to invite them in."

Before leaving the Fleet we may recollect that Dickens paints Mr. Pickwick as having been imprisoned there for several months, and that he has given a vivid picture of the latter days of the old debtors' prison.

With the Fleet was swept away "the emporium of petty larceny" called Field Lane, especially connected with the iniquities of Jonathan Wild and his companions, who are said to have disposed of many of their murdered victims by letting them down from a back-window into the silent waters of the Fleet. The surrounding streets bore the name of "Jack Ketch's Warren," from the number of persons hung at Tyburn and Newgate whose houses were in its courts and alleys.

Crossing Farringdon Street,* where the now invisible Fleet still pursues its stealthy course beneath the roadway, and where it was once crossed by Fleet Bridge, we reach, at the foot of Ludgate Hill, the site of one of the four great ancient gates of the city—the Lud Gate—destroyed November, 1760.† "Here eight men well armed and strong, watched the city gate by night." The name of the gate is described as having been derived from the legendary king Lud, who is said to have built it sixty-six years before the birth of Christ. Speed, the historian, relates "that King Cadwallo being buried in St. Martin's Church, near Ludgate, his image, great and terrible, triumphantly riding on horseback, artificially cast in brass, was placed upon the western gate of the city, to the fear and terror of the Saxons." It was

* Faringdon Ward is named from William Faringdon, a goldsmith, sheriff in 1281.

† It was sold July 30, 1760, with two other gates, to Hagden, a carpenter of Coleman Street. Ludgate fetched £148; Aldgate, £177 10s.; and Cripplegate, £91.

‡ Riley, p. 92.

upon the western face of this gate that the statue of Queen Elizabeth stood, which we may still see over the door of St. Dunstan's in the West. On the eastern front were statues of King Lud and his sons, Androgeus and Theomantius, which have now disappeared. Adjoining the gate was a prison, and the poor prisoners used to beg piteously from those who passed beneath it. Jane Shore was immured here by Richard III. The gate itself was restored by the widow of one of these prisoners, Stephen Forster. She had admired his good looks through the grating, obtained his release, and married him, and he lived to be Lord Mayor of London in the time of Henry VI.* In the chapel of the gatehouse was inscribed—

> "Devout soules that passe this way,
> For Stephen Forster, late Maior, heartily pray;
> And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,
> That of pitie this house made for Londoners in Ludgate,
> So that for lodging and water prisoners here nought pay,
> As their keepers shall all answer at dreadful domesday."

Instead of the old gateway, the Ludgate Hill Railway Viaduct now crosses the street, entirely spoiling the finest view of St. Paul's.

As we ascend Ludgate Hill, on the left is *Belle Sauvage Yard*, which is generally supposed still, as it was by Addison, to derive its odd name from the popular story of the patient Griselda, but which is really named from Savage, its first innkeeper, and his hostelry "the Bell." A curious woodcut of 1595 shows the courtyard of the Belle Sauvage surrounded with wooden balconies, filled with spectators to witness the wonderful tricks of the

* The story of Stephen Forster is commemorated in Rowley's "Widow Never Vext, or the Widow of Cornhill."

horse Marocco, which was publicly exhibited in Shakspeare's time by a Scotchman named Banks. This Inn was altogether closed during the Great Plague, when its host issued advertisements that "all persons who had any accompts with the master, or farthings belonging to the said house," might exchange them for the usual currency: for the Belle Sauvage, like many other taverns, then had its own "tokens." It was in the Belle Sauvage Yard that Gibbons, introduced to the notice of Charles II. by Evelyn, first became known as a sculptor, by having carved "a pot of flowers, which shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches which passed by." *

It is recorded that Sir Thomas Wyatt, the rebel of Mary's reign, being refused admittance to Ludgate, rested him awhile on a bench opposite the Belle Sauvage, before he turned back towards Temple Bar, where he was taken prisoner.

Ludgate Hill is very picturesque, and leads worthily up to St. Paul's. On its north side were the offices of Rundell and Bridge, Jewellers to the Crown, with the sign of two golden salmon: their strong cellars remain under the warehouse of Messrs. Daldy and Isbister. *St. Martin's Church*, with a good and simple tower by Wren, combines admirably with the first view of the cathedral, and greatly adds to its effect as was doubtless intended by the architect.

"Lo, like a bishop upon dainties fed,
St. Paul's lifts up his sacerdotal head;
While his lean curates, slim and lank to view,
Around him point their steeples to the blue."

* Walpole.

Cadwallo, king of the Britons, who died in 677, is said to have been buried in St. Martin's Church, of which Robert of Gloucester declares him to be the founder—

> "A church of St. Martin, livying he let rere,
> In whych yat men shold Goddys seruyse do,
> And sin for his soule and al Christene also."

To this church belongs the well-known epitaph:

Earth goes to Earth treads on Earth as to Earth shall to	Earth	As mold to mold, Glittering in gold, Return here should, Goe ere he would.
Earth upon Earth goes to Earth though on Earth shall from	Earth	Consider may, Naked away, Be stout and gay, Passe poor away.

In St. Martin's Court, on the other side of the street, jammed in between crowded shops and swallowed up in the present, a thick black grimy fragment of the *City Wall* may be discovered, one of the only four known fragments remaining.

In Stationers' Hall Court, a quiet courtyard on the left, is the *Hall of the Stationers' Company*, incorporated 1557. It was rebuilt after the Great Fire and refronted in 1800. A musical festival used annually to be held in the *Hall* on St. Cecilia's Day, and Dryden's ode, "Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music," was first performed here. In the *Committee Room* are a number of portraits, including those of Richard Steele, of Vincent Wing the astronomer (1669), and of Samuel Richardson (Master of the Company in 1754) and his wife, by *Highmore*. In the *Court Room* is

Benjamin West's picture of "Alfred dividing his loaf with the Pilgrim," well known from engravings.

Formerly the Stationers' Company enjoyed the monopoly of printing all books—and long after that privilege was withdrawn, it maintained the sole right of printing almanacks, which was only contended with success in 1771. The Company, however, continue to derive a great revenue from their almanacks, which they issue on or about the 22nd of November. The copyright of books is still secured by their being "entered at Stationers' Hall."

The grimy little garden at the back of the Hall has its associations, for, at the time of the Star Chamber, the Archbishop of Canterbury, one of its most active members, used frequently to send warrants to the Master and Wardens of the Stationers' Company, requiring them on pain of the penalties of the Church and forfeiture of all their temporal rights, to search every house in which there was a press for seditious publications, which they were to seize, and burn in the Hall garden.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. PAUL'S AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

WE have now arrived where, black and grand, *St. Paul's Cathedral* occupies the platform on the top of the hill. Sublimely grandiose in its general outlines, it has a peculiar sooty dignity all its own, which, externally, raises it immeasurably above the fresh modern-looking St. Peter's at Rome. As G. A. Sala says, in one of his capital papers, it is really the better for "all the incense which all the chimneys since the time of Wren have offered at its shrine, and are still flinging up every day from their foul and grimy censers." Here and there only is the original grey of the stone seen through the overlying blackness, which in early spring is intensified by the green grass and trees of the churchyard which surrounds the eastern part of the building. When you are near it, the mighty dome is lost, but you have always an inward all-pervading impression of its existence, as you have seen it a thousand times rising in dark majesty over the city; or as, lighted up by the sun, it is sometimes visible from the river, when all minor objects are obliterated in mist. And, apart from the dome, the noble proportions of every pillar and cornice of the great church cannot fail to strike those who linger to look at them, while even the

soot-begrimed garlands, which would be offensive were they clean, have here an indescribable stateliness.

"St. Paul's appears to me unspeakably grand and noble, and the more so from the throng and bustle continually going on around its base, without in the least disturbing the sublime repose of its great dome, and, indeed of all its massive height and breadth. Other edifices may crowd close to its foundation and people may tramp as they like about it; but still the great cathedral is as quiet and serene as if it stood in the middle of Salisbury Plain. There cannot be any thing else in its way so good in the world as just this effect of St. Paul's in the very heart and densest tumult of London. It is much better than staring white; the edifice would not be nearly so grand without this drapery of black."—*Hawthorne. English Note Books.*

When Sir Christopher Wren was laying the foundations of the present cathedral, he found relics of three different ages at three successive depths beneath the site of his church —first, Saxon coffins and tombs; secondly, British graves, with the wooden and ivory pins which fastened the shrouds of those who lay in them; thirdly, Roman lamps, lacrymatories, and urns, proving the existence of a Roman cemetery on the spot.* It has never with any certainty been ascertained when the first church was built here, but, according to Bede, it was erected by Ethelbert, King of Kent, and his nephew Sebert, King of the East Angles, and was the church where Bishop Mellitus refused the sacrament to the pagan princes.

"Sebert, departing to the everlasting kingdom of Heaven, left his three sons, who were yet pagans, heirs of his temporal kingdom on earth. Immediately on their father's decease they began openly to practise idolatry (though whilst he lived they had somewhat refrained), and also gave free license to their subjects to worship idols. At a certain time these princes, seeing the Bishop (of London) administering the Sacrament to the people of the church, after the

* "Parentalia" (by Wren's grandson), p. 226.

celebration of mass, and being puffed up with rude and barbarous folly, spake, as the common report is, thus unto him: 'Why dost thou not give us, also, some of that white bread which thou didst give unto our father Saba and which thou does not yet cease to give to the people in the church?' He answered, 'If ye will be washed in that wholesome font wherein your father was washed, ye may likewise eat of this blessed bread of which he was a partaker; but if ye condemn the lavatory of life, ye can in no wise taste the bread of life.' 'We will not,' they rejoined, 'enter into this font of water, for we know that we have no need to do so; but we will eat of that bread nevertheless.' And when they had been often and earnestly warned by the bishop that it could not be, and that no man could partake of this holy oblation without purification and cleansing by baptism, they at length, in the height of their rage, said to him, 'Well, if thou wilt not comply with us in the small matter we ask, thou shalt no longer abide in our province and dominions,' and straightway they expelled him, commanding that he and all his company should quit their realm."—*Bede.*

St. Paul's has been burnt five times; thrice by fire from heaven. It attained its final magnificence when, in the thirteenth century, it was a vista of Gothic arches, seven hundred feet in length. At the east end was the shrine of St. Erkenwald, its fourth bishop, the son of King Offa, containing a great sapphire which had the reputation of curing diseases of the eye. In the centre of the nave was the tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, son of the great Earl of Warwick, and Constable of Dover—a tomb which was popularly known as that of Duke Humphrey (of Gloucester), really buried at St. Albans. The rest of the church was crowded with monuments. Against the south wall were the tombs of two Bishops of London, Eustace de Fauconberge, Justice of Common Pleas in the reign of John, and Henry de Wengham, Chancellor of Henry III. In St. Dunstan's Chapel was the fine tomb of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln (1310), who left his name to Lincoln's Inn. Kemp, Bishop of London, who built Paul's Cross Pulpit, also had

a chapel of his own. In the north aisle were the tombs of Ralph de Hengham, judge in the time of Edward I.; of Sir Simon Burley, tutor and guardian to Richard II. (a noble figure in armour in a tomb with Gothic arches); and, ascending to a far earlier time, of Sebba, King of the East Angles, in the seventh century; and of Ethelred the Unready (1016), son of Edgar and Elfrida, in whose grave his grandson Edward Atheling is also believed to have been buried.

The choir of St. Paul's was as entirely surrounded by important tombs as those of Canterbury and Westminster are now. On the left were the shrine of Bishop Roger Niger; the oratory of Roger de Waltham, canon in the time of Edward II.; and the magnificent tomb of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster (1399), son, father, and uncle of kings, upon which he was represented with his first wife Blanche, who died of the plague, 1369, and in which his second wife, Constance, "mulier super feminas innocens et devota,"* was also buried. On the right was the tomb of Sir Nicholas Bacon (1578), father of the Lord Chancellor Bacon; and the gorgeous monument of Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor (1591), one of the great fashionable tombs of Elizabeth's time, which took so much room as only to allow of tablets to Sir Philip Sydney and his father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's secretary, thus occasioning Stow's epigram:—

> "Philip and Francis have no tomb,
> For *great* Christopher takes all the room."

In the south aisle of the choir were monuments to Dean Colet, founder of St. Paul's School, and to Dr. Donne,

the poet, also Dean of St. Paul's. In the north choir aisle, behind the tomb of John of Gaunt, Vandyke was buried in 1641.*

Against the wall of old St. Paul's at the S.W. corner was the parish church of St. Gregory, which was pulled down c. 1645. It was the existence of this building which caused Fuller to describe old St. Paul's as being "truly the mother church, having one babe in her body—St. Faith's, and another in her arms—St. Gregory's." The north cloister, or "Pardon Churchyard," was surrounded by the frescoes of the Dance of Death, the "Dance of Paul's," executed for John Carpenter, town-clerk of London in the reign of Henry V. Here was the long-remembered epitaph:

"Vixi, peccavi, penitui, Naturæ cessi."

A chapel founded by Thomas-à-Becket's father, Gilbert, rose in the midst of the cloister, where he was buried with his family in a tomb which was always visited by a new Lord Mayor when he attended service in St. Paul's: it was destroyed with the cloister in 1549 by Edward, Duke of Somerset.

"Old S. Paul's must have been a magnificent building. The long perspective view of the twelve-bayed nave and twelve-bayed choir, with a splendid wheel window at the East end, must have been very striking. The Chapter House embosomed in its Cloister; the little Church of S. Gregory nestling against the breast of the tall Cathedral; the enormously lofty and majestic steeple with its graceful flying buttresses, together with the various chapels and shrines filled with precious stones, must have combined to produce a most magnificent effect; and the number of tombs and monuments of illustrious men must have given an interest to the building, perhaps even more than equal to that now felt in Westminster Abbey."—*W. Longman.*

* For the other tombs of St. Paul's see Weever's "Funeral Monuments.

It was in the old St. Paul's that King John, in 1213, acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. There (1337) Wickliffe was cited to appear and answer for his heresies before Courtenay, Bishop of London, and came attended and protected by John of Gaunt, and a long train of illustrious persons. There John of Gaunt's son, afterwards Henry IV., wept by his father's grave, and there with mocking solemnity he exposed the body of Richard II. after his murder at Pontefract, and—

> "At Poules his Masse was done and diryge,
> In hers royall, semely to royalte;
> The Kyng and Lordes, clothes of golde there oflerde,
> Some VIII. some IX, upon his hers were proferde."

In 1401 the first English martyr, William Sawtre, was stripped of all his priestly vestments in St. Paul's before being sent to the stake at Smithfield. Hither, after the death of Henry V., came his widow, Katherine de Valois, in a state litter with her child upon her knee, and the little Henry VI. was led into the choir by the Duke Protector and the Duke of Exeter that he might be seen by the people. Here the body of the same unhappy king was exhibited that his death might be believed. Here also the bodies of Warwick the king-maker and his brother were exposed for three days. On Shrove-Tuesday, 1527, the Protestant Bible was publicly burnt in St. Paul's by Cardinal Wolsey.

Early in the sixteenth century St. Paul's had been desecrated to such an extent as to have become known rather as an exchange and house of merchandise than as a church. Its central aisle, says Bishop Earle,* resounded to "a kind of still roar or loud whisper." "The south alley," writes Dekker, in 1607, "was the place for usury and popery,

* Microcosmographia.

the north for simony, the horse-fair in the midst for all kind of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murthers, conspiracies, and the font for ordinary payments of money." The simony in St. Paul's was famous even in Chaucer's time. His parson is described as one who—

> "——sette not his benefice to hire
> And left his sheep accombered in the mire
> And ran unto London, *unto S. Poul's*
> To seeken him a chanterie for souls," &c.

In the north aisle was the "Si Quis Door," so called from the placards beginning "Si quis invenerit" with which it was defiled. Its situation is pointed out by a passage in Hall's satires.

> "Sawst thou ever Si quis patched on Paul's Church door,
> To seek some vacant vicarage before?
> Who wants a churchman that can service say,
> Read fast and fair his monthly homily,
> And wed, and bury, and make christian souls,
> Come to the left-side alley of Saint Paul's."
>
> *Virgidemiarum, Sat. v. Bk. iii.*

That people were in the habit of bringing burthens into the church is proved by the inscription over the poor-box—

> "And those that shall enter within the church doore,
> With burthen or basket, must give to the poore.
> And if there be any aske what they must pay,
> —To this Box a penny, ere they pass away."

The middle aisle of the nave, called "Paul's Walk," or "Duke Humphrey's Walk" from the tomb there, was the fashionable promenade of London, and "Paul's Walkers"* was the popular name for "young men about town."

"It was the fashion of the times, for the principal gentry, lords, commons, and all professions, not meerely mechanick, to meet in St.

* Moser's "Europ. Mag.," July, 1817.

Paul's Church by eleven, and walk in the middle ile till twelve, and after dinner from three to six, during which time some discoursed of businesse, others of newes."—*Francis Osborne.* 1658.

"While Devotion meets at her prayers, doth Profanation walk under her nose in contempt of religion."—*Dekker.* 1607.

A Corinthian portico, of which the first stone was laid by Laud, was built by Inigo Jones, to lessen this confusion, being intended, says Dryden, as "an ambulatory for such as usually walking in the body of the church destroyed the solemn service of the choir." It is believed that Charles I. meant this portico merely as the first instalment of a new cathedral, but his attention was otherwise occupied, and under the Commonwealth, the soldiers of Cromwell stabled their horses in the nave. With the Restoration it was intended to restore the old church, but, in the words of Dryden,—

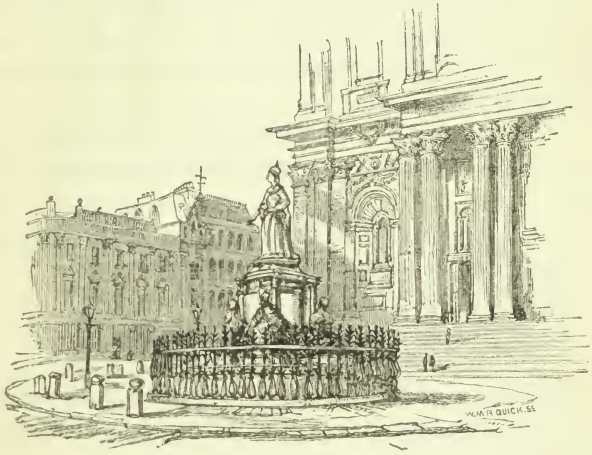
> "The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
> The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
> And since it was profan'd by civil war,
> Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire."
>
> *Annus Mirabilis.*

Christopher Wren, son of a Dean of Windsor, was chosen as the architect of the new church, and on June 21, 1675, was laid the first stone of the *New St. Paul's*, which was finished in thirty-five years. When he was occupied on St. Paul's, Wren was consulted as to the repairs of Ely Cathedral, a building which took such hold upon his mind, that, in spite of the difference of styles, an architect may detect his admiration for the great church of the eastern counties in many details of St. Paul's, not always with advantage, as in the case of the meaningless arches which break the simplicity of the cornice in the pillars of the dome. The whole cost, £747,954 2*s.* 9*d.*, was

paid by a tax on every chaldron of coal brought into the Port of London, on which account it is said that the cathedral has a special claim of its own to its smoky exterior. It will be admitted that, though in general effect there is nothing in the same style of architecture which exceeds the exterior of St. Paul's, it has not a single *detail* deserving of attention, except the Phœnix over the south portico, which was executed by *Cibber*, and commemorates the curious fact narrated in the "Parentalia," that the very first stone which Sir Christopher Wren directed a mason to bring from the rubbish of the old church to serve as a mark for the centre of the dome in his plans, was inscribed with the single word *Resurgam*—I shall rise again. The other ornaments and statues are chiefly by *Bird*, a most inferior sculptor. Those who find greater faults must, however, remember that St. Paul's, as it now stands, is not according to the first design of Wren, the rejection of which cost him bitter tears. Even in his after work he met with so many rubs and ruffles, and was so insufficiently paid, that the Duchess of Marlborough said, in allusion to his scaffold labours, "He is dragged up and down in a basket two or three times in a week for an insignificant £200 a year."

"The exterior of S. Paul's consists throughout of two orders, the lower being Corinthian, the upper Composite. It is built externally in two stories, in both of which, except at the north and south porticos and at the west front, the whole of the entablatures rest on coupled pilasters, between which, in the lower order, a range of circular-headed windows is introduced. But in the order above, the corresponding spaces are occupied by dressed niches standing on pedestals pierced with openings to light the passages in the roof over the side aisles. The upper order is nothing but a screen to hide the flying buttresses carried across from the outer walls to resist the thrust of the great vaulting."—*W. Longman.*

That the west front of the cathedral does not exactly face Ludgate Hill is due to the fact that too many houses were already built to allow of it, the commissioners for reconstructing the city having made their plans before anything was decided about the new cathedral. The *Statue of Queen Anne*, in front of the church, has gained a certain picturesqueness through age, and the fine old



In front of St. Paul's.

railing of wrought Lamberhurst iron which surrounds it. It is historically interesting here as commemorating the frequent state visits of Queen Anne to the church to return public thanks for the repeated victories of the Duke of Marlborough. Lately the effect of the west front has, in the opinion of many, been much injured by the removal of the iron railing of the churchyard which (though not

part of Wren's design) was invaluable for comparison and measurement, and which fully carried out the old Gothic theory that a slight and partial concealment only gives additional dignity to a really grand building. Besides, the railing was in itself fine, and (part of it remains at the sides) cost above £11,202. It must, however, be conceded that the railing was first put up in opposition to the wish of Wren, who objected to its height as concealing the base of the cathedral and the western flight of steps; and that its destruction was chiefly due to the wish of Dean Milman, who abused it as a "heavy, clumsy, misplaced fence."

It may be interesting to those who are acquainted with the two great churches to compare their proportions on the spot.

	St. Paul's.	St. Peter's. According to Fontana's plan.
Length	500	630
Breadth	250	440
Width of nave	118	220
Height to top of Cross	365	437

The *Interior* of St. Paul's is not without a grandeur of its own, but in detail it is bare, cold, and uninteresting, though Wren intended to have lined the dome with mosaics, and to have placed a grand baldacchino in the choir. Though a comparison with St. Peter's inevitably forces itself upon those who are familiar with the great Roman basilica, there can scarcely be a greater contrast than between the two buildings. There, all is blazing with precious marbles; here, there is no colour except from the poor glass of the eastern windows, or where a tattered banner waves above a hero's monument. In the blue depths of the

misty dome, the London fog loves to linger, and hides the remains of some feeble frescoes by Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law. In St. Paul's, as in St. Peter's, the statues on the monuments destroy the natural proportion of the arches by their monstrous size, but they have seldom any beauty or grace to excuse them. The week-day services* are thinly attended, and, from the nave, it seems as if the knot of worshippers near the choir were lost in the immensity, and the peals of the organ and the voices of the choristers were vibrating through an arcaded solitude. In 1773, Dr. Newton, as Dean of St. Paul's, conceded to the wish of Sir Joshua Reynolds, then President of the Academy, that the unsightly blank spaces on the walls of the cathedral should be filled with works by academicians. Sir Joshua himself promised the Nativity, West the Delivery of the Law by Moses. Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kaufmann were selected by the Academy for the other works. But when Dr. Terrick, then Bishop of London, heard of the intention, he peremptorily refused his consent. —"Whilst I live and have the power," he wrote to Bishop Newton, "I will never suffer the doors of the Metropolitan Church to be opened to Popery." It was then proposed only to put up the works of West and Reynolds—the Foundation of the Law and Gospel—over the doors of the north and south aisles, but the concession was absolutely refused, and the cathedral was left in its bareness.†

The central space under the dome is now employed for the Sunday Evening Service, a use which Dean Milman considered "was no doubt contemplated by Wren."

* The services are at 10 A.M. and 3.30 P.M.

† See Leslie and Taylor's "Life of Sir J. Reynolds."

"Many persons entering the cathedral suppose that the dome over their heads is the actual lining of the external dome. They are not aware that it is a shell, of a different form from the outer structure, with a brick cone between it and the outer skin—so to speak; that this brick cone is supported by the main walls and the great arches of the Cathedral, and that the brick cone supports the outer structure, the lantern, the upper cupola, and the gilt cross and ball; or that again between the brick cone and the outer skin is a curious net-work of wooden beams supporting the latter."—*W. Longman.*

Over the north porch is an inscription to Sir Christopher Wren, ending with the "four words which comprehend his merit and his fame,"—"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." The oratories at the sides of the nave were added against the wishes of Wren, at the instance of the Duke of York, who secretly wished to have them ready for Roman Catholic services, as soon as an opportunity occurred. They have been greatly condemned, as interfering in the lines of the building on the outside, but do not affect the interior. One of them is appropriated as a Baptistery. That which opens from the south aisle, long the Bishop's Consistory Court, contains the monument, by *A. G. Stevens*, of Arthur, First Duke of Wellington, the noblest tomb erected in England since Torregiano was working at Westminster. The aged Duke lies, like a Scaliger of Verona, deeply sleeping upon a lofty bronze sarcophagus. Around the base are the names of his victories. At the sides of the canopy, which is supported by noble pillars of the best period of the Renaissance, are grand figures in bronze, of Courage suppressing Cowardice, and Virtue suppressing Vice. The whole was to have been surmounted, like the great tomb of Can Grande, by an equestrian statue; but this was opposed by Dean Milman, and the artist, the greatest sculptor of our time, was snatched away before his

work was completed, and before England had awaked to realise that it possessed a worthy follower of Michael Angelo.

The narrow effect of the choir is much increased by the organ galleries on either side the entrance, and the carved stalls by Grinling Gibbons, for which he received £1,333 7*s.* 5*d.* The organ (1694) is by Dr. Schmydt, who constructed that at the Temple.

"I should wish to see such decorations introduced into St. Paul's as may give splendour, while they would not disturb the solemnity, or the exquisitely harmonious simplicity, of the edifice; some colour to enliven and gladden the eye, from foreign or native marbles, the most permanent and safe modes of embellishing a building exposed to the atmosphere of London. I would see the dome, instead of brooding like a dead weight over the area below, expanding and elevating the soul towards Heaven. I would see the sullen white of the roof, the arches, the cornices, the capitals, and the walls, broken and relieved by gilding, as we find it by experience the most lasting, as well as the most appropriate decoration. I would see the adornment carried out in a rich and harmonious (and as far as possible from gaudy) style, in unison with our simpler form of worship."—*Dean Milman—Letter to the Bishop of London.*

The monuments are mostly merely commemorative, and are nearly all feeble and meretricious, in many cases absolutely ludicrous. Beneath the dome are the four which were first erected in the cathedral. Those of Howard and Johnson, on either side of the entrance to the choir, are by *John Bacon*, whose works had such extraordinary renown in the last century. The prison key which is held by Howard and the scroll in the hand of Johnson "countenance the mistake of a distinguished foreigner who paid his respects to them as St. Peter and St. Paul."* The statue on the right in a Roman toga and tunic, bare-legged and san-

* Allan Cunningham's "Life of Bacon."

dalled, is intended for Howard, who died, 1790, at Cherson in Russian Tartary, whither he went in the benevolent hope of discovering a remedy for the Plague.

"The first statue admitted at S. Paul's was, not that of statesman, warrior or even of sovereign; it was that of John Howard the pilgrim, not to gorgeous shrines of saints and martyrs, not even to holy lands, but to the loathsome depths and darkness of the prisons throughout what called itself the civilised world. Howard first exposed to the shuddering sight of mankind the horrible barbarities, the foul and abominable secrets, of those dens of unmitigated suffering. By the exposure he at least let some light and air into those earthly hells. Perhaps no man has assuaged so much human misery as John Howard; and John Howard rightly took his place at one corner of the dome of S. Paul's, the genuine disciple of Him among whose titles to our veneration and love not the least befitting, not the least glorious, was that He 'went about doing good.'"—*Dean Milman.*

The statue of Dr. Johnson (buried at Westminster) was erected at the urgent desire of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The figure, representing a half-naked muscular athlete, is utterly uncharacteristic, yet its associations are interesting.

"Though Johnson was buried in the Abbey among his brother men of letters, yet there was a singular propriety in the erection of Johnson's statue in S. Paul's. Among the most frequent and regular communicants at the altar of the cathedral might be seen a man whose ungainly gestures and contortions of countenance evinced his profound awe, reverence, and satisfaction at that awful mystery; this was Samuel Johnson, who on all the great festivals wandered up from his humble lodgings in Bolt Court, or its neighbourhood, to the Cathedral. Johnson might be well received as the representative of the literature of England."—*Dean Milman.*

The pedestal, on which the statue stands, bears a long Latin inscription by Dr. Parr, which aptly describes Johnson as "ponderibus verborum admirabilis."

"The inscription is in a language which ten millions out of twelve that see it cannot read. To come a step lower, there is a period inserted

between every word. In the ancient inscription, which this professes to imitate, similar marks are placed, but then spaces were not left between the words. In short, the mark in the old Latin inscriptions had a meaning – the dot in the modern pedantic epitaph has no meaning at all, and merely embarrasses the sense."—*Allan Cunningham.*

The next monument erected was that by *Flaxman* to Sir Joshua Reynolds—"pictorum sui sæculi facile princeps." Then came the monument, by *J. Bacon*, of Sir William Jones, who "first opened the poetry and wisdom of our Indian Empire to wondering Europe." * After these statues followed a series of the heroes of Nelson's naval victories and of Indian warriors and statesmen. Few of these call for attention except from their absurdity, yet, as many visitors make the round of the church, we may notice (omitting reliefs invisible from their high position, and beginning at the south-west door, where the banners from Inkerman hang) those of—

Captain R. Rundle Burgess (1797), the last work of *Banks.* The captain, Commander of the *Ardent*, who fell in the naval battle with the Dutch off Camperdown, under Admiral Rodney, is represented *perfectly naked*, apathetically receiving a sword from Victory.

Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta (1822), is represented theatrically blessing two native converts, in a group by *J. G. Lough.*

Captain E. M. Lyons, mortally wounded (1855) on board the *Miranda* at Sebastopol – a relief by *G. Noble.*

Captain G. Blagdon Westcott, who fell at the Battle of the Nile (1805), by *Banks* –he is represented sinking into the arms of Victory and upsetting her by his fall.

"The two naval officers (Westcott and Burgess) are naked, which destroys historic probability; it cannot be a representation of what happened, for no British warriors go naked into battle, or wear sandals or Asiatic mantles. As little can it be accepted as strictly poetic, for the heads of the heroes are modern and the bodies antique; every-day noses and chins must not be supported on bodies moulded according

* Dean Milman.

to the god-like proportions of the Greek statues. Having offended alike the lovers of poetry and the lovers of truth, Banks next gave offence to certain grave divines, who noted that the small line of drapery which droops over the shoulder as far as the middle of Captain Burgess,

'In longitude was sairly scanty,'

like the drapery of the young witch of the poet. Banks added a hand-breadth to it with no little reluctance. When churchmen declared themselves satisfied, the ladies thought they might venture to draw near—but the flutter of fans and the averting of faces was prodigious. That Victory, a modest and well-draped dame, should approach an undrest dying man, and crown him with laurel, might be endured—but how a well-dressed young lady could think of presenting a sword to a naked gentleman went far beyond all their notions of propriety." —*Allan Cunningham.*

Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in the defence of Queenstown (1812)—a relief by *Westmacott.*

Dr. William Babington (1833)—a statue by *Behnes.*

Admiral Lord Lyons (1858)—a statue by *Noble.*

Sir Ralph Abercromby (1801), mortally wounded on the landing of the British troops in Egypt—a wildly confused group by *Westmacott.*

Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna (1809), by *Bacon*—he is represented as lowered into his coffin by Fame and a naked soldier.

Sir Astley Paston Cooper, the eminent surgeon (1842)—a statue by *Baily.*

Sir W. Hoste (1833)—a statue by *T. Campbell.*

Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie (1804), who fell at Kalunga in Napaul—a statue by *Chantrey.*

Horatio, Lord Nelson, who fell at Trafalgar (1805)—a group by *Flaxman*, with a most abominable lion.

Charles Marquis Cornwallis, Governor-General of Bengal (1805)—a group by *Rossi.*

Sir E. Pakenham and *General Samuel Gibbs*, who fell at the siege of New Orleans (1815)—statues by *Westmacott.*

George Elliott, Lord Heathfield (1790), the Defender of Gibraltar—a statue by *Rossi.*

J. M. W. Turner, the artist (1851)—a statue by *Macdowell.*

Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood (1810), who died in command of the Mediterranean Fleet—a monument by *R. Westmacott.* The almost naked body of the Admiral lies in a galley.

Admiral Earl Howe (1799), who vanquished the French fleet off Ushant—a fine statue, in a group by *Flaxman.*

Sir John Thomas Jones (1843)—statue by *Behnes*.

Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, who died in the defence of Lucknow (1857)—a statue by *Lough*.

(South aisle of Choir) *Henry Milman, Dean of St. Paul's* (1869)—an altar tomb with an admirable portrait statue by *F. J. Williamson*.

Charles James Blomfield, Bishop of London (1756)—an altar tomb with a striking statue by *G. Richmond, R.A.*

**Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta*—a striking figure and likeness by *Chantrey*.

Over door) *General Foord Bowes*, who fell at Salamanca (1812)—a relief by *Chantrey*.

Passing the Choir, in the North Aisle) *Henry Hallam*, the historian (1859)—a statue by *Theed*.

Admiral Charles Napier (1860)—a relief by *Adams*.

Captain Robert Mosse and *Captain Edmond Riou*, who fell in attacking Copenhagen (1801)—a group of angels holding medallions by *C. Rossi*.

Sir William Ponsonby, who fell at Waterloo (1815). The hero is represented stark naked in this ridiculous monument by *E. H. Baily*.

General Charles T. Napier (1853)—a statue by *Adams*.

Adam, Viscount Duncan (1814), victorious over the Dutch fleet in 1799—a statue by *Westmacott*.

General Arthur Gore and *General John Byrne Skeritt*, who fell at the siege of Bergen ap Zoom, 1814—a group by *Chantrey*.

General T. Dundas (1795), distinguished by the reduction of the French West Indian Islands—monument by *J. Bacon, jun.*

Captain Robert Faulknor, commander of the *Blanche*, who fell in a naval battle in the West Indies, 1796—monument by *Rossi*.

General William Francis Patrick Napier (1860)—a statue by *Adams*.

General Andrew Hay, who fell at Bayonne, 1814. The general is seen falling, in full uniform, into the arms of a naked soldier, in a marvellous group by *H. Hopper*.

John, Earl of St. Vincent, the hero of Cape St. Vincent (1823)—by *Baily*.

Sir Thomas Picton, killed at Waterloo (1815)—a ludicrous figure of a Roman Warrior receiving a wreath from Victory by *Gahagan*.

Admiral Lord Rodney (1792)—a group by *C. Rossi*.

Mountstuart Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay (1859)—a statue by *Noble*.

Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm (1838)—a statue by *Baily*.

Brass Plates to the *Officers and Seamen lost in H.M.S. Captain*, Sept. 1, 1870.

**Frederick, Viscount Melbourne*, the early Prime Minister of Queen

Victoria—two grand sleeping angels leaning on their swords by a bronze doorway; a fine work of *Marochetti*.

Sir A. Wellesley Torrens, who fell at Inkerman, 1855. Relief in memory of Officers and Privates who fell in the Crimean war, 1854–1856.

The most interesting portion of the church is the *Crypt*, where, at the eastern extremity, are gathered nearly all the remains of the tombs which were saved from the old St. Paul's. Here repose the head and half the body of *Sir Nicholas Bacon* (1579), Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in the reign of Elizabeth and father of Francis, Lord Bacon. Other fragments represent William Cokain, 1626; William Hewit, 1597; and John Wolley and his wife, 1595. There are tablets to "Sir Simon Baskerville the rich," physician to James I. and Charles I., 1641; and to Brian, Bishop of Chester, 1661. The tomb of John Martin, bookseller, and his wife, 1680, was probably the first monument erected in the crypt of new St. Paul's. The east end of the crypt is used for service as a chapel: its mosaic pavement is the work of the female penitents at Wokingham. Only one figure from the old St. Paul's has been lately given a place in the new church. In the Dean's Aisle now stands erect the strange figure from the monument of *Dr. Donne the Poet-Dean*, whose sermons, in the words of Dr. Milman, held the congregation "enthralled, unwearied, unsatiated," and caused one of his poetical panegyrists to write—

> "And never were we wearied, till we saw
> The hour, and but an hour, to end did draw."

Donne's friend, Sir Henry Wootton, said of this statue, "It seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle." The Dean is represented in

a winding-sheet. By the suggestion of his friend Dr. Fox, he stripped himself in his study, draped himself in his shroud, and, standing upon an urn, which he had procured for the purpose, closed his eyes, and so stood for a portrait, which was afterwards the object of his perpetual contemplation, and which after his death in 1630 was reproduced in stone by *Nicholas Stone*, the famous sculptor. The present position of the statue unfortunately renders abortive the concluding lines of the Latin epitaph, which refer to the eastward position of the figure.

"John Donne, Doctor of Divinity, after various studies —pursued by him from his earliest years with assiduity, and not without success,— entered into Holy Orders, under the influence and impulse of the Divine Spirit, and by the advice and exhortation of King James, in the year of his Saviour, 1614, and of his own age, 42. Having been invested with the Deanery of this church, Nov. 27th, 1621, he was stripped of it by death, on the last day of March, 1631, and here, though set in dust, he beholdeth Him whose name is the Rising." *

Dryden calls Donne—

"The greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation;"

and Izaak Walton describes him as—

"A preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven, in holy raptures; and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it beloved even by those who loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness."

In the Crypt, not far from the old St. Paul's tombs, the revered Dean Milman, the great historian of the church (best known, perhaps, by his "History of the Jews," his

* Translation by Archdeacon Wrangham in "Walton's Lives."

"History of Latin Christianity," and his contributions to "Heber's Hymns"), is now buried under a simple tomb ornamented with a raised cross. In a recess on the south is the slab tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, and near him, in other chapels, Robert Mylne, the architect of old Blackfriars Bridge, and John Rennie, the architect of Waterloo Bridge. Beneath the pavement lies Sir Joshua Reynolds (1742), who had an almost royal funeral in St. Paul's, dukes and marquises contending for the honour of being his pall-bearers. Around him are buried his disciples and followers — Lawrence (1830), Barry (1806), Opie (1807), West (1820), Fuseli (1825); but the most remarkable grave is that of William Mallory Turner, whose dying request was that he might be buried as near as possible to Sir Joshua.

Where the heavy pillars and arches gather thick beneath the dome, in spite of his memorable words at the battle of the Nile—"Victory or Westminster Abbey"—is the grave of *Lord Nelson*. Followed to the grave by the seven sons of his sovereign, he was buried here in 1806, when Dean Milman, who was present, "heard, or seemed to hear, the low wail of the sailors who encircled the remains of their admiral." They tore to pieces the largest of the flags of the *Victory*, which waved above his grave; the rest were buried with his coffin.*

The sarcophagus of Nelson was designed and executed for Cardinal Wolsey by the famous *Torregiano*, and was intended to contain the body of Henry VIII. in the tomb-house at Windsor. It encloses the coffin made from the mast of the ship *L'Orient*, which was presented to Nelson,

* *The Times*, Jan. 10, 1806.

after the battle of the Nile, by Ben Hallowell, captain of the *Swiftsure*, that, when he was tired of life, he might "be buried in one of his own trophies." On either side of Nelson repose the minor heroes of Trafalgar, *Collingwood* (1810) and *Lord Northesk; Picton* also lies near him, but outside the surrounding arches.

A second huge sarcophagus of porphyry resting on lions is the tomb where *Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington*, was laid in 1852, in the presence of 15,000 spectators, Dean Milman, who had been present at Nelson's funeral, then reading the service. Beyond the tomb of Nelson, in a ghastly ghost-befitting chamber hung with the velvet which surrounded his lying in state at Chelsea, and on which, by the flickering torchlight, we see emblazoned the many Orders presented to him by foreign sovereigns, is the funeral car of Wellington, modelled and constructed in six weeks, at an expense of £13,000, from the guns taken in his difierent campaigns.

In the south-west pier of the dome a staircase ascends by 616 steps to the highest point of the cathedral. No feeble person should attempt the fatigue, and, except to architects, the undertaking is scarcely worth while. An easy ascent leads to the immense passages of the triforium, in which, opening from the gallery above the south aisle, is the *Library*, founded by Bishop Compton, who crowned William and Mary, Archbishop Secker refusing to do so. It contains the bishop's portrait, and some carving by Gibbons.

At the corner of the gallery, on the left, a very narrow stair leads to the *Clock*, of enormous size, with a pendulum 16 feet long, constructed by *Langley Bradley* in 1708.

Ever since, the oaken seats behind it have been occupied by a changing crowd, waiting with anxious curiosity to see the hammer strike its bell, and tremulously hoping to tremble at the vibration.

Returning, another long ascent leads to the *Whispering Gallery*, below the windows of the cupola, where visitors are requested to sit down upon a matted seat, that they may be shown how a low whisper uttered against the wall can be distinctly heard from the other side of the dome. Hence we reach the *Stone Gallery*, outside the base of the dome, whence we may ascend to the *Golden Gallery* at its summit. This last ascent is interesting, as being between the outer and inner domes, and showing how completely different in construction one is from the other. The view from the gallery is vast, but generally, beyond a certain distance, it is shrouded in smoke. Sometimes, one stands aloft in a clear atmosphere, while beneath the fog rolls like a sea, through which the steeples and towers are just visible "like the masts of stranded vessels." Hence one may study the anatomy of the fifty-four towers which Wren was obliged to build after the Fire in a space of time which would only have properly sufficed for the construction of four. The same characteristics, more and more painfully diluted, but always slightly varied, occur in each. Bow Church, St. Magnus, St. Bride, and St. Vedast are the best.

The *Great Bell of St. Paul's* (of 1716), which hangs in the south tower, bears the inscription "Richard Phelps made me, 1716." It only tolls on the deaths and funerals of the royal family, of Bishops of London, Deans of St. Paul's, and Lord Mayors who die in their mayoralty.

"There is an erroneous notion that most of its metal was derived from the remelting of 'Great Tom of Westminster.' This bell, so replete with venerable associations, was given or sold by William III. to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and recast by one Wightman. It was speedily broken in consequence of the cathedral authorities permitting visitors to strike it, on payment of a fee, with an iron hammer, and Phelps was employed by Sir Christopher Wren to make its fine-toned successor. It was agreed, however, that he should not remove the old bell till he delivered the new, and thus there is not a single ounce of 'Great Tom' in the mass."—*Quarterly Review, CXC.*

Lily the grammarian, who died of the Plague, is buried on the north side of the *Churchyard*, opposite the school to whose celebrity he so much contributed. Father Garnet was executed in St. Paul's Churchyard, May 3, 1606, on an accusation of having shared in the conspiracy of the Gunpowder Plot, and died with the protest of innocence on his lips. Not forty years ago a large elm at the north-east corner of the graveyard marked the site of St. Paul's Cross, a canopied cross standing on stone steps, whence open-air sermons, denounced and ridiculed when they were re-introduced by Wesley and Whitefield, were preached every Sunday afternoon till the time of the Common-wealth.

"Paul's Cross was the pulpit not only of the cathedral; it might almost be said, as preaching became more popular, and began more and more to rule the public mind, to have become that of the Church of England. The most distinguished ecclesiastics, especially from the Universities, were summoned to preach before the Court (for the Court sometimes attended) and the City of London. Nobles vied with each other in giving hospitality to those strangers. The Mayor and Aldermen were required (this was at a later period) to provide sweet and convenient lodgings, for them, with fire, candles, and all other necessaries. Excepting the king and his retinue, who had a covered gallery, the congregation, even the Mayor and Aldermen, stood in the open air.

"Paul's Cross was not only the great scene for the display of

eloquence by distinguished preachers; it was that of many public acts, some relating to ecclesiastical affairs, some of mingled cast, some simply political. Here Papal Bulls were promulgated; here excommunications were thundered out; here sinners of high position did penance; here heretics knelt and read their recantations, or, if obstinate, were marched off to Smithfield. Paul's Cross was never darkened by the smoke of human sacrifice. Here miserable men, and women suspected of witchcraft, confessed their wicked dealings; here great impostures were exposed, and strange frauds unveiled in the face of day.

"Here too occasionally Royal Edicts were published; here addresses were made on matters of state to the thronging multitudes supposed to represent the metropolis; here kings were proclaimed, probably traitors denounced."—*Dean Milman.*

It was at St. Paul's Cross that Jane Shore did public penance, as is touchingly described by Holinshed—

"In hir penance she went, in countenance and pase demure, so womanlie, that albeit she were out of all araie, save hir kertle onlie, yet went she so faire and lovelie, namelie, while the wondering of the people cast a comelie rud in hir cheeks (of which she before had most misse), that hir great shame wan hir much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie, than curious of hir soule."

Here Dr. Shaw suggested the kingship of Richard III. with fatal consequences to himself. Here likewise Tindall's translation of the Bible was publicly burnt, by order of Bishop Stokesley, and here the Pope's sentence on Martin Luther was pronounced in a sermon by Bishop Fisher in the presence of Wolsey, who himself here exposed the imposture of the rood of Boxley. Hence Ridley denounced both the royal sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, as bastards, and then "stole away to Cambridge to throw himself at the feet of the triumphant Mary." Elizabeth, immediately on her accession, showed her appreciation of the importance of "St. Paul's Cross," for one of her first acts was to select a safe preacher for the next Sunday's sermon, "that no

occasion might be given to stir any dispute touching the governance of the realm." Here the great queen listened to the thanksgiving sermon of Dr. Pierce, Bishop of Salisbury (Nov. 24, 1588), for the defeat of the Armada. James I. was among those who sate beneath the preachers at Paul's Cross, and Charles I. heard a sermon here on the occasion of the birth of his son, afterwards Charles II. The eminent preachers selected for the public sermons were entertained by the Mayor and Corporation at a kind of inn, called "the Shunamite's House." An order of Parliament caused the destruction of "Paules Cross" in 1643.

An ugly Grecian portico immediately behind the cathedral marks *St. Paul's School*, founded in 1514 by Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus, for 153 poor children—a number chosen as being that of the fishes taken by St. Peter. Colet dedicated his foundation to the Child Jesus, so that, says Strype, "the true name of this school is Jesus' School, rather than Paul's School; but the saint hath robbed his Master of his title." Erasmus has left an interesting description of Dean Colet's school, and relates how over the master's chair was a figure of the Child Jesus "of excellent work, in the act of teaching, whom all the assembly, both at coming in and going out of school, salute with a short hymn."*

* "O my most sweet Lord Jesus, who, whilst as yet a child in the twelfth year of thine age, didst so discourse with the doctors in the temple at Jerusalem as that they all marvelled with amazement at thy super-excellent wisdom; I beseech thee that—in this thy school, by the tutors and patrons whereof I am daily taught in letters and instruction,—I may be enabled chiefly to know thee, O Jesus, who art the only true wisdom; and afterwards to have knowledge both to worship and to imitate thee; and also in this brief life so to walk in the way of thy doctrine, following in thy footsteps, that, as thou hast attained mete glory, I also, departing out of this life, happily may attain to some part thereof. Amen."—*Knight's "Life of Colet,"* xi. 446.

Over the figure was the inscription—

> "Discite me primum, pueri, atque effingite puris
> Moribus, inde pias addite literulas." *

John Milton was educated at St. Paul's School from his eleventh to his sixteenth year. The existing buildings are quite modern, but the founder is commemorated over the doors of the school by his motto, "Disce aut discede," and at the end of the schoolroom in a bust by *Bacon*.

"It may seem false Latin that this Colet, being Dean of Paul's, the school dedicated to St. Paul, and distanced but the breadth of a street from St. Paul's Church, should not intrust it to the inspection of his successors, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, but committed it to the care of the Company of Mercers for the managing thereof. But Erasmus rendereth a good reason from the mouth and minde of Colet himself, who had found by experience many laymen as conscientious as clergymen in discharging this trust in this kinde; conceiving also that a whole company was not so easy to be bowed to corruption as any single person, how eminent and publick soever. For my own part, I behold Colet's act herein as not only prudential, but something prophetical, as foreseeing the ruin of church-lands, and fearing that this his school, if made an ecclesiastical appendage, might in the fall of church-lands get a bruise, if not lose a limb thereby."—*Fuller's Church History*.

It was for Dean Colet's School that Lily composed the Latin verses called from their first words, "Propria quæ maribus," containing rules for distinguishing the genders of nouns. In 1877 the Mercers' Company purchased sixteen acres of ground in Hammersmith, whither it is intended to remove the school.

It was in front of the school in St. Paul's Churchyard that George Jeffreys, the famous judge, then a St. Paul's schoolboy, after watching the judges go to dine with the

* "Children learn first to form pure minds by me,
Then add fair learning to your piety."
Milman.

Lord Mayor, astonished his father, who was about to bind him apprentice to a mercer, by swearing that he too would one day be the guest of the Mayor, and would die Lord Chancellor—so that the Lord Mayor's coach had the Bloody Assizes to answer for.

Near St. Paul's School stood, before the Fire, a belfry-tower containing the famous "Jesus Bells," won at dice by Sir Giles Partridge from Henry VIII.

South of St. Paul's Churchyard is the *Deanery*, and close beside is *St. Paul's Choristers School* built by Dean Church, 1874. This is the especial district of ecclesiastical law, *Doctors' Commons*, so called from the Doctors of Civil Law here living and "commoning" together in a collegiate manner. Several of its Courts have been removed to Somerset House, but the *Court of Faculties and Dispensations*, by which marriage licences are granted, and the *Consistory Court of the Bishop of London* are still held here. At the foot of Bennet's Hill, facing Queen Victoria Street, is the *Herald's College*, a red brick building surrounding three sides of a court, with a well-designed outer staircase. It occupies the site of Derby House, built by Thomas, that first Earl of Derby who married the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. Here, where "the records of the blood of all the families in the kingdom" are kept, the sword, dagger, and turquoise ring of James IV. of Scotland, slain at Flodden Field, are preserved. In the chambers of the Herald's College preside three kings, namely,—

Garter King-at-Arms, established by Henry V. for the dignity of the Order of the Garter. He corrects all arms usurped or borne unjustly, and has the power of granting arms to deserving persons, &c.

Clarencieux King at Arms, who takes his name from the Duke of Clarence, 3rd son of Edward III. He has the care of the arms, and all

questions of descent regarding families south of the Humber, not under the discretion of the Garter.

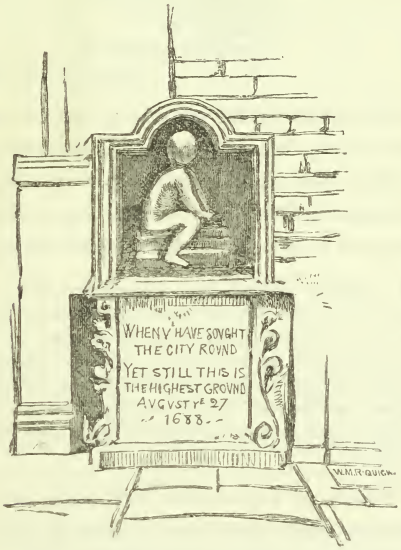
Norroy (North Roy), who has the same jurisdiction north of the Humber as Clarencieux in the south.

"As for nobility in particular persons, it is a reverend thing to see an antient castle or building not in decay; or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an antient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time: for new nobility is but the act of power; but antient nobility is the act of time." —*Lord Bacon.*

What is now called *St. Paul's Churchyard* was surrounded before the Fire by shops of booksellers, who have since betaken themselves to Paternoster Row, Ave-Maria Lane, and Amen Corner, on the north of the Church, so called, says Stow, "because of stationers or text-writers that dwelt there, who wrote and sold all sorts of books then in use, namely, A B C., with the Pater-noster, Ave, Creed, Graces, &c." At the corner of Cheapside and Paternoster Row was, till 1848, the "Chapter Coffee House," of much literary celebrity, where authors and booksellers of the last century were greatly wont to congregate. Here also the club of the "Wittenagemot" was held, which was much frequented by physicians of the last century. In the room which bore the name of the club, the famous Dr. Buchan, author of "Domestic Medicine," used to see his patients, a man "of venerable aspect, neat in his dress, his hair tied behind with a large black ribbon, and a gold-headed cane in his hand, realising the idea of an Esculapian dignitary." It was at the Chapter Coffee House that the famous "Threepenny Curates" could be hired for two pence and a cup of coffee to hold service anywhere within the boundary.

Paternoster Row (so called from the rosary makers?) is

still the booksellers' paradise. Its entrance is guarded by the establishments of Messrs. Blackwood and Nelson, and a mighty bust of Aldus presides over the narrow busy pavement, while every window at the sides is filled with books, chiefly Bibles, Prayer-Books, and religious tracts. The



The Boy of Panyer Alley.

Church of St. Michael le Quern, Paternoster Row, destroyed in the Fire, derived its name from the use in the adjacent market of the handmill of Scripture: it continued to be employed for the grinding of malt till the time of the Commonwealth. John Leland, the antiquary, was buried in this church.

Panyer Alley, leading into Newgate Street, being close to the Corn-market, marks the residence of the "Panyers," makers of bakers' baskets, in the fourteenth century. Here, built in the wall, is a stone with a relief of a boy sitting on a panyer, inscribed—

"When ye have sovght
The Citty round
Yet still ths is
The hihest ground.
August the 27, 1688."

Dolly's Chop House, close to this (so called from an old cook of the tavern, whose portrait was painted by Gainsborough), has a curious old coffee-room of Queen Anne's time. The head of that queen painted on a window of the tavern has given a name to Queen's Head Passage.

"There is a passage leading from Paternoster Row to St. Paul's Churchyard. It is a slit, through which the cathedral is seen more grandly than from any other point I can call to mind. It would make a fine dreamy picture, as we saw it one moonlight night, with some belated creatures resting against the walls in the foreground—mere spots set against the base of Wren's mighty work, that, through the narrow opening, seemed to have its cross set against the sky."—*Preface to Doré's London.*

At the bottom of Paternoster Row leads into *Warwick Lane*, where till lately stood (on the west of the Lane) the College of Physicians, whither Dryden's body was brought by Dr. Garth, to whom it was indebted for suitable burial, where he was honoured by "a solemn performance of music,"* and whence (May 13, 1700) it was followed by more than a hundred coaches to Westminster. The buildings of the College (which originally met at Linacre's house in Knightrider Street) were erected by Wren (1674),

* See *The London Spy.*

and were conspicuous from their don e, surmounted by a golden ball.

> "A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
> Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill."
>
> *Garth. The Dispensary.*

The original name of this street was Eldenesse Lane; it derives its present appellation from the inn or palace of the Earls of Warwick. This Warwick Inn was in the possession of Cecily Duchess of Warwick c. 1450. Eight years later, when the greater estates of the realm were called up to London, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the "Kingmaker," "came with six hundred men, all in red jackets, embroidered with ragged staves before and behind, and was lodged in Warwick Lane; in whose house there was often six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there so much of sodden or roast meat as he could pick and carry on a long dagger."

Midway down the Lane on the east side is the *Bell Inn* (rebuilt), where (1684) the holy Archbishop Leighton died peacefully in his sleep, thereby fulfilling his often expressed desire that he might not trouble his friends in his death.

"He used often to say, that, if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired; for he died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane."—*Burnet's Own Times.*

Opposite the Bell, closing an alley on the left, stood the Oxford Arms, one of the most curious old hostelries in

England, demolished in 1877. It belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and was restored immediately after the Great Fire, on the exact plan of an older inn on the site, which was then destroyed. In the *London Gazette* of March, 1672-3, we find the words—

"These are to notify that Edward Bartlett, Oxford Carrier, has removed his inn in London from the Swan, in Holborn Bridge, to the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane, where he did inn before the Fire; his coaches and waggons going forth on their usual days, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. He hath also a hearse, with all things convenient to carry a corpse to the burial."

The leases of the property forbade the closing of a door leading to the houses of the residentiary Canons of St. Paul's, by which Roman Catholics who frequented the Inn escaped during the riots of 1780. The great court of the Inn, constantly crowded with waggons and filled with people, horses, donkeys, dogs, geese—life of every kind—presented a series of Teniers pictures in its double tiers of blackened, balustraded, open galleries, with figures hanging over them, with clothes of every form and hue suspended from pillar to pillar, and with outside staircases, where children sate to chatter and play in the shadow of the immensely broad eaves which supported the steep red roofs. Amongst those who lived here in former days was John Roberts the bookseller, and from hence he sent forth his squibs and libels on Pope. On the wall of the last house (left), where Warwick Lane enters Newgate Street, Warwick the King-maker is commemorated in a very curious relief, of 1668, of an armed knight with shield and sword.

The neighbourhood of Newgate has always been "the Butchers' Quarter." St. Nicholas's Shambles originally

stood here, which took their name from the old Church of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, destroyed at the Dissolution, and till the Great Fire the market continued to be held in the middle of the street in open stalls, which were a great nuisance to the neighbourhood, and gave the name of "Stinking Lane" to the present King Edward Street, from the filth which they accumulated. After the Fire a market-house was erected in the open space between Newgate Street and Paternoster Row, where the ivy-covered houses of the Prebends of St. Paul's, commemorated in Ivy Lane,*

Guy, Earl of Warwick.

stood amidst orchards, whose apples were a great temptation to London street-boys, and frequently proved fatal to them, as is shown by the coroners' inquests of five centuries ago. Newgate Market continued to be the principal meat-market of London till the recent erection of that in Smithfield—

> "Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards!
> Such Newgate's copious market best affords."
>
> *Gay. Trivia*, bk. ii.

* Stow.

A curious relic in Newgate Street, which has lately disappeared, was the sculpture over the entrance to Bull Head Court, representing William Evans, the giant porter of Charles I., with Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf of Henrietta Maria, who could travel in his pocket—Evans was seven feet six inches in height, Hudson three feet nine inches; but the dwarf was so fiery that he killed Mr. Crofts, who ventured to laugh at him, in a duel, and he commanded a troop of horse in the king's service.

On the north side of *Newgate Street*, through an open screen, are seen some of the modern buildings of *Christ's Hospital*, erected in 1825 by *James Shaw*, the architect of St. Dunstan's in the West. The foundation of Christ's Hospital was one of the last acts of Edward VI., who died ten days after. He was so touched by an affecting sermon which he heard from Bishop Ridley on June 26, 1553, upon the duty of providing for the sick and needy, that after the service was over he sent for the bishop, thanked him for his advice, and, after inquiring what class of persons was in most need of being benefited, founded a hospital for destitute and fatherless children. The buildings, which had belonged to the Grey Friars, and which were set apart for this purpose, had been given to the City of London by Henry VIII. at the Dissolution.

The monastery of Grey Friars, which was one of the most important religious houses in London, was founded by the first Franciscans who came over to England in the reign of Henry III. Its buildings were raised by the charity of various pious benefactors, and its glorious church was given by Margaret, second wife of Edward I. It became a favourite burial-place of the queens of England, as well as

the usual place of interment for the foreign attendants of the Plantagenet Queens Consort. Here were the tombs of Beatrix, Duchess of Brittany, second daughter of Henry III., who died when she came over to the coronation of Edward I. in 1272; of the generous Queen Margaret, —"good withouten lacke"—second wife and widow of Edward I.,* and of her niece the wicked Queen Isabella, wife of Edward II. Joan of the Tower, wife of David Bruce, King of Scotland, and second daughter of Edward II., driven to seek a refuge in England by the infidelities of her husband, died in the arms of her sister-in-law Queen Philippa, in 1362, and was buried by her mother's side. Near her was laid Isabel, Countess of Bedford, the eldest and favourite daughter of Edward III., who was separated from her husband Ingelram de Coucy by the wars between France and England. Other tombs were those of Baron Fitzwarren and his wife Isabel, sometime Queen of Man; Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of England, executed at Tyburn, 1308; Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, beheaded 1329; John Philpot, Lord Mayor, 1384; Sir Nicholas Brember, Lord Mayor, 1386; John, Duc de Bourbon, taken prisoner at Agincourt, who died after a captivity of eighteen years, 1433; and Thomas Burdett, 1477, who was beheaded for having too vigorously lamented over a favourite buck of his, which had been killed by Edward IV. Here also (1665) was buried one who "possessed every advantage which nature and art and an excellent education could give,"† the accomplished Sir Kenelm Digby, who was laid in the magnificent tomb

* The heart of his mother, Queen Eleanor, who died at Ambresbury, was also preserved here.

† Clarendon.

where he had buried his wayward wife, the beautiful Venetia Stanley,* lamented in the verses of Ben Jonson.

All the monuments in Grey Friars, many of them of marble and alabaster, and extremely magnificent, were sold for £50 by Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith and alderman, a destruction which signifies little now, as they would all have perished otherwise in the Great Fire. Even the name of Grey Friars became extinct when Christ's Hospital was founded, and nothing remains of the monastery except some low brick arches of the western cloister on the left of the entrance.

The Hospital is approached from Newgate Street by a brick gate-way surmounted by a statue of Edward VI. in his robes. The courts, used as playgrounds by the boys, are handsome and spacious. There are 685 boys lodged and boarded in the surrounding buildings; and belonging to the same foundation is the preparatory school of 500 boys and the school of 60 or 70 girls at Hertford. The boys sleep in dormitories crowded with little beds, and wash in lavatories. A line in their swimming-bath marks the junction of three parishes—Christ Church, St. Sepulchre's, and St. Bartholomew's.

London smoke has already given a venerable aspect to the noble *Hall*, 187 feet in length, and the long oak tables are really old. In the centre of the side wall is a pulpit whence graces are read, and the lessons of the day in the morning. The walls are decorated beyond the pulpit by the arms of the Presidents, below the pulpit by the arms of the Treasurers, beginning with those of Grafton, Treasurer in 1554, the year after the foundation. The raised seats at the end

* Aubrey.

of the hall are intended for spectators admitted by ticket to witness the "Public Suppings" at 7 P.M. on the six Thursdays in Lent, a very curious sight. Above is an old picture of Edward VI. giving a charter to the Hospital. The other pictures include—

Verrio. An immense and very curious representation of the scholars of Christ Hospital, both boys and girls, bringing their drawings to be examined by James II. in the midst of his court. Charles II. was originally introduced, but as he died before the picture was finished, his figure was altered to that of his brother. The custom pourtrayed here is still kept up, and every year the scholars go to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Pennant describes this "as the largest picture I ever saw."

Sir F. Grant. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

J. Singleton Copley. The Adventure of Brook Watson, a Christ Church scholar, in escaping from a shark.

The *Library* was founded by the famous Sir Richard Whittington, who flourished in the time of Richard II. and Henry IV., and, in the latter reign, was three times Lord Mayor.

The boys educated at Christ's Hospital are generally called "Blue-Coat Boys," from their dress, which recalls that of the citizens of the time of Edward VI., and consists of a blue gown, red leathern girdle, yellow stockings, and bands. The two first classes of the school are called "Grecians" and "Deputy Grecians." Among eminent Blue-Coat boys were Bishop Stillingfleet, Camden the Antiquary, Campion the Jesuit, Mitchell the translator of Aristophanes, Charles Lamb, Bishop Middleton, Jeremiah Markland, Richardson the novelist, and above all Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was educated here under James Boyer and who said, when he heard of his head-master's death, that "it was fortunate the cherubs who took him to

heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way."

"Christ's Hospital is an institution to keep those who have yet held up their heads in the world from sinking; to keep alive the spirit of a decent household, when poverty was in danger of crushing it; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able, to assist themselves; to separate a child from his family for a season, in order to render him back hereafter, with feelings and habits more congenial to it, than he could ever have attained by remaining at home in the bosom of it. It is a preserving and renovating principle, an antidote for the *res angusta domi*, when it presses, as it always does, most heavily upon the most ingenuous natures."—*Charles Lamb.*

In Christ Church Passage was "Pontack's," the first Restaurant of a better class opened in London (c. 1689) where a dinner could be ordered.

Where Newgate Street (now chiefly devoted to butchers) is crossed by Giltspur Street and the Old Bailey stood the New Gate, one of the five principal gates of the City, which was also celebrated as a prison. Its first story, over the arch, was, according to custom, "common to all prisoners, to walk in and beg out of." Ellwood the Quaker narrates the horrors of the nights in the gate-prison where all were crowded into one room, and "the breath and steam which came from so many bodies, of different ages, conditions, and constitutions, packed up so close together, was sufficient to cause sickness." In fact, in the Plague, fifty-two persons died over Newgate alone.

The gate-house was the origin of the existing *Newgate Prison*, which now looms, grim and grimy, at the end of Holborn Viaduct, and whose very name is fraught with reminiscences of Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, Greenacre, Courvoisier, Franz Müller, and others celebrated in the annals of crime. The Prison was re

built, 1770—80, under *George Dance,* architect of the Mansion House.

"His chef-d'œuvre was the design for Newgate, which, though only a prison, and pretending to be nothing else, is still one of the best public buildings in the metropolis.

"It attained this eminence by a process which amounts as much to a discovery on the part of its architect as Columbus's celebrated invention of making an egg stand on its end—by his simply setting his mind to think of the purpose to which his building was to be appropriated. There is nothing in it but two great windowless blocks, each ninety feet square, and between them a very common-place gaoler's residence, five windows wide, and five stories high, and two simple entrances. With these slight materials, he has made up a façade two hundred and ninety-seven feet in extent, and satisfied every requisite of good architecture."—*Fergusson.*

On the south front are allegorical statues of Concord, Mercy, Justice, Truth, Peace, and Plenty—interesting as having once adorned the New Gate, which also bore a now lost statue of Sir R. Whittington with the renowned cat of his story. Those who have been imprisoned here include Sackville and Wither the poets; Penn, for street preaching; De Foe, for publishing his *Shortest Way with Dissenters;* Jack Sheppard, who was painted here by Sir James Thornhill; and Dr. Dodd, who preached his own funeral sermon in the chapel (on Acts xv. 23) before he was hanged for forgery in 1777. Lord George Gordon was imprisoned in Newgate for a libel on the Queen of France, and died within its walls of the gaol distemper. In the chapel is a "condemned bench," only used for the prisoners under sentence of death. There are those still living who remember as many as twenty-one prisoners (when men were hung for stealing a handkerchief) sitting on the condemned bench at once. Since executions have ceased to be

carried out at Tyburn, they have taken place here: one of the most important has been that of Bellingham, for the murder of Mr. Percival. The late amelioration in the condition of prisoners in Newgate is in great measure due to the exertions of Mrs. Fry, who has left a terrible account of their state even in 1838.

Close by is the *Old Bailey Sessions House*, for the trial of prisoners within twelve miles of St. Paul's. Over it is a dining-room, where the judges dine when business is over, whence the line—

"And wretches hang that jurymen may dine."

The space between Newgate and the Old Bailey is called the *Press Yard*, from having been the scene of the horrible punishment of pressing to death for "standing mute" when arraigned for treason. Persons sentenced to this *peine forte et dure* were stretched naked on the floor of a dark room, and were fed with just sufficient bread and water to sustain life, a heavy weight of iron being laid upon the body, and increased till the victim either answered or died. In 1659 Major Strangways was thus pressed to death for refusing to plead, when accused of the murder of John Fussel; and the punishment existed as late as 1770, being voluntarily undergone by some offenders as the only means of preserving their estates to their children.

Jonathan Wild, infamous even in the annals of crime, lived at No. 68, the second house south of Ship Court in the Old Bailey. He used to receive stolen goods and restore them to their owners for a consideration, the larger share of which he appropriated. If thieves opposed his rapacity, he, knowing all their secrets, was able to bring

about their capture. At his trial he delivered to the judge a list of thirty-five robbers, twenty-two housebreakers, and ten returned convicts, whom he was proud of having been instrumental in hanging. He was hung himself on May 24, 1725. Green Anchor Court in the Old Bailey (now destroyed) was the miserable residence of Oliver Goldsmith in 1788.

Opposite Newgate is *St. Sepulchre's Church*, formerly "Saint Pulchre's," chiefly modern, but with a remarkable porch which has a beautiful fan-tracery roof. It is much to be lamented that, in a recent "restoration," the silly churchwardens have substituted an oriel window for the niche over the entrance, containing the statue of Sir John Popham, Chancellor of Normandy and Treasurer of the King's household, who was buried in the cloister of the Charterhouse in the time of Edward IV.; this statue was one of the landmarks of the City.* The perpendicular tower is very handsome, but spoilt by its heavy pinnacles.

"Unreasonable people are as hard to reconcile as the vanes of St. Sepulchre's tower, which never looked all four upon one part of the heavens."—*Howell.*

In the old church the unfortunate Thomas Fienes, Lord Dacre of the South, was buried, who was executed at Tyburn, June 29, 1544, for accidentally killing John Busbrig, a keeper, in a poaching fray in Laughton Park. The interior of the present building is Georgian commonplace. Many, however, are the Americans who visit it, to see a grey grave-stone "in the church choir, on the south side thereof," with an almost obliterated epitaph, which began—

"Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquer'd kings!"

for it covers the remains of Captain John Smith (1579—

* See *The Builder*, Aug. 21, 1875.

1631), "sometime Governour of Virginia and Admirall of New England," and author of many works upon the History of Virginia. The three Turks' Heads which are still visible on his shield of arms were granted by Sigismund, Duke of Transylvania, in honour of his having, in three single combats, overcome three Turks and cut off their heads, in the wars of Hungary in 1602. A ballad entitled "The Honour of a London Prentice, being an account of his matchless manhood and brave adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the king's daughter," tells how Smith killed one of these Turks by a box on the ear, and how he tore out the tongue of a lion which came to devour him!

"Wherever upon this continent (of America) the English language is spoken, his deeds should be recounted and his memory hallowed. . . . Poetry has imagined nothing more stirring and romantic than his life and adventures, and History upon her ample page has recorded few more honourable and spotless names."—*G. S. Hilliard, Life of Captain John Smith.*

"I made acquaintance with brave Captain Smith as a boy, in my grandfather's library at home, where I remember how I would sit at the good man's knees, with my favourite volume on my own, spelling out the exploits of our Virginian hero. I loved to read of Smith's travels, sufferings, captivities, escapes, not only in America, but Europe."—*Thackeray's "Virginians."*

John Rogers, the Smithfield martyr, was vicar of St. Sepulchre's, having previously been chaplain to the merchant-adventurers of Antwerp, where he became the friend of Tyndale, the translator of the Bible, whose work was finally carried out by him after Tyndale's death.

"There is no doubt that the first complete English Bible came from Antwerp under his superintendence and auspices. It bore then, and still bears, the name of Matthews' Bible. Of Matthews, however, no

trace has ever been discovered. He is altogether a myth, and there is every reason for believing that the untraceable Matthews was John Rogers. If so, Rogers was not only the proto-martyr of the English Church, but, with due respect for Tyndale, the proto-martyr of the English Bible, which first came whole and complete from his hands. The fact rests on what appears to be the irrefragable testimony of his enemies. On his trial Rogers was arraigned as John Rogers alias *Matthews*."—*Dean Milman.*

It is the bell of St. Sepulchre's which is tolled when prisoners in Newgate are executed, and by an old custom a nosegay was presented at this church to every prisoner who was on his way to Tyburn. The church clock still regulates the hour of executions, and the church bellman used to go under the walls of Newgate on the night before an execution and ring his bell and recite—

> "All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
> Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;
> Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near,
> That you before the Almighty must appear;
> Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
> That you may not to eternall flames be sent,
> And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
> The Lord above have mercy on your souls.
> Past twelve o'clock!"

CHAPTER V.

SMITHFIELD, CLERKENWELL, AND CANONBURY.

BY St. Sepulchre's Church is the entrance of *Giltspur Street*, which was formerly a continuation of Knightrider Street, and is named from the gilded spurs of the knights who rode that way to the tournaments. Near the end of Giltspur Street on the left is the entrance of *Cock Lane*, of which we shall hear more when we reach Canonbury, and hard by is *Pie Corner*, where the Great Fire ended, which began in Pudding Lane. It is probably some association with these names which caused the inscription (now obliterated) beneath the commemorative figure of a very fat boy (once painted in colours), still existing against the wall of a public-house near the corner of Cock Lane:—"This boy is in memory put up of the late Fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666." Pie Corner is frequently mentioned in the Plays of Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Shadwell. Hard by is *Hosier Street*, which was the especial centre for the hosiers in the fourteenth century.

Giltspur Street leads into *Smithfield* or Smoothfield, around which many of London's most sacred memories are folded. But as its market is the first object which strikes

the eye, we are naturally drawn first to notice its great cattle-fair, which is not without its reminiscences, for it is celebrated by Shakspeare. Falstaff asks—

"Where's Bardolph?"

and a page answers—

"He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse."

The first market—"Bartholomew Fair"—was established here by Rahere, king's jester to Henry I., by whom it was granted for the eve of St. Bartholomew, the day itself, and the day after. Ben Jonson's coarsest and wittiest comedy, *Bartholomew Fair*, lets us into many of its attendant abuses and customs, especially that of having booths at which pigs were dressed and sold—the "little tidy Bartholomew boar-pigs" of Shakspeare.* In the reign of Charles II. the duration of the Fair was extended from three to fourteen days, and Pepys "at Bartholemew Fayre, did find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-show, and the street full of people expecting her coming out." Gradually Smithfield grew to be the great and only cattle-market of London. As many as 210,757 cattle, and 1,518,510 sheep, were sold here annually; but the market was always inconvenient, and was a great nuisance to its neighbourhood. Dickens describes its miseries in his picture of Smithfield in "Oliver Twist"—

"It was market morning, the ground was covered nearly ankle-deep with filth and mire, and a thick steam perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog which seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above. All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary ones as could be

* *Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. iv.

crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep; and tied up to posts by the gutter-side were long lines of oxen, three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a dense mass. The whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of beasts, the bleating of sheep, and grunting and squeaking of pigs; the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides, the ringing of bells, and the roar of voices that issued from every public-house; the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping, and yelling, the hideous and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market, and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng, rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene, which quite confused the senses."

The market for living animals in Smithfield was abolished in 1852, when the new Meat-Market was built. It is a perfect forest of slaughtered calves, pigs, and sheep, hanging from cast-iron balustrades—actually 75 acres of meat.

In the open space now occupied by the market tournaments were formerly held. Edward III., forgetting his good queen Philippa, shocked London by parading her maid Alice Pierce as his mistress, as "the Lady of the Sun," at a public tournament in Smithfield in 1374. Another famous tournament was held here by Richard II., to celebrate the arrival of his child-queen Isabel. It was here that Wat Tyler was killed on the 15th of June, 1381. His partisans had been everywhere successful, had broken into the Tower of London and beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury, had broken into the Tower Royal and terrified the Fair Maid of Kent, had broken into and pillaged the palace of John of Gaunt at the Savoy. At length the young King Richard agreed to hear fully the demands of the Commons in Smithfield. They met, the King standing, says Stow, "towards the east near St.

Bartholomew's Priory, and the Commons towards the west in order of battle." The insolence of Wat Tyler's manner knew no bounds, he drew his dagger upon the knights whom the king sent to meet him; finally, he approached the king and seized the bridle of his horse. It was then that the Lord Mayor, Walworth, plunged a dagger into his throat. It was a terrible crisis, and a massacre was only evaded by the presence of mind of Richard II., then only in his fifteenth year, who rode at once up to the rebels and said, "Why this clamour, my liege-men? What are ye doing? Will you kill your King? Be not displeased for the death of a traitor and a scoundrel. I will be your captain and your leader: follow me into the fields, and I will grant you all you ask." The insurgents, captivated by his courage, at once allowed themselves to be led into Islington Fields, where they were quietly dispersed without difficulty, and Jack Straw, Wat Tyler's second in command, was afterwards hanged in Smithfield.

The Elms in Smithfield "betwixt the horse-pool and the river of the Wels or Turnmill Brook"* was the place for public executions before it was removed to Tyburn in the reign of Henry IV. It was here that William Fitzosbert, surnamed the Longbeard, the first popular reformer, was hanged and beheaded in (1196) the reign of Richard I. Here Sir William Wallace was executed on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1305, being dragged by horses from the Tower, hung, and then quartered while he was still living. Here also Mortimer, the favourite of Queen Isabella the Fair, was hung by her eighteen-years-old son Edward III. Endless persons were burnt here for witchcraft; two persons were

* Stow, p. 142.

boiled alive here for poisoning;* but most of all is the name of Smithfield connected with religious persecutions and intolerance—Catholics burning Protestants; then, Protestants Catholics; then, Catholics Protestants again; those who had cruelly caused the sufferings of others often in their turn having to endure the same. Kings and princes were themselves sometimes present, and took a part at these horrible scenes; thus in Sir. N. H. Nicholas' "Chronicle of London" (1089 to 1483) we read of the Prince of Wales assisting at the death of John Badby, who was burnt in a tun filled with fire, a ceremony of cruelty which was peculiar to him alone.

"This same yere there was a clerk that beleved nought on the sacrament of the auter, that is to saye, Godes body, which was dampned and brought into Smythfield to be burnt, and was bounde to a stake where as he schulde be burnt. And Henry, Prynce of Walys, thanne the kynge's eldest sone, consalled him for to forsake his heresye and hold the righte way of holy chirche. And the prior of seynt Bertelmewes in Smythfield broughte the holy sacrament of Godes body, with xij torches lyght before, and in this wyse cam to the cursed heretyk: and it was asked hym how he beleved: and he ansuerde, that he beleved well that it was hallowed bred and nought Godes body; and thanne was the tonne put over hym and fyre kyndled therein; and whanne the wrecche felt the fyre he cryed mercy; and anon the prynce comanded to take away the tonne and to quenche the fyre, the whiche was don anon at his comandement; and thanne the prynce asked hym if he wolde forsake his heresye and taken hym to the faithe of holy chirche, whiche if he wolde dou, he schulde have hys lyf and good ynow to l ven by; and the cursed shrew wolde nought, but contynued forth in his heresye; wherefore he was brent."

Passing rapidly on to the reign of Henry VIII., we find in 1539, Forest, an Observant Friar, burnt for denying the King's supremacy, and Latimer, himself burnt in 1556,

* The last was a woman; the first, in 1531, was the cook of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, whom he was accused of trying to poison in his soup.

coolly preaching patience while the victim writhed and moaned in his death struggles. And soon afterwards we find Cranmer, also burnt himself in 1556, adjuring Edward VI. to burn Joan Butcher, the Maid of Kent, who was troubled with some scruples as to the Incarnation, and the amiable King replying in horror—"What, my lord! Will ye have me send her quick to the devil, in her error?" "So that Dr. Cranmer himself confessed, that he had never so much to do in all his life, as to cause the king to put to his hand, saying he would lay all the charge thereof upon Cranmer before God."

Of the long line of sufferers for the Protestant faith, generally on the question of transubstantiation, in the reign of Henry VIII., perhaps the most remarkable was Sir William Askew's beautiful daughter Anne, whom Wriothesley, the Lord Chancellor, tortured with his own hands, and who lost the use of her feet by her extreme sufferings upon the rack to make her disclose the name of those court ladies of Queen Katherine Parr who shared her opinions. The account in Foxe of her death is too pictorial to omit.

"The day of her execution (1546) being appointed, this good woman was brought into Smithfield in a chair, because she could not go on her feet, by means of her great torments. When she was brought unto the stake, she was tied by the middle with a chain, that held up her body. When all things were thus prepared to the fire, Dr. Shaxton,* who was then appointed to preach, began his sermon. Anne Askew, hearing and answering again unto him, when he said well, confirmed the same; when he said amiss, 'There,' said she, 'he misseth, and speaketh without the book.'

"The sermon being finished, the martyrs, standing there tied at three several stakes ready to their martyrdom, began their prayers. The multitude and concourse of the people was exceeding; the place

* The renegade Bishop of Salisbury.

where they stood being railed about to keep out the press. Upon the bench under St. Bartholomew's Church sate Wriothesley, chancellor of England; the old Duke of Norfolk, the old Earl of Bedford, the Lord Mayor, with divers others. Before the fire should be set unto them, one of the bench, hearing that they had gunpowder about them, and being alarmed lest the faggots, by strength of the gunpowder, would come flying about their ears, began to be afraid; but the Earl of Bedford, declaring unto him how the gunpowder was not laid under the faggots, but only about their bodies, to rid them out of their pain; which having vent, there was no danger to them of the faggots, so diminished that fear.

"Then Wriothesley, lord chancellor, sent to Anne Askew letters, offering her the king's pardon if she would recant; who, refusing once to look upon them, made this answer again, that she came not thither to deny her Lord and Master. Then were the letters likewise offered to the others, who, in like manner, following the constancy of the woman, denied not only to receive them, but also to look upon them. Whereupon the Lord Mayor, commanding fire to be put unto them, cried with a loud voice, 'Fiat Justitia!'

"And thus the good Anne Askew, with these blessed martyrs, being troubled so many manner of ways, and having passed through so many torments, now ended the long course of her agonies, being compassed in with flames of fire."

With the reign of Mary, who was educated in cruelty by her husband Philip, the executions for religion became ten times more frequent than before. The martyr-procession was heralded (1555) by John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, who had been converted to the Protestant faith at Antwerp by conversations with William Tyndall and Miles Coverdale.

"As he was led from his prison to Smithfield, his wife and nine children (another was about to be born) stood watching his 'triumph,' almost with joyousness. With that wife and children he had been refused a parting interview, by Gardiner first, when in prison, by Bonner afterwards just before his execution—for what had a consecrated priest to do with wife and children? John Rogers passed on, not as to his death, but to a wedding. This is not the language of an admiring martyrologist, or a zeal-deluded Protestant, but of Noailles, the Catholic French ambassador."—*Dean Milman.*

Rogers was offered a pardon if he would revoke his expressions about transubstantiation, but he answered, "That which I have preached will I seal with my blood; at the day of Judgement it will be known whether I am a heretic," and, being bound to the stake, washed his hands in the flame, as one feeling no hurt, and so died bravely in sight of his own church-tower. "He was," says Foxe, "the proto-martyr of all the blessed company that suffered in Queen Mary's time, that gave the first adventure upon the fire."

To those who study the story of the executions in Smithfield it will be striking, how, in the midst of a Catholic population, the English feeling of injustice towards the victims, and indignation at the cruelty of their persecutors, especially against Bonner, Bishop of London, always made the spectators sympathize with the sufferers, and only fear lest they should be induced by terror to recant at the last. Thus, when John Cardmaker, Prebendary of Wells, was brought to Smithfield (1555) with John Warne an upholsterer of Walbrook—

"The people were in a marvellous dump and sadness thinking that Cardmaker would recant at the burning of Warne. But his prayers being ended, he rose up, put off his clothes unto his shirt, went with bold courage to the stake, and kissed it sweetly: he took Warne by the hand, and comforted him heartily; and so gave himself to be also bound to the stake most gladly. The people seeing this so suddenly done, contrary to their fearful expectation, as men delivered out of a great doubt, cried out with joy, saying, 'God be praised! the Lord strengthen thee, Cardmaker; the Lord Jesus receive thy spirit!'"

Amongst the most remarkable of the after sufferers was John Bradford, who died embracing the stake and comforting his fellow sufferer; and John Philpot, Archdeacon of

Winchester, who knelt, like St. Andrew, at first sight of his stake.

"And when he was come to the place of suffering, he kissed the stake, and said, 'Shall I disdain to suffer at this stake, seeing my Redeemer did not refuse to suffer a most vile death upon the cross for me?' And then with an obedient heart full meekly he said the 106th, the 107th, and the 108th Psalms. . . . Then they bound him to the stake, and set fire to that constant martyr."

Two hundred and seventy-seven persons in all had been burnt here before, in the words of Fuller, "the hydropical humour which quenched the life of Mary extinguished also the fires of Smithfield." The only memorial now existing of the sufferings for truth's sake which Smithfield witnessed is to be found in an inscribed stone in the outer wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, saying—"Within a few yards of this spot, John Rogers, John Bradford, John Philpot, servants of God, suffered death by fire for the faith of Christ, in the years, 1555, 1556, 1557."

The part of Smithfield which is on the right as we enter it is girdled by St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the remains of St. Bartholomew's Priory, alike founded in the early part of the twelfth century by Rahere or Rayer—"a pleasant-witted gentleman," says Stow, "and therefore in his time called the king's minstrel."* On his way to Rome on a pilgrimage, he imagined in a vision that he was carried by a great beast having four feet and two wings to a very lofty place, whence he saw the entrance and the horrors of the bottomless pit. From this he was rescued by a majestic personage, who revealed himself as St. Bartholomew, and commanded him to build a church in his honour on a site which he indicated, bidding him be under no apprehensions

* Stow, p. 140.

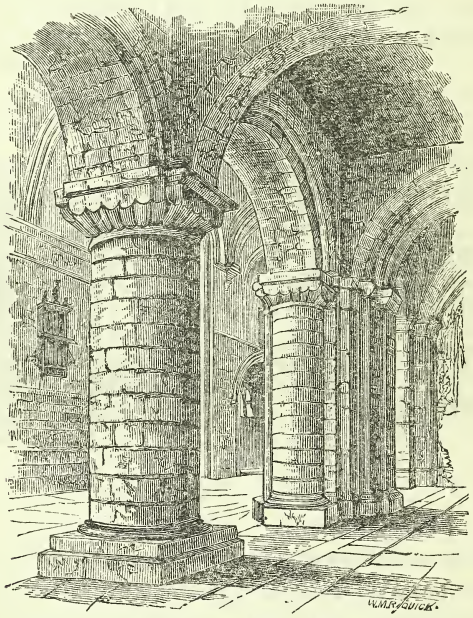
as to expense, for he would supply the funds. Rahere, returning, obtained the royal sanction for his work, which was speedily assisted by miraculous agency, for a marvellous light was believed to shine on the roof of the church as it arose, the blind who visited it received their sight, cripples went away with their limbs restored, and, the hiding-place of a choral book stolen by a Jew was marvellously revealed. Rahere died in 1143 leaving thirteen monks in his founda-

The Gate of St. Bartholomew's.

tion. The monastery was at one time one of the largest religious houses in London, its precincts extending as far as Aldersgate Street. But nothing is left now of the monastic buildings, though part of the cloisters existed within the memory of living persons. The Prior's house stood behind the church, between it and Red Lion Passage.

Built up in the old houses facing the market—which look little altered since they were represented in the print in which the Lord Mayor and the old Dukes are sitting

beneath them in a kind of tent, watching the execution of Anne Askew—is an old Gothic gateway. It is an early English arch, with several rows of dogtooth ornament between its mouldings. Through its iron gate we look upon the blackened churchyard, with the ghastly tombs, of



In St. Bartholomew's.

St. Bartholomew the Great, with a brick tower of 1650. But to enter the church we have to seek the key in the neighbouring Cloth Fair.*

Grand as St. Bartholomew's still is, it is only the choir of

* The keys are kept at No. 1, Church Passage, Cloth Fair.

the monastic church, with the first bay of the nave and fragments of the transepts. The choir has a triforium and clerestory, and is entirely surrounded by an ambulatory. The narrow stilted horseshoe arches of the apse are very curious. Of the arches which supported the tower, two are round, the others (towards the transepts) slightly pointed. The general effect of this interior is greatly enhanced by having its area kept open, with chairs in the place of pews, allowing the lines of the architecture and the bases of the pillars to be seen.

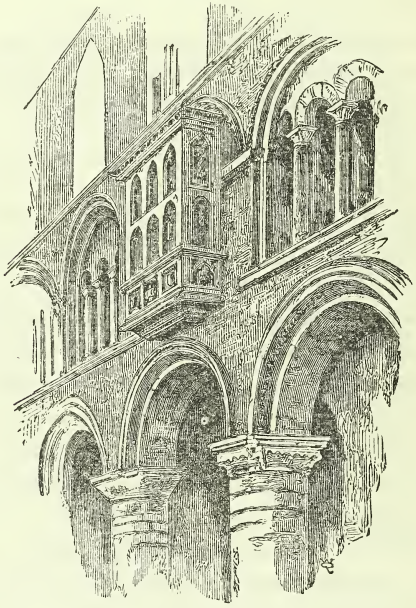
"It is recorded * that three Greek travellers of noble family were present at the foundation, and foretold the future importance of the church. They were probably merchants from Byzantium, and it has been conjectured that they were consulted by the founder respecting the plan and architectural character of the church."—*Rickman.*

It is this monastic choir, as we now see it, which witnessed a strange scene when (1247) the Provençal Archbishop Boniface, uncle of Henry III.'s queen, Ellinor, irritated at a want of deference on the part of the sub-prior, rushed upon him, slapped him in the face, tore his cope to fragments, and trampled it under foot, and finally, being himself in full armour under his vestments, pressed him against a pillar so violently as almost to kill him. A general scrimmage ensued between the monks and the attendants of the archbishop, and as the inhabitants of Smithfield poured in to the assistance of the former, Boniface was forced to fly to Lambeth, followed by shouts that he was a ruffian and cruel, unlearned and a stranger, and moreover that he had a wife!

The last prior was Fuller, previously prior of Waltham.

* Mon. Ang. vol. vi. p. 294.

Under his predecessor, Prior Bolton (1506 to 1532), a great deal of restoration was done, marked by the perpendicular work inserted on the old Norman building. Especially noteworthy is the oriel called Prior Bolton's pew, projecting over the south side of the choir, where the prior

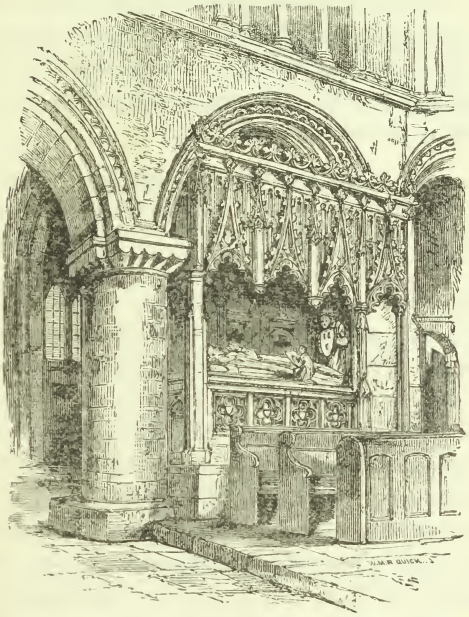


Prior Bolton's Pew.

sate during service, or whence the sacristan watched the altar. It is adorned with the rebus of its builder—a bolt through a ton.* There are similar oriels at Malmesbury and in Exeter Cathedral.

* The well-known Inn in Fleet Street "the Bolt in Tun" took its name from the rebus of Prior Bolton.

On the north of the choir is the tomb erected in the fifteenth century to the founder, Rahere, with a beautifully groined canopy. At the foot of his sleeping figure stands a crowned angel, and on either side kneels a monk, with a Bible open at Isaiah li., and the words, "The Lord shall



Rahere's Tomb.

comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

On the north wall, also, is the monument of Robert

Chamberlayne, ambassador, with two grand angels drawing the curtains of a tent within which he is kneeling in armour. Behind, in the ambulatory, are two recesses; that nearest the east end was part of the Walden Chapel, where Walden, Bishop of London, was buried. From a very humble sphere he rose to be Dean of York, Treasurer of Calais, Secretary to the King, and Treasurer of England. When Archbishop Arundel was banished by Richard II. Walden was made archbishop, but when Arundel returned with Henry IV., he was deposed, though he was generously made Bishop of London by his rival.

"He may be compared," says Fuller, "to one so jaw-fallen with over long fasting, that he cannot eat meat when brought unto him; and his spirits were so depressed with his former ill-fortunes, that he could not enjoy himself in his new unexpected happiness."

Making the round of the ambulatory, behind the grand Norman pillars of the choir, we find a number of curious monuments. The first is that of Dr. Francis Anthony (*ob.* 1623), who invented and believed in an extraordinary medicine which was to work universal cures—*aurum potabile*, being extract or honey of gold, capable of being dissolved in any liquid whatsoever. Dr. Anthony published a learned defence of his discovery, intended to show that "after inexpressible labour, watching, and expense, he had, through the blessing of God, attained all he had sought for in his inquiries." The medicine obtained great celebrity in the reign of James I., and Dr. Anthony lived in much honour in Bartholomew Close, and bequeathed the secret of *aurum potabile* to his son, who wrote on his monument, which bears three pillars encircled by a wreath, the epitaph—

"There needs no verse to beautify thy praise,
Or keep in memory thy spotless name;
Religion, virtue, and thy skill did raise
A three-fold pillar to thy lasting fame.
Though poisonous Envy ever sought to blame
Or hide the fruits of thy intention,
Yet shall they all commend that high design
Of purest gold to make a medecine,
That feel thy help by that thy rare invention."

The next monument is that of Rycroft (1677), who translated the polyglot Bible. It rests upon the volumes of his work. Then comes a monument to John Whiting, with the pretty epitaph—

"Shee first deceased, he for a little try'd
To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd."

Passing the piers which formed the boundary of the Lady Chapel, we reach the fine bust of James Rivers (1641), which is probably the work of Hubert de Sœur, who lived close by in Cloth Fair. Beneath, written at the beginning of the Civil War, are the verses—

"Within this hollow vault there rests the frame
Of the high soul that once inform'd the same;
Torn from the service of the state in's prime
By a disease malignant as the time:
Whose life and death design'd no other end
Than to serve God, his country, and his friend;
Who, when ambition, tyranny, and pride
Conquer'd the age, conquer'd himself and died."

The next monument, of Edward Cooke, "philosopher and doctor," is of a kind of marble which drips with water in damp weather, and has the appropriate epitaph—

"Unsluice, ye briny floods. What! can ye keep
Your eyes from teares, and see the marble weep?
Burst out for shame; or if ye find noe vent
For teares, yet stay and see the stones relent."

The magnificent alabaster tomb beyond this is that of Sir Walter Mildmay (1689), who was Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth, and founder of Emanuel College at Cambridge. Fuller records how, being supposed to have a leaning towards Puritanism, when he came to court after the foundation of his college, Elizabeth saluted him with "Sir Walter, I hear you have made a Puritan foundation." "No, madam," he replied; "far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God knows what will be the fruit thereof." Sir Walter was one of the commissioners to Mary Queen of Scots at Fotheringay, and might have risen to the highest offices had he been more subservient to Elizabeth. Fuller tells how, "being employed, by virtue of his place, to advance the Queen's treasure, he did it industriously, faithfully, and conscionably, without wronging the subject, being very tender of their privileges, insomuch that he once complained in Parliament that many subsidies were granted and no grievances redressed; which words being represented with disadvantage to the queen, made her to disaffect him;" so that he lived afterwards "in a court cloud, but in the sunshine of his country and a clear conscience."

On the south wall of the choir, near this, is the monument of the Smallpage family (1558), with two admirably powerful busts. The register of this church commemorates the baptism of Hogarth the painter, November 28th, 1697.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded by Rahere in 1123, and refounded by Henry VIII. upon the dissolution of monasteries, is open to all sufferers by sickness or accident,

and admits upwards of one hundred thousand patients in the course of the year. Its handsome buildings surround a large square with a fountain, and are approached from Smithfield by a gateway of 1702, adorned with a statue of Henry VIII., and figures of Sickness and Lameness.

Just within the gate is the *Church of St. Bartholomew the Less*. It was built by Rahere immediately after his return from his penance at Rome. The tower contains some Norman arches of the founder's time, but the church was modernised by Dance in 1789, and rebuilt by Hardwick in 1823: the interior is octagonal. In the ante-chapel is an inscription to John Freke (1756), the surgeon represented by Hogarth as presiding over the dissecting table in his "Stages of Cruelty," and on the floor the brasses of William and Alicia Markeby (1439). On the north wall, near the altar, is the monument of the wife of Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford; and opposite it that of R. Balthorpe, serjeant-surgeon to Queen Elizabeth. James Heath, Carlyle's "Carrion Heath," the slanderer of Cromwell, was buried in the church in 1664, "near the screen door." The parish register records the baptism of Inigo Jones, whose father was a clothworker residing in the neighbouring Cloth Fair.

The *Great Hall* (ring at the door on left in the court-yard) is approached by a wide oak staircase, the walls of which were gratuitously painted by *Hogarth* in 1736 with two immense pictures of "The Good Samaritan" and "The Pool of Bethesda." In his manuscript notes Hogarth says with regard to these pictures—

"I entertained some thoughts of succeeding in what the puffers in books call 'the great style' of history painting; so that, without having

had a stroke of this grand business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity commenced history painting, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories with figures seven feet high. These I presented to the charity, and thought they might serve as a specimen to show that, were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting them more easy attainable than is generally imagined. But as Religion, the great promoter of this style in other countries, rejected it in England, and I was unwilling to sink into a portrait-manufacturer—and still ambitious of being singular, I soon dropped all expectations of advantage from that source, and returned to the pursuit of my former dealings with the public at large."

In the frieze below the large subjects are the Foundation of the Hospital by Rahere, and his Burial—probably by another hand.

The Great Hall or Court-room contains—

Vincenzo Carducci. St. Bartholomew.

Hans Holbein? Henry VIII., life-size, in a fur-lined gold-embroidered robe, with a black hat and white feather.

Sir G. Kneller. Dr. Radcliffe.

Sir J. Reynolds. Percival Pott, Surgeon of the Hospital and inventor of many surgical instruments, 1713—1788. A seated portrait in his 71st year.

Sir David Wilkie. Alderman Matthias Prince Lucas, President of the Hospital, painted 1839.

Just beyond St. Bartholomew's the Great is the entrance of *Cloth Fair* (long the annual resort of drapers), whose name is now the only relic of Bartholomew Fair, the great London carnival, which, originally established for useful purposes of trade, declined during its existence of seven centuries and a half into regular saturnalia, but only perished by lingering death in 1855. Cloth Fair, which was once a great centre for the French and Flemish merchants in London, having escaped the Fire, is still full of old though

squalid houses of Elizabethan or Jacobian date: some are older still, and were built by Lord Rich, one of the worst of the favourites of Henry VIII., to whom the priory was granted, with many privileges, at the Dissolution. Here the Pie Powder—Pied-Poudre—Court was held annually at the public-house called the Hand and Shears during Bartholomew Fair, for the sorting and correction of the weights and measures used in the market, and for granting licences for the exhibition in the fair. Blackstone says, "The lowest, and at the same time the most expeditious, court of justice known to the law of England is the Court of Pie-poudre, *curia pedis pulverizati* —so called from the dusty feet of the suitors," or, according to Sir Edward Coke, "because justice is there done as speedily as dust can fall from the foot." *Long Lane*, close by, is commemorated by Congreve, and *Duck Lane* by Swift. In *Bartholomew Close* Milton was secreted at the Restoration, till his pardon was signed.

"Smithfield Saloop," of Turkish origin, a drink made by boiling the bulbs of *Orchis mascula* and *Orchis morio*, was long the most popular midnight street refreshment in London, being considered a sovereign cure for the headaches arising from drunkenness.

Continuing, along the east side of the Metropolitan Meat Market, we reach *Charterhouse Square*, where in the seventeenth century were many handsome palaces, such as Rutland House (still commemorated in Rutland Place) and one where the Venetian ambassadors used to lodge.* It is now a quiet green amid the houses. Here, before the reign of Edward III., was a desolate common called "No Man's

* Howell's "Londinopolis," fol. 1657, p. 343.

Land," between the lands of the Abbey of Westminster and the gardens of the Knights of St. John in Clerkenwell. In the terrible plague of 1348, when thousands of bodies were flung loosely into pits without any religious service whatever, Ralph Stratford, who was then Bishop of London, purchased these three desolate acres, and, building a chapel there, where masses should be perpetually said for the repose of the dead, called it "Pardon Churchyard." Fifty thousand persons were buried in this cemetery and in the adjoining Spital Croft, which was purchased by Sir Walter Manny, the hero of Edward III.'s French wars, who, in 1371, founded a Carthusian convent here, and called it "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God." The story of the dissolution of the convent is one of the most touching of the time. Prior Houghton, who was then superior, spoke too openly against the spoliation of church lands by the king, and so (1534) drew down the wrath of the royal commissioners. When he knew that they were suspected of treason, he gathered his community around him, and exhorted them to faith and patience. Maurice Chauncy describes the affecting scene which followed:—

"The day after the Prior preached a sermon in the chapel on the 59th Psalm—'O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast destroyed us;' concluding with the words, 'It is better that we should suffer here a short penance for our faults, than be reserved for the eternal pains of hell hereafter;' and so ending, he turned to us and bade us all do as we saw him do. Then rising from his place he went direct to the eldest of the brethren, who was sitting nearest to himself, and kneeling before him, begged his forgiveness for any offence which in heart, word, or deed, he might have committed against him. Thence he proceeded to the next, and said the same; and so to the next, through us all, we following him and saying as he did, each from each imploring pardon."—*Chauncy, Historia Martyrum, quoted by Froude.*

The prior and several of the monks were sentenced to be hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn. Sir Thomas More (who had himself lived for four years in the Charterhouse—religiously, without vow, giving himself up to meditation and prayer) saw them led to execution from his prison window, and said to his daughter, Mrs. Roper, who was with him, "Lo, dost thou not see, Megg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage." Several others of the monks were afterwards executed, and ten were starved to death in Newgate; the remainder fled to Bruges.

"If we would understand the true spirit of the time, we must regard Catholics and Protestants as gallant soldiers, whose deaths, when they fall, are not painful, but glorious; and whose devotion we are equally able to admire, even where we cannot equally approve their cause. Courage and self-sacrifice are beautiful alike in an enemy and in a friend. And while we exult in that chivalry with which the Smithfield martyrs bought England's freedom with their blood, so we will not refuse our admiration to those other gallant old men whose high forms, in the sunset of the old faith, stand transfigured on the horizon, tinged with the light of its dying glory."—*Froude*, ii. 341.

The buildings of the Charterhouse were presented to several of the king's favourites in turn, and in 1565 were sold by the Norths to the Duke of Norfolk, who pulled down many of the monastic buildings, and added rooms more fitted to a palatial residence. Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, second son of the Duke of Norfolk, beheaded for Mary Queen of Scots, sold the Charterhouse for £13,000 to Thomas Sutton, of Camps Castle, in Cambridgeshire, who had made an enormous fortune in Northumbrian coal-mines. He used it to found (1611) a hospital for aged men and a school for children of poor parents—

the "tiple good" of Bacon, the "masterpiece of English charity" of Fuller. In 1872 the school was removed to Godalming, supposed to be a more healthy situation, and the land which was occupied by its buildings and playground was sold to the Merchant Tailors for their school. But the rest of the foundation of Sutton still exists where he left it.

The *Charterhouse* (shown by the Porter) is entered from the Square by a perpendicular arch, with a projecting shelf above it, supported by lions. Immediately opposite is a brick gateway belonging to the monastic buildings, which is that where the "arm of Houghton was hung up as a bloody sign to awe the remaining brothers to obedience,"* when his head was exposed on London Bridge. The second court contains the Master's house, and is faced by the great hall of the Dukes of Norfolk. By a door in the right wall we pass to a *Cloister*, containing monuments to Thackeray, John Leech, Sir Henry Havelock, old Carthusians, and Archdeacon Hale, long a master of the Charterhouse. Hence we enter *Brook Hall*, to which Brook, a master of the Charterhouse, whose picture hangs here, was confined by Cromwell: another door leads to the *Chapel*, of which the groined entrance dates from monastic times, but the rest is Jacobian. On the left of the altar is the magnificent alabaster tomb of Sutton, who died Dec. 12, 1611, a few months after his foundation of the Charterhouse. The upper part of the tomb represents his funeral sermon, with the poor Brethren seated round. On the cornice are figures of Faith and Hope, Labour and Rest, Plenty and Want. The whole is the work

* Froude, vi. 359.

of *Nicholas Stone* and *Jansen of Southwark*. Opposite, is an interesting tomb of Francis Beaumont, an early master. The monument of Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough, is by *Chantrey*. There are tablets to Dr. Raine and other eminent masters.

The old *Brick Cloister* of the monastic Charterhouse extends along one side of the playground, on one side of which are the modern buildings of the Merchant

Staircase of Norfolk House.

Tailors' School. All the movable relics of Charterhouse School were taken away when the school was removed, and nothing remains of its buildings, but the place is still dear to many Charterhouse boys. Richard Lovelace, Isaac Barrow, Addison, Steele, John Wesley, Sir William Blackstone, Grote, Thirlwall, Julius Hare, Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Charles Eastlake, Thackeray, and John Leech were Carthusians. A grand *Staircase* of Queen Elizabeth's time, with the greyhound of Sutton on the

banisters, leads to the *Officers' Library*, with a portrait of Daniel Ray, who gave its books; and to the *Drawing Room* of old Norfolk house, with a beautiful ceiling, and a noble fire-place painted in Flanders, with figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, the Twelve Apostles, and, in the centre, the Royal Arms, with C. R. on the tails of the Lion and Unicorn. There are some fine old tapestries in this room

Washhouse Court, Exterior.

—one of them representing the Siege of Calais. It was these rooms which (then belonging to Lord North) were used by Elizabeth on her first arrival in London from Bishops Hatfield, before her coronation.

The *Pensioners' Hall*, where the Poor Brethren dine, was the hall of Norfolk House. It has a noble roof, semi-circular in the middle flat at the sides, supported by large

oaken brackets. The chimney-piece is adorned with the arms of Sutton, and the cannon at the sides were added by him to commemorate his having commanded artillery against the Scots, and having fitted up a vessel against the Spanish Armada.

On the left of the northern quadrangle is the venerable *Washhouse Court*, or *Poplar Court*, the outer wall of which,

Washhouse Court, Interior.

being part of the monastic buildings, is adorned with a cross, I.H.S., &c., in the brickwork. It is in one of the little houses of this court that Thackeray paints the beautiful close of Thomas Newcome's life. Elkanah Settle, the rival of Dryden, died here in 1723—4. The *Preachers' Court* and *Pensioners' Court* are miserable works of *Blore*.

We cannot leave the Charterhouse without quoting Thackeray's touching reminiscence of his founder's day :—

"The death-day of the founder is still kept solemnly by the Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands—a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. There is an old hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time. An old hall? Many old halls, old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place, possibly. Nevertheless the pupils educated there love to revisit it, and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

"The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects, and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration; after which we go to chapel and have a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches, the chapel is lighted, and the founder's tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the Great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen—pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive? you wonder. The Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen 'codds,' I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive? I wonder, or Codd Soldier, or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles light up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memo-

ries, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite! How noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of past children, and troops of bygone seniors, have cried 'Amen,' under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one, one of the Psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—'23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. 24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. 25. I have been young, and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

Returning to Smithfield, on the right, where St. John's Lane falls into St. John's Street, Sir Baptist Hicks, a city mercer,* built, in 1612, the Sessions House, where the regicides and the conspirators in the Popish plot were tried, where William, Lord Russell, was condemned to death, and Count Konigsmarck, the notorious assassin of Mr. Thynne, was acquitted. The distances on the great north road were marked from Hicks' Hall. The Court House was removed to Clerkenwell Green in 1782. Opposite the site of the old building is the *Cross Keys Inn*, a favourite resort of Richard Savage. Turning into *St. John's Lane*, we see the way closed by the old Gateway of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, of which Dr. Johnson said to Boswell that, when he first saw it, he "beheld it with reverence." The old public-house of *Baptist's Head* (from Sir Baptist Hicks), on the right of the lane, was the house of Sir Thomas Forster, a judge, who died in 1612. His arms appear over a fire-place in the tap-room.

The *Priory of St. John*, the chief English seat of the

* He was afterwards created Viscount Campden, his eldest daughter married Lord Noel, and the well-known preacher, Baptist Noel, derived his odd name from this ancestor.

Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem* was founded in the reign of Henry I. (1100) by a baron named Jordan Briset and Muriel his wife, and was consecrated in 1185 by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem (buried in the Temple Church), who here urged Henry to undertake a crusade, and fell into a great rage on his refusal. John knighted Alexander of Scotland here, and Edward I. came hither to spend his honeymoon with Eleanor. This early Priory was so large that, when it was burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler, the conflagration lasted seven days. All the other houses of the knights in London were destroyed by the insurgents at the same time, and the prior, Sir Robert Hales, was beheaded, in revenge for his having advised the king (Richard II.) to make no terms with the commons. The Priory, however, was soon rebuilt, and Henry IV. and V. frequently stayed there, and it was there that—finding how ill it would be received by the people of England—Richard III. gave a public denial to the rumours of his intended marriage with his niece Elizabeth of York. The Order of St. John was suppressed by Henry VIII. on pretext that the knights denied his supremacy, two of those who opposed him being beheaded, and a third hung and quartered. But the Priory still continued to be the resort of royalty, and Mary resided here frequently during the reign of Edward VI., and rode hence to pay state visits to her brother, attended by a great troop of Catholic ladies and gentlemen. The buildings of the Priory perished for the most part when they were blown up by the Protector Somerset, who intended to use them in building his palace in the Strand.

The south *Gate of St. John's Priory*, lately repurchased by

* Afterwards called Knights of Rhodes, and lastly Knights of Malta.

the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, was built as we now see it by Sir Thomas Docwra, Prior, in 1504. It is a fine specimen of perpendicular architecture. On the outside are two shields adorned with the arms of the Order and of Docwra. In the centre of the groined roof is the Lamb

St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell.

bearing a flag, kneeling on the clasped gospels. The old rooms above the gate are highly picturesque, and have been filled with an interesting series of memorials relating to its history. This collection is rather literary than military or monastic, for here Cave the printer started, in January 1731,

The Gentleman's Magazine, which has always borne a picture of the gate on its cover, so that its appearance is familiar to thousands who have never beheld it. Dr. Johnson, previously unknown, used to work for Cave at so much

Dr. Johnson's Chair, St. John's Gate.

per sheet, and for some time was almost wholly dependent upon his magazine articles. The accounts which he gave of the marvellous powers of his friend Garrick inspired Cave with a desire to see him act, and in the old room, which is now the dining-hall of the tavern, Garrick is said

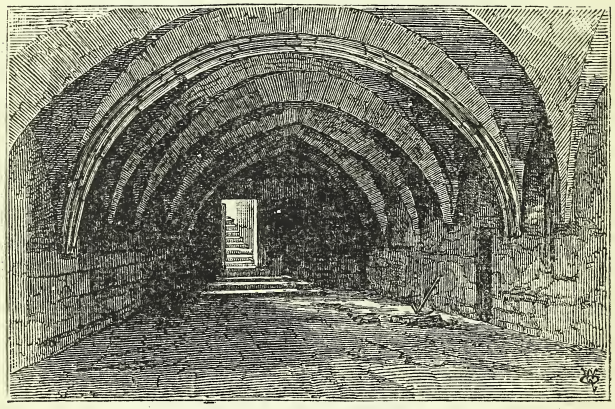
to have made his début before a select audience in Fielding's *Mock Doctor*. An old chair, placed beneath his bust in this room, is still shown as "Dr. Johnson's chair." After he had anonymously published his "Life of Richard Savage," Walter Harte, author of the "Life of Gustavus Adolphus," dined with Cave at St. John's and greatly commended the book. Soon afterwards Cave told him that he had unconsciously given great pleasure to some one when he was dining with him, and on the inquiry, "How can that be?" reminded him of the plate of food which had been sent behind the screen at dinner, and told him that Johnson, the author of the book he commended, considered himself too shabbily dressed to appear, but had devoured the praises with his dinner.

St. John's Square marks the courtyard of the Priory. The nave and aisles and the stately tower of the church were destroyed by Somerset. A remnant of the choir, mauled and defaced, long used as a Presbyterian meeting-house and gutted in Sacheverell's riots, is now *St. John's Church*. Langhorne the poet was its curate in 1764. The bases of some of the old pillars may be traced in the upper church, but it has nothing really noticeable except its picturesque and beautiful *Crypt*, consisting of four bays, two of them semi-Norman and two early English. The voussoirs of the arch-ribs, instead of being cut to a curve—*i.e.* following the line struck from a centre—are each of them straight, the necessary curvature being obtained by making these voussoirs so small that their want of curvature is scarcely perceptible.* Here the light streams in among the well-preserved arches from a little graveyard, which

* See a paper by Pettit Griffith, F.S.A., quoted in the *Builder* of July 1, 1876.

contains the tomb of the father and mother and other relations of Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln.

Till a few years ago people frequently came to this crypt to visit the coffin (now buried) of "Scratching Fanny, the Cock Lane Ghost," which had excited the utmost attention in 1762, being, as Walpole said, not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. It was supposed that the spirit of a young lady poisoned by a lover to whom she had bequeathed her



Crypt of St. John's, Clerkenwell.

property, came to visit, invisibly, but with very mysterious noises, a girl named Parsons who lived in Cock Lane (between Smithfield and Holborn) and was daughter to the clerk of St. Sepulchre's Church. Horace Walpole went to see the victim, with the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, and Lord Hertford, but after waiting till half-past one in the morning in a suffocating room with fifty people crowded into it, he was told that

the ghost would not come that night till seven in the morning, "when," says Walpole, "there were only prentices and old women." At length, the ghost having promised, by an affirmative knock, that she would attend any one of her visitors in the vaults of St. John's Church, and there knock upon her coffin, an investigation was made, of which Dr. Johnson, who was present, has left a description :—

"About ten at night, the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had with proper caution been put to bed by several ladies. They sate rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down-stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied in the strongest terms any knowledge or belief of fraud. While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches. When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, when the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, or any other agency; but no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited. The spirit was then very seriously advertised that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made went with another into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued; the person supposed to be accused by the spirit then went down with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and was permitted to go home with her father. It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

The failure of the investigation led to the discovery that the father of the girl who was the supposed object of spiritual visitation had arranged the plot in order to frighten the man accused of murder into remitting a loan which he

had received from him whilst he was lodging in his house. Parsons was imprisoned for a year, and placed three times in the pillory, where, however, instead of maltreating him, the London mob raised a subscription in his favour. The account of the nocturnal expedition of Dr. Johnson and his friends to the crypt caused great amusement, which was enhanced by the appearance of Churchill's poem of "The Ghost."

"Through the dull deep surrounding gloom,
In close array, t'wards Fanny's tomb
Adventured forth; Caution before,
With heedful step, a lanthorn bore,
Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
Trembling and talking loud, went Fear.
* * * * *
Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd
And thrice to turn it vainly try'd,
Till, taught by Prudence to unite,
And straining with collected might,
The stubborn wards resist no more,
But open flies the growling door.
Three paces back they fell, amazed,
Like statues stood, like madmen gazed.
* * * * *
Silent all three went in; about
All three turn'd silent, and came out."

A house on the west side of St. John's Square, destroyed in erecting a new street in 1877, was *Burnet House*, the residence of the famous Whig Bishop of Salisbury (1643—1715) who was author of the "History of the Reformation" and of his "Own Times," and who courageously attended Lord Russell to the scaffold. Ledbury Place occupies the site of the Bishop's garden.

Clerkenwell is now the especial abode of London clock-makers and working-jewellers and makers of meteorological

and mathematical instruments. Jewellers'-work which is intrusted to West-end jewellers is generally sent here to be executed. But in the latter part of the sixteenth century, when, as we may see by Ralph Aggas's map, it was still almost in the country, a great number of the nobility resided there. Aylesbury Street commemorates the house of the Earls of Aylesbury, Berkeley Street that of the Earls of Berkeley. Various streets and squares are, Compton, Northampton, Perceval, Spencer, Wynyate, and Ashby, from the different names and titles of the Northampton family. Newcastle Place occupies the site of the great house of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who was fined three-quarters of a million by Cromwell; and of his wife Margaret Lucas,* the would-be learned lady, who published ten folio volumes which nobody ever read, and who, when an old woman, always had a footman to sleep in her dressing-room, and called out "John" whenever a fugitive thought struck her in the night, and bade him get up, light a candle, and commit it to paper at once. This is the lady of whom Pepys wrote—

"April 26, 1667. Met my Lady Newcastle, with her coaches and footmen, all in velvet; herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town talk is nowadays of her extravagance, with her velvet caps, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth, naked necked, without anything about it, and a black *just au corps.*"

"Of all the riders upon Pegasus, there have not been a more fantastic couple than his Grace and his faithful Duchess, who was never off her pillion."—*Walpole.*

Newcastle House was afterwards inhabited by Elizabeth, daughter of Henry, second Duke of Newcastle, whose first

* Their tomb is in the North Transept of Westminster Abbey.

husband was Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albemarle. As his widow her immense riches turned her brain, and she declared she would marry none except a sovereign prince. The first Duke of Montague, however, gained her hand by making her believe he was the Emperor of China! He treated her very ill, but she survived him for thirty years, and died at ninety-six, in 1738, in Newcastle House, served to the last, as a sovereign, on bended knee.

If we go from St. John's Square through Jerusalem Passage, the house at the corner was that of Thomas Britton, the "musical small-coal-man," well known from his concerts in the last century.

> "Though doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally'd
> Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
> Musick's best patron, judge of books and men,
> Belov'd and honor'd by Apollo's train:
> In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
> So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere."—*Prior.*

The *Sessions House* on Clerkenwell Green (now a paved square on the hill-side) is worth visiting, for it was built when Hicks's Hall was pulled down, and contains, on the lower floor, its fine old chimney-piece of James the First's time, which saw the condemnation of William, Lord Russell, and the services of his devoted wife as amanuensis,

> —"that sweet saint who sate by Russell's side
> Under the judgment seat.*

In an upper room, besides the portrait of Sir Baptist Hicks, are—

Gainsborough. Hugh, Duke of Northumberland.
Sir T. Lawrence. W. Mainwaring, Esq.

* Rogers' "Human Life."

The ugly *Church of St. James* was built 1788-92 on the site of a church which formed the choir of a Benedictine nunnery founded by Jordan Briset in 1100. There is a perfect list of the succession of the prioresses of Clerkenwell, ending with Isabella Sackville, who was buried near the high altar of the old church, which contained many other curious monuments, including the tomb of the founder and his wife Muriel (1124), who were buried in the chapter-house, and the brass of John Bell, Bishop of Worcester in the time of Henry VIII. The most remarkable monument, a lofty canopied altar tomb, was that of Sir William Weston, last Prior of St. John's, who retired with a pension of £1,000 a year, which was never paid, as he died of a broken heart on the day when the final dissolution of the Priory was announced. His tomb was broken up and sold on the destruction of the old church, but his effigy, which Weever calls "the portraiture of the dead man in his shroud, the most artificially cut in stone that man ever beheld," still exists amongst the coals and rubbish in the vaults of the present building. Here also, standing erect against the wall by the side of a prominent sufferer for the Roman Catholic faith, is the interesting though mutilated effigy of Elizabeth Sondes, an early sufferer for Protestantism, who was in waiting on the Princess Elizabeth in the Tower, and who, refusing to go to mass, was forced to fly to Geneva. After Elizabeth came to the throne she was made Woman of the Bed Chamber, and marrying Sir Maurice Berkeley (who gave a name to Berkeley Street, Clerkenwell), Standard-bearer to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth, died in 1585. There is a handsome tomb in the vaults to Elizabeth, Countess of

Exeter, 1653. A tablet marks the place where Burnet, the famous Bishop of Salisbury, is buried, who died in St. John's Square, March 17, 1714-15. He was borne to the grave with a stately funeral, attended by many of the bishops, but the rabble threw dirt upon his coffin. There is a second memorial to Bishop Burnet in the porch of the modern church, on which his mitre is represented surmounting the many volumes of his works. A good monument of the period, with howling cupids, is that of Elizabeth Partridge, 1702. In a passage to the right of the altar is a curious monument to one of the Marshals of the Company of "Finsbury Archers" enrolled as "Reginæ Katherinæ Sagitarii," in honour of Katherine of Braganza, inscribed—

"Sr William Wood lyes very neare this stone,
In's time in archery excell'd by none.
Few were his equalls. And this noble art
Has suffer'd now in the most tender part.
Long did he live the honour of the bow,
And his long life to that alone did owe.
But how can art secure? Or what can save
Extreme old age from an appointed grave?
Surviving archers much his losse lament,
And in respect bestow'd this monument:
Where whistling arrows did his worth proclaim,
And eterniz'd his memory and his name.
Obiit Sept. 4, Anno Dni. 1691. Ætat. 82."

It is grievous that the monument of John Weever (1631), author of that treasure-store of antiquity the "Antient Funeral Monuments" (who died hard by at his house in Clerkenwell Close), should have been lost. It stood against the first pillar to the right of the altar, and was inscribed—

"Weever, who laboured in a learned strain
To make men long since dead to live again,
And with expense of oyle and ink did watch
From the worm's mouth the sleeping corps to snatch,
Hath by his industry begot a way
Death (who insidiates all things) to betray,
Redeeming freely, by his care and cost,
Many a sad herse, which time long since gave lost:
And to forgotten dust such spirit did give,
To make it in our memories to live;
For wheresoe'er a ruined tomb he found,
His pen hath built it new out of the ground:
'Twixt Earth and him this interchange we find,
She hath to him, he been to her like kind:
She was his mother, he (a grateful child)
Made her his theme, in a large work compil'd
Of Funeral Relicks, and brave structures rear'd
On such as seemed unto her most indear'd—
Alternately a grave to him she lent,
O'er which his book remains a monument." *

[In the hollow north of the church is the *Clerkenwell House of Detention*, where a mark in the outer wall, showing where it has been rebuilt, is a memorial of the Fenian explosion of Dec. 13, 1867, which had as its object the rescue of the prisoners Burke and Casey.]

From the church, the ground slopes rapidly to the valley of the Fleet, which was here called the River of Wells, from the number of springs which fell into it. One of these was, till lately, marked by an inscription on a pump at the corner of Ray Street, and was interesting as the Clerks' Well—"Fons Clericorum"—which gave Clerkenwell its name, and which, says Stow, "took its name from the parish clerks of London, who of old time were accustomed there yearly to assemble, and to play some

* Another epitaph is given by Strype, but is of doubtful origin.

large history of Holy Scripture. For example, of later time—to wit, in the year 1390, the fourteenth of Richard II. —I read that the parish clerks of London, on the 18th of July, played interludes at Skinner's Well,* near unto Clerks' Well, which play continued three days together; the king, the queen, and nobles being present."

This district bore a very evil reputation in the last century. "Hockley in the Hole," which has disappeared in recent improvements, was a nest of thieves, and the site of a famous rendezvous for the baiting of bears and wolves. Fielding makes Jonathan Wild the son of a woman at Hockley in the Hole, and the place is commemorated in Gay's "Beggars' Opera."

Beyond Farringdon Road, *Cold Bath Square* takes its name from an ancient "cold spring" which still supplies a bathing establishment. The *Cold Bath Fields Prison* has been much altered since Southey and Coleridge wrote in "The Devil's Walk"—

> "As he went through Coldbath Fields he saw
> A solitary cell;
> And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
> For improving his prisons in hell."

Spa Fields, only covered with houses in the present century, contain the Spa Fields Pantheon, long turned into a dissenting chapel. It was Shrubsole, the organist of this chapel, who composed the well-known hymn—

> "All hail the power of Jesu's name."

Lady Huntingdon, who bought the chapel, lived close by in an old house on the east side of it. She was born

* This well had already disappeared in the reign of Henry VIII.

in 1701, was converted to Methodism by her sister-in-law Lady Margaret Hastings, married the Earl of Huntingdon in 1728, and died in 1791.

At 26 Great Bath Street lived Emanuel Swedenborg, author of "The True Christian Religion," and here he died in 1772.

If we return up the hill to St. John's Street, and turn to the north, we pass, at the corner of Ashby Street (on the site of the old house which was the principal residence of the Comptons till the end of the seventeenth century), the *Martyrs' Memorial Church* (St. Peter's, Clerkenwell), built 1869 by E. L. Blackburne. It is appropriately decorated outside with statues of those who suffered in Smithfield for the Protestant cause—Philpot, Frith, Rogers, Tomkins, Bradford, Anne Askew, and others.

Red Bull Yard, opening from St. John's Street, marks the site of the Red Bull Playhouse, built c. 1570, where Heywood's Plays were acted. It was one of the six Theatres allowed in London in the reign of Charles I. and is mentioned abusively in Prynne's Satire. During the Commonwealth it seems to have been the only licensed Theatre, and was used for performances of "Drolls."

"When the publique theatres were shut up, and the actors forbi'den to present us with any of their tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest; and of comedies, because therein the vices of the age were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert ourselves with were these humours and pieces of plays, which passing under the name of a merry conceited fellow called *Bottom the Weaver*, *Simpleton the Smith*, *John Swabber*, or some such title, were allowed us, and that by stealth too, and under pretence of rope-dancing, or the like. I have seen the Red Bull play-house, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entered; and, as meanly as you now think of these

drolls, they were then acted by the best comedians."—*Kirkman. The Wits, or Sport upon Sport.* 1672.

On the left, on some of the highest ground in London, Myddelton Street, Myddelton Square, and Myddelton Place commemorate Sir Hugh Myddelton the inventor of the artificial *New River* which brings water from the Chadswell Springs between Hertford and Ware for the supply of the City of London: it was opened in 1620.

Encircled by these memorials of a man who was one of the greatest benefactors of London, but who was never appreciated in his lifetime, and close to the offices of the New River Head, is *Sadler's Wells*, where was a holy well, which was pretended by the monks of Clerkenwell to owe its healing powers to their prayers. This mineral spring was rediscovered by a man named Sadler in 1683, it was long popular, and, possessing the same chalybeate qualities, was called the New Tunbridge Wells. The Princesses Amelia and Caroline, daughters of George II., made it the fashion by coming daily to visit it in the summer of 1733. Sadler's Wells is now better known by its Theatre (rebuilt 1876—77), to which the New River, which flows past the house, has often been diverted, and used for aquatic performances. Here Grimaldi, the famous clown, became known to the public, and here Giovanni Battista Belzoni (son of a barber at Padua), afterwards famous as an African traveller, used to perform athletic feats in 1802, as "the Patagonian Samson." *Sir Hugh Myddelton's Tavern* (rebuilt), on the south of the Theatre, has always been the resort of its actors and actresses. It is commemorated in Hogarth's "Evening," published 1738.

Bagnigge Wells, another mineral spring, where Nell

Gwynne had a country house, and whither people in the last century used to

"repair
To swallow dust and call it air,"

has disappeared in the site of the Phœnix Brewery.

St. John's Street leads to *Islington*, with its corner public-house of *The Angel*, well known as an omnibus-terminus. The wide High Street, with its occasional trees and low houses, reminds one pleasantly of many country villages in Hertfordshire and Essex. On the left is the great *Agricultural Hall* (measuring 384 feet by 217), opened in 1862. Besides the usual Cattle Shows, it is used for Horse Shows and Dog Shows. The great *Horse Show* takes place in the summer, in the week between Epsom and Ascot races.

The name of Islington is said to be derived from Isheldun, the Lower Fortress. Its pleasant open fields were the great resort for archery, which was almost universally practised till the reign of James I. Edward III. desired that every able-bodied citizen should employ his leisure in the use of bows and arrows, and in the reign of Richard II. an act was passed compelling all men-servants to practise archery in their leisure hours, and especially on Sundays and holidays. In the time of Henry VIII. Islington was covered with shooting butts, and the titles of Duke of Shoreditch, Marquis of Islington, and Earl of Pancras were popularly given to the king's favourite archers. At this time every father was enjoined to present his son with a bow and three arrows as soon as he should be seven years old, and all men except clergy and judges were compelled occasionally to shoot at the butts. By a statute of 23rd

Henry VIII. men above twenty-four were not allowed to shoot at anything under 220 yards, and the most distant mark was 380 yards.*

Few districts in or near London have had such a rapid increase of population in late years as this. "The Merry Milkmaid of Islington" would no longer find her way about her pleasant pastures. In the time of Charles I., says Macaulay, "Islington was almost a solitude, and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London." Yet some amongst them had a presentiment of the time we have reached when London has spread over the whole, and the web of streets is woven far beyond Islington.

> "London has got a great way from the streame,
> I think she means to go to Islington,
> To eat a dish of strawberries and creame.
> The city's sure in progresse, I surmise,
> Or going to revell it in some disorder
> Without the walls, without the liberties,
> Where she neede feare nor Mayor nor Recorder."
> *Thomas Freeman's Epigrams.* 1614.

In old days, as still, the *Inns* of Islington had a renown. One of these, the Queen's Head, pulled down in 1820, was a fine old house, said to have been once occupied by the Lord Treasurer Burleigh :—

> "The Queen's Head and Crown in Islington town
> Bore, for its brewing, the highest renown."

Highbury Barn at Islington, which already existed in the last century as a popular music-hall, commemorates the

* Among curious books on archery are the "Ayme for Finsburie Archers," 1628; and the "Ayme for the Archers of St. George's Fields," 1664.

great barn of the Priory of St. John of Clerkenwell. The Prior had a country-house here from 1271 to 1371, when it was destroyed by Jack Straw.

If we turn to the left by Sir Hugh Myddelton's statue, down Upper Street, on the right is the *Church of St. Mary*, rebuilt in 1751. In its churchyard George Wharton, son of Lord Wharton, and James Stewart, son of Lord Blantyre, were buried in one grave by desire of James I. They fought over a gambling quarrel in their shirts only (to prevent suspicion of concealed armour), and both fell mortally wounded.

In Prebend Square, to the east, are the Countess of Kent's Almshouses, where *Lambe's Chapel*, pulled down in Cripplegate by the Clothworkers' Company, was re-erected in 1874—5. It contains the monument, with a curious terra-cotta half figure, of William Lambe, the founder, 1495—1580. He was buried in the crypt church of St. Faith, under old St. Paul's, with the epitaph—

> "O Lambe of God, which sinne didst take awaye,
> And as a Lambe was offered up for sinne;
> When I, poor Lambe, went from thy flock astraye;
> Yet Thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy Lambe to winne
> Home to thy fold, and hold thy Lambe therein,
> That at the day when lambes and goates shall sever,
> Of thy choice lambes Lambe may be one for ever."

After following Upper Street for a long distance, Canonbury Lane leads (right) to Canonbury Square and its surroundings.

The manor of *Canonbury* was given to the Priory of St. Bartholomew by Ralph de Berners before the time of Henry III., and probably obtained its name when the first

residence of a canon or prior was built here—*bury* or *burg* meaning "dwelling." Having been rebuilt by Prior Bolton, the last Prior but one, it was granted, after the dissolution, to Cromwell, Earl of Essex. On his attainder, it reverted to the crown, and again on the attainder of the Duke of Northumberland, to whom it afterwards fell. It was then given by Mary to Thomas, Lord Wentworth, who sold it, in

Canonbury Tower.

1570, to the Sir John Spencer whose daughter and heiress eloped with the first Earl of Northampton and brought her vast property into the Compton family.

Canonbury is a wonderfully still, quiet, picturesque spot. Beyond the modern squares, rises, unaltered, the rugged brick tower, called *Canonbury Tower*, fifty-eight feet high, which was probably built by Prior Bolton, though it was restored by Sir John Spencer. At the end of the last

century it was let in lodgings to various literary men who resorted thither for economy and the purity of the air. The most remarkable of these was Oliver Goldsmith, who stayed here with Mr. John Newbury, the publisher of many popular children's books. Washington Irving says—

"Oliver Goldsmith, towards the close of 1762, removed to 'Merry Islington,' then a country village, though now swallowed up in omnivorous London. In this neighbourhood he used to take his solitary rambles, sometimes extending his walks to the gardens of the 'White Conduit House,'* so famous among the essayists of the last century. While strolling one day in these gardens he met three daughters of a respectable tradesman, to whom he was under some obligation. With his prompt disposition to oblige, he conducted them about the garden, treated them to tea, and ran up a bill in the most open-handed manner imaginable. It was only when he came to pay that he found himself in one of his old dilemmas. He had not the wherewithal in his pocket. A scene of perplexity now took place between him and the waiter, in the midst of which up came some of his acquaintances in whose eyes he wished to stand particularly well. When, however, they had enjoyed their banter, the waiter was paid, and poor Goldsmith was enabled to carry off the ladies with flying colours."—*Life of Goldsmith.*

Ephraim Chambers, the author of the Cyclopædia, was one of those who took lodgings here, and here he died in the autumn of 1739, and was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. The Tower is now let to the "Young Men's Christian Association." Several of its old rooms are panelled, and are glorious both in colour and in the delicacy of their carving.

Behind the Tower is Canonbury Place, where Nos. 6, 7, 8 were once united as *Canonbury House.* In No. 6

* The first cricket club in London met at the White Conduit House, and Thomas Lord, who established the famous cricket ground, was one of the attendants there.

(now called "Northampton House"), over a doorway, is a curious carved and painted coat of arms of "Sir Walter Dennys, of Gloucestershire, who was made a knight by bathing at the creation of Arthur, Prince of Wales, in November, 1489." A passage at the back of the house is of Prior Bolton's time, and his famous "rebus" forms one of the ornaments of a low arched doorway. Ben Jonson alludes to "Old Prior Bolton with his bolt and ton."

In the two neighbouring houses are most magnificent stucco ceilings of Sir John Spencer's time, very richly ornamented. Some of them belonged to a great banqueting hall, ninety feet long, now divided between the two houses. The initials E. R. for Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have stayed here between her accession and her coronation, appear amongst the ornaments. Three splendid chimney-pieces were removed by the late Lord Northampton to Castle Ashby and Compton Winyates.

We may, if we like, return to the west end of London through the miserable modern streets of *Pentonville*, a district of Clerkenwell which takes its name from Henry Penton, member for Winchester, who died in 1812. The *Pentonville Model Prison*, with cells for solitary imprisonment, was built 1840—42, and is managed on the most extravagant footing, with a cost to the country for each prisoner of £50 annually.

King's Cross, so called from a miserable statue of George IV. which is now removed, was called Battle Bridge, from a small bridge over the Fleet, before the statue was erected. Some say that a battle was fought here between Alfred and the Danes; others consider this to have been the scene of the great battle in A.D. 61, in

which the Romans under Paulinus Suetonius gained their great victory over the unfortunate Boadicea, and in which eighty thousand Britons were put to the sword.

North-west of King's Cross extends the modern *Somers Town*, so called from John, first Earl Somers, Lord Chancellor in the reign of Queen Anne, to whom the estate belonged. Farther north is *Camden Town*, which takes its name from the first Earl Camden, who acquired large property here by his marriage with Miss Jeffreys. Farther north still is *Kentish Town*, a corruption of "Cantilupe Town," a name which records its possession by Walter de Cantilupe, Bishop of Worcester, 1236—66, and St. Thomas de Cantilupe, Bishop of Hereford, 1275—82.

CHAPTER VI.

CHEAPSIDE.

JUST outside St. Paul's Churchyard on the north-east, we are in the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, founded in the reign of Edward the Confessor by Ingelric, Earl of Essex, and his brother Girard. It had a collegiate church with a Dean and Chapter. When Henry VII. built his famous chapel, the estates of St. Martin's were conferred upon the Abbey of Westminster for its support, and the Abbots of Westminster became Deans of St. Martin's. Here the curfew tolled, at the sound of which the great gates of the city were shut and every wicket closed till sunrise.* The rights of sanctuary filled this corner of London with bad characters, who for the most part employed themselves in the manufacture of false jewellery. "St. Martin's Lace" was made of copper;† "St. Martin's beads" became a popular expression, and they are alluded to in Hudibras. It is in the sanctuary of St. Martin's that Sir Thomas More describes Miles Forest, one of the murderers of the princes in the Tower, as "rotting away piecemeal." The privileges of the place

* Riley, p. 92. † Strype.

were abolished in the reign of James I., to the great advantage of the Londoners, for—

"St. Martin's appears to have been a sanctuary for great disorders, and a shelter for the lowest sort of people, rogues and ruffians, thieves, felons, and murderers. From hence used to rush violent persons, committers of riots, robberies, and manslaughters; hither they brought in their preys and stolen goods, and concealed them here, or shared and sold them to those that dwelt here. Here were also harboured picklocks, counterfeiters of keys and seals, forgers of false evidences, such as made counterfeit chains, beads, ouches, plates, copper gilt for gold, &c."—*Maitland.*

At the crossways near the site of Paul's Cross now stands *Behnes' Statue of Sir Robert Peel.* From this there is one of the most characteristic views in London, looking down the busy street of Cheapside (or "Market-side," from the Saxon word "Chepe," a market). This is the best point from which to examine the beauties of the steeple of Bow Church, the finest of the fifty-three towers which Wren built after the Fire, and in which, though he had more work than he could possibly attend to properly, he never failed to exhibit the extraordinary variety of his designs. It is a square tower (32 ft. 6 in. wide by 83 ft. high) above which are four stories averaging 38 ft. each. The first is a square belfry with Ionic pilasters, next is a circular peristyle of twelve Corinthian columns, third a lantern, fourth a spire, the whole height being 235 ft.

"There is a play of light and shade, a variety of outline, and an elegance of detail, in this, which it would be very difficult to match in any other steeple. There is no greater proof of Wren's genius than to observe that, after he had set the example, not only has no architect since his day surpassed him, but no other modern steeple can compare with this, either for beauty of outline or the appropriateness with which classical details are applied to so novel a purpose."—*Fergusson.*

No one will look upon Cheapside for the first time without recalling the famous tale of John Gilpin—

> "Smack went the whip, round went the wheel,
> Were never folk so glad;
> The stones did rattle underneath
> As if Cheapside were mad."

Before the time of the Commonwealth, Cheapside, with its avenue of stately buildings, and its fountains and statues dispersed at intervals down the centre of the street, cannot have been unlike the beautiful Maximilian's Strasse of Augsburg. Opposite the entrance of Foster Lane stood "the Little Conduit." Then, opposite the entrance of Wood Street, rose the beautiful Cheapside Cross, one of the nine crosses erected by Edward I. to Queen Eleanor. It was gilt all over for the arrival of Charles V. in 1522; again for the coronation of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn; again for the coronation of Edward VI., and again for the arrival of the Spanish Philip. In 1581 it was "broken and defaced." In 1595 and 1600 it was "fastened and repaired," and it was finally destroyed in 1643, when Evelyn went to London on May 2 and "saw the furious and zealous people demolish that stately cross in Cheapside."* Beyond the cross, at the entrance of Poultry, stood "the Great Conduit," where Jack Cade beheaded Lord Saye and Sele. It was erected early in the thirteenth century, and ever flowing with clear rushing waters, supplied from the reservoir where Stratford Place now stands, by a pipe 4,752 feet in length, which crossed the fields between modern Brook Street and Regent

* See the curious pamphlets entitled "The Downefall of Dagon, or the taking downe of Cheapside Crosse," and "The Pope's Proclamation, or Six Articles exhibited against Cheapside Crosse, whereby it pleads guilty of high-treason, and ought to be beheaded.'

Street to Piccadilly, and from thence found its way by Leicester Fields, the Strand, and Fleet Street, "a remarkable work of engineering and the first of its kind in England of which we have any knowledge."* The Conduit itself was a plain octagonal stone edifice, 45 feet high, surmounted by a cupola with a statue of a man blowing a horn on the top. It was encircled by a balcony, beneath which were figures of those who had interested themselves in laying the pipe or erecting the building. Here, on the site of many executions, the most beautiful young girls in London, standing garland-crowned, prophetically welcomed Anne Boleyn. Here also Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed queen; and here stood the pillory in which Defoe was placed for his second punishment, receiving all the time a triumphant ovation from the people. Lastly, at the entrance of Poultry, stood "the Standard in Chepe," where Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, was beheaded in the time of Edward II.

During the reigns of the Henrys and Edwards, Cheapside was frequently the scene of conflicts between the prentices of the different city guilds, in constant rivalry with one another. They were always a turbulent set, and in the reign of Edward III. Thomas the Fishmonger and another were beheaded in Chepe for striking the august person of the Lord Mayor himself. The gay prentices of Chepe are commemorated by Chaucer in "The Coke's Tale"—

> "A prentis dwelled whilom in our citee—
> At every bridal would he sing and hoppe;
> He loved bet the taverne than the shoppe—
> For when ther eny riding was in Chepe
> Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe,

* *The Builder*, Sept. 18, 1875.

And til that he had all the sight ysein,
And danced wel, ne wold not come agen."

On the left, divided by the great street of St. Martin's le Grand, are the buildings of the *Post Office*. Those on the west are from designs of *J. Williams*, 1873; those on the east, built 1825—29, from designs of *Sir R. Smirke*—"who, if he never sunk below respectable mediocrity, has as little risen above it" *—occupy the site of the famous church and sanctuary of St. Martin's. Behind, in Foster Lane, is the *Church of St. Vedast*, one of Wren's rebuildings. The tower is peculiar and well-proportioned, and a marked feature in London views. Over the west door is a curious allegorical bas-relief, representing Religion and Charity.

Farther down Foster Lane (right) is the great pillared front of the *Hall of the Goldsmiths' Company*, which was incorporated by Edward III. in 1327, but had existed as a guild from much earlier times. The Hall, rebuilt by *Hardwicke* in 1835, contains one of the most magnificent marble staircases in London, leading to broad open galleries with pillars of coloured marbles. The *Banqueting Hall* (80 ft. by 40 and 35 high) contains—

Northcote. George IV.
Hayter. William IV.
M. A. Shee. Queen Adelaide.
Hayter. Queen Victoria.

In the *Committee Room* are—

* *Cornelius Jansen* (one of the finest works of the master). A noble portrait of Sir Hugh Myddelton, 1644 (a goldsmith), who gave the New River to London. His hand is resting on a shell.

A poor portrait of Sir Martin Bowes (1566), the Lord Mayor

* *Quarterly Review*, cxc.

who sold the tombs at Grey Friars, but interesting as having been presented to the Company by Faithorne the Engraver, as a proof of gratitude for having been excused the office of Warden, in consequence of the losses he had sustained in the defence of Basing House. It is evidently a bad copy by Faithorne from an original portrait.

In the *Court Dining Room* are—

Allan Ramsay. George III. and Queen Charlotte.

The adjoining *Livery Tea Room* contains—

Hudson (master of Sir J. Reynolds). A very curious picture of "Benn's Club"—a jovial society of Members of the Company (Sir J. Rawlinson, Robert Allsop, Edward Ironside, Sir N. Marshall, W. Benn, T. Blackford) over whom Benn, a stanch old Jacobite, had sufficient influence to force them to go down to his house in the Isle of Wight and drink to the success of Prince Charlie. Given 1752.

The plate of the Goldsmiths' Company is naturally most magnificent. It includes the cup bequeathed by Sir Martin Bowes, out of which Queen Elizabeth drank at her coronation. In laying the foundation of this hall, in 1830, a stone altar adorned with a figure of Diana was found, confirming the tradition that the old St. Paul's was founded near the site of a pagan shrine.

The name of the next turn on the left, *Gutter Lane*, is a corruption of "Guthurun's Lane," from an early owner. "The inhabitants of this lane, of old time, were goldbeaters." *

At the entrance of *Wood Street*, the first large thoroughfare opening from Cheapside on the left, is a beautiful Planetree, marking the churchyard of St. Peter in Chepe, a church destroyed in the Fire. The terms of the lease of the neighbouring houses forbid the destruction of the tree, or the building of an additional story which may injure it.

* Stow.

The sight of this tree, throwing a reminiscence of country loveliness into the crowded thoroughfare, may recall to us that Wordsworth has immortalised Wood Street in his touching little ballad of "Poor Susan."

"At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? she sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes."

It is said that in the *Church of St. Michael, Wood Street*, rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, and rather picturesque with its projecting clock, is buried the head of James IV. of Scotland, the king who fell at Flodden, and whose body was recognised by Lord Dacre and others amongst the slain on the field of battle. The account which Stow gives of the after-adventures of the head is too curious to omit.

"After the Battle of Flodden, the body of King James being found, was enclosed in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and so to the monastery of Shene in Surrey where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certain; but since the dissolution of that house in the reign of Edward IV., Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, being lodged and keeping house there, I have been shown the same body so lapped in lead, close to the head and body, thrown into a waste room amongst the old timber, lead, and other rubble. Since which time, workmen there,

for their foolish pleasure, hewed off his head; and Lancelot Young, master-glazier to her Majesty, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing the same dried from all moisture, and yet the form remaining, with the hair of the head, and the beard red, brought it to London, to his house in Wood Street, where for a time he kept it for its sweetness, but in the end caused the sexton of that church to bury it amongst other bones taken out of their charnel."—*Stow, p.* 112.

Scotch writers maintain, however, that it was not the body of James IV. which was found at Flodden, but of another who fought in his dress to withdraw the attention of the English; and it is even asserted that the king escaped to Jerusalem, and died there.

The paltry semi-gothic *Church of St. Alban, Wood Street*, was built by *Wren*, 1684-5, in the place of one by Inigo Jones. The original church belonged to St. Alban's Abbey. Amongst the monuments lost with the old church is that inscribed—

> "*Hic jacet* Tom Short-hose
> *Sine* tombe, *sine* sheets, *sine* riches;
> *Qui vixit sine* gowne,
> *Sine* cloake, *sine* shirt, *sine* breeches."

Attached to the pillar above the pulpit is an hourglass in a curious brass frame. These hourglasses, common enough in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to remind the preacher of the flight of time, are now very rare.

Matthew Paris says that St. Alban's, Wood Street, was the chapel of King Offa.* There is also a tradition that at the end of the street was the palace of the victorious Saxon king Athelstan, who slew the last king of Cumberland, buried on the pass between Keswick and Grassmere, under the great cairn which is still called from him "Dunmail Raise." Thus the name of *Addle Street*, which opens on

* In Vitis Abb. S. Albani, p. 50

the right of Wood Street, is said to be derived from Adelstan or Athelstan, indeed it is found as King Adel Street in early records, but the derivation comes more probably from the Saxon word adel—*noble*—"the street of nobles." In this street, near its junction with Aldermanbury, is the *Hall of the Brewers' Company* (incorporated by Henry VI.), an admirable modern building of brick (1876), with terra-cotta ornaments, in which hops are much used in the decorations.

To the west of Wood Street, in Maiden Lane, is the *Hall of the Haberdashers' Company*, incorporated 26th Henry VI.

On the south of Cheapside, between Bread Street and Friday Street, stood the Mermaid Tavern, where a club, established by Ben Jonson in 1603, numbered Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Donne, Selden, &c., amongst its members.

> "What things have seen
> Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had mean'd to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life."
>
> *Beaumont to Jonson.*

Stow says that Friday Street derives its name "from Fishmongers dwelling there and serving Friday's market." Sir Hugh Myddelton was buried in the churchyard of St. Matthew, Friday Street, in 1631.

At the north-east corner of this street was the celebrated Nag's Head Tavern, the fictitious scene of the consecration of Protestant bishops, on the accession of Elizabeth in 1559.

"It was pretended that a certain number of ecclesiastics, in hurry to

take possession of the vacant sees, assembled here, where they were to undergo the ceremony from Anthony Kitchen, alias Dunstan, Bishop of Llandaff, a sort of occasional Nonconformist, who had taken the oaths of supremacy to Elizabeth. Bonner, Bishop of London (then confined in prison), hearing of it, sent his chaplain to Kitchen, threatening him with excommunication in case he proceeded. On this the prelate refused to perform the ceremony, on which, say the Catholics, Parker and the other candidates, rather than defer possession of their sees, determined to consecrate one another, which, says the story, they did without any sort of scruple, and Scorey began with Parker, who instantly rose Archbishop of Canterbury. The refutation of this tale may be read in Strype's Life of Archbishop Parker."—*Pennant.*

The next turn on the left is *Milk Street*, once devoted to sellers of milk, where Sir Thomas More was born in 1480, "the brightest star," says Fuller, "that ever shone in that Via Lactea." On the right of the street is the *City of London School*, established 1835, for the education of boys of the middle-classes recommended by a member of the Corporation of London.

[Milk Street leads into *Aldermanbury*, so called from the ancient court or *bery* of the Aldermen,* now held at the Guildhall.* Here (left) is Wren's Jacobian *Church of St. Mary Aldermanbury*. In the old church on this site Dr. John Owen, the chaplain of Cromwell, listened to the sermon which was the cause of his strong religious impressions. Edmund Calamy was appointed rector here in 1639, and was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662, after he had attracted great crowds to the church by his sermons. He died four years after and is buried beneath the pulpit. George, Lord Jeffreys, the cruel judge of the Bloody Assizes, who died in the Tower in 1689, was removed from the Tower Chapel, November 2, 1693, and

* Stow.

is buried here on the north of the communion table. The register records the marriage (Nov. 12, 1656) of Milton with his second wife Catherine Woodcocke, a native of this parish, who died fifteen months after. Weever mentions (1631) that in the cloister of this church hung "the shank-bone of a man, wondrous great and large, measuring twenty-eight inches and a half, with the portrait of a giant-like person and some metrical lines."

Gresham Street has swallowed up Lad Lane. At the corner of Gresham Street and Aldermanbury, "the Swan with two Necks" on the wall of a General Railway Office marks the site of the curious old balconied inn of that name, which was long celebrated as a starting-point for stage-coaches.]

We have now arrived where, on the right of Cheapside, rises *St. Mary Le Bow*. It was built by Wren on the site of a very ancient church described by Stow as having been the first church in the city built on arches of stone, whence in the reign of William the Conqueror it was called "St. Marie de Arcubus or Le Bow in West Cheaping; as Stratford Bridge, being the first built (by Matilde the queen, wife to Henry I.) with arches of stone, was called Stratford le Bow; which names to the said church and bridge remain to this day." A staircase in the porch leads to the Norman *Crypt* which was used by Wren as a support for his church. Some of the columns have been partially walled up to strengthen the upper building, but the crypt is of great extent, and in one part the noble Norman pillars are seen in their full beauty, with the arches above, which have given the name of "Court of Arches" to the highest ecclesiastical court belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury,

which formerly met in the vestry of this church. It is the chief of a deanery of thirteen parishes, exempt from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London: hence the title of the Dean of Arches. The Bishops elect of the province of Canterbury take the oath of supremacy at this church before their consecration.

On the right of the altar is a monument to Thomas Newton, Dean of St. Paul's and Bishop of Bristol (1782), with the inscription—"Reader, if you would be further informed of his character, acquaint yourself with his writings."

The steeple of Bow Church, 235 feet in height, is, as we have seen, one of Wren's best and most original works. Bow bells have always been famous, and people born within sound of Bow bells are called Cockneys. Pope says—

> "Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound."

Stow tells how in 1469 it was ordained by a Common Council that the Bow Bell should be nightly rung at nine of the clock. This bell (which marked the time for closing the shops) being usually rung somewhat late, as seemed to the young men, prentices, and others in Cheap, they made and set up a rhyme against the clock as followeth:—

> "Clerke of the Bow Bell, with the yellow lockes,
> For thy late ringing thy head shall have knockes."

Whereunto the Clerk replying wrote:

> "Children of Cheape, hold you all still,
> For you shall have the Bow Bell rung at your will."

What child will not remember that it was the Bow Bells

which said to the poor runaway boy as he was resting on Highgate milestone—

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London,"

and that he obeyed them, and became the most famous of Lord Mayors?

Many last century writers have celebrated the Dragon on Bow Steeple—a familiar landmark to Londoners.

"Dean Swift said, more than one hundred years ago, 'that when the dragon on Bow Church kisses the cock behind the Exchange, great changes will take place in England.'

"Just before the Reform Bill of 1832, the dragon and cock were both taken down at the same time to be cleaned and repaired by the same man, and were placed close to each other. In fact, the dragon kissed the cock, and the Reform Bill was passed. Who can say there is no virtue in predictions after this?"—*B. R. Haydon's Table Talk.*

Stow says that this church, "for divers accidents happening there, hath been made more famous than any other parish church of the whole city or suburbs." It was in the tower of the old church, built on the existing arches, that William Fitz-Osbert, surnamed Longbeard, the champion of the wrongs of the people in the time of Richard I., took refuge from his assassins; but, after defending it for three days, was forced out by fire, when he was dragged at the tail of a horse to the Tower, and sentenced by the archbishop to be hung, which was done in Smithfield. In the same tower was slain, in 1284, one Laurence Ducket, who had taken sanctuary there after wounding Ralph Crepin, for which, says Stow, sixteen persons were hung, a woman named Alice burnt, many rich persons "hanged by the purse," the church interdicted, and the doors and windows filled with thorns, till it was purified again.

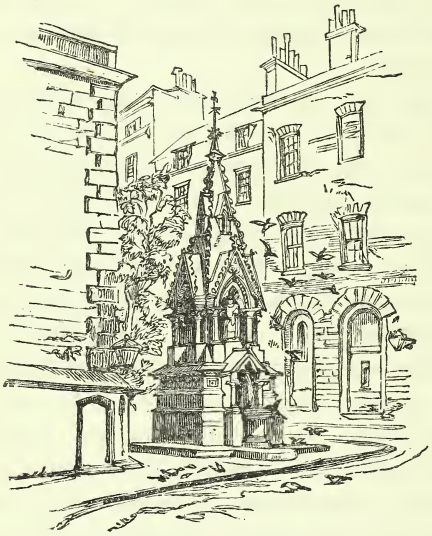
The balcony in front of the tower is a memorial of the old *Seldam*, or stone shed, erected on the north side of this church, whither the Henrys and Edwards came to survey all the great city pageants. A plot was discovered with the design of murdering Charles II. and the Duke of York on this very balcony during a Lord Mayor's procession. It was from hence that Queen Anne, in 1702, beheld the last Lord Mayor's pageant, devised by the last city poet Elkanah Settle.

King Street (on the left) now leads to the Guildhall. Before its principal front the city pigeons are fed every morning, as those of Venice are in the Piazza S. Marco, and the smoky buildings are enlivened by the perpetual flitting to and fro of their bright wings. The pretty modern Gothic *Fountain* here (1866), adorned with statues of St. Lawrence and the Magdalen, commemorates the benefactors of St. Lawrence Jewry, and St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street. The adjoining *Church of St. Lawrence Jewry* cost £11,870, being the most expensive of all the city churches rebuilt by Wren. It is richly decorated internally, but devoid of beauty. The gridiron which serves as a vane on the spire commemorates the death of St. Lawrence. There is a monument here to Archbishop Tillotson (1694).

"He was buried in the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry. It was there that he had won his immense national reputation. He had preached there during the thirty years which preceded his elevation to the throne of Canterbury. . . His remains were carried through a mourning population. The hearse was followed by an endless train of splendid equipages from Lambeth through Southwark and over London bridge. Burnet preached the funeral sermon. His kind and honest heart was overcome by so many tender recollections that, in the midst of his discourse, he paused and burst into tears, while a loud moan of sorrow arose from the whole auditory. The Queen (Mary) could not speak of

her favourite instructor without weeping. Even William was visibly moved. 'I have lost,' he said, 'the best friend that I ever had, and the best man that I ever knew.'"—*Macaulay. History of England.*

Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, the mathematician, is also buried here, with Sir Geoffry Boleyne of Blickling, Lord



Fountain of St. Lawrence.

Mayor of London, *ob.* 1463, great-great-grandfather of Queen Elizabeth. The words *now thus*, in brass, were dispersed thirty-two times over his gravestone.*

The *Guildhall* was originally built in the time of Henry IV. (1411), but it has been so much altered that, though the walls were not much injured in the Fire

* See Stow, and Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments."

and only had to be reroofed, very little can be said to remain visible of that time except the crypt. The front, by *George Dance*, is a miserable work of 1789.

Here it was that, after the death of Edward IV., while his sons were in the Tower, on June 22, 1483, the Duke of Buckingham addressed the people, and after cunningly dwelling on the exactions of the late king's reign, denied his legitimacy, and, affirming that the Duke of Gloucester was the only true son of the Duke of York, demanded that he should be acknowledged as king.

In 1546 the Guildhall was used for the trial of Anne, daughter of Sir William Askew of Kelsey in Lincolnshire, who had been turned out of doors by her husband (one Kyme) because she had become a Protestant. Coming to London, to sue for a separation, she had been kindly received by Queen Katherine Parr, and was found to have distributed Protestant tracts amongst the court ladies. In the Guildhall she was tried for heresy, and on being asked by the Lord Mayor why she refused to believe that the priest could make the body of Christ, gave her famous answer—"I have heard that God made man, but that man can make God I have never heard." She was afterwards cruelly tortured on the rack to extort evidence against the court ladies, and on July 16, 1546, was burnt at Smithfield.

It was also in the Guildhall that the Protestant Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, a personal friend of Edward VI., was tried, April 17, 1554, for participation in the Wyatt rebellion against Mary, and was acquitted by his own wonderful acuteness and presence of mind.

Here, on the other side, in 1606, took place the trial of Garnet, Superior of the Jesuits in England. He had been

arrested at Hendlip House near Worcester for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. The rack having failed to extort a confession, he was induced to believe, whilst imprisoned in the Tower, that he might confer unheard with another Jesuit, Oldcorne, who occupied the next cell. Two listeners wrote down the whole conversation, which was produced as criminatory evidence at the Guildhall, and he was condemned to death and executed in St. Paul's Churchyard, after which he was honoured by Catholics as a martyr.

Among the other trials which have taken place here, have been that of the poet Surrey, in the time of Henry VIII., and of the poet Waller, during the Commonwealth.

The Guildhall (152 ft. long, 50 ft. broad) has a glorious timber roof and vast stained windows of modern glass, through which streams of coloured light fall in prismatic rays upon the pavement. High aloft at the western extremity the giants Gog and Magog, which used to bear a conspicuous part in the pageant of Lord Mayor's Day, keep guard over the hall, and still look, as Hawthorne says, "like enormous playthings for the children of giants." They were carved in fir-wood by one Richard Saunders, and are hollow. Being presented to the Corporation by the Stationers' Company, they were set up in the Hall in 1708, and typify the dignity of the City. There is an old prophecy of Mother Shipton which says that "when they fall, London will fall also." In 1741 one Richard Boreman, who lived "near the Giants in the Guildhall," published their history, which tells how Corineus and Gogmagog fought with all the other giants in behalf of the liberties of the City, and how all the other giants perished, but these two were reserved that they might make sport by wrestling like gladiators with one

another—and how the victory seemed to incline to Gogmagog, who pressed his companion so heavily that he broke three of his ribs; but at last, in his desperation, Corineus threw Gogmagog over his shoulder and hurled him from the top of a cliff into the sea, which cliff is called Langoemagog, or "the Giant's Leap." The four huge and ugly monuments against the lower walls of the Hall are only interesting from their inscriptions. That of Lord Chatham is by Burke, that of Pitt by Canning, that of Nelson by Sheridan, while that of Beckford is engraved with the speech with which he is said to have abruptly astonished George III., and which, says Horace Walpole, "made the king uncertain whether to sit still and silent, or to pick up his robes and hurry into his private room." The speech, however, was never really uttered, and was written by Horne Tooke.

Amongst the rooms adjoining the Guildhall is the *Alderman's Court*, a beautiful old chamber richly adorned with carving, and allegorical paintings by *Sir James Thornhill*. It is a room well deserving of preservation, having been rebuilt by Wren immediately after the Fire, and originally built in 1614.

The *Common Council Chamber* contains a fine statue of George III. by *Chantrey*. At the east end of the chamber is an enormous picture of the Siege of Gibraltar, Sept., 1782, with Lord Heathfield on horseback in the foreground, by *Copley*. Of the other pictures we may notice—

Alderman Boydell, a fine portrait, by *Beechey*.
Lord Nelson. *Beechey*.
The Murder of Rizzio. *Opie*.
The Death of Wat Tyler. *Northcote*.

Queen Caroline of Brunswick. *Lonsdale.*
Queen Victoria. *Hayter.*
Princess Charlotte. *Lonsdale.*

The Court of the *Old King's Bench* has remains of a Gothic chamber of 1425. It contains a noble picture of Charles Pratt, Lord Chancellor Camden, painted for the City in honour of his speech on the discharge of Wilkes from the Tower, by *Sir J. Reynolds*. The beautiful chapel of St. Mary Magdalen, adjoining the Guildhall, built c. 1299 and rebuilt 1431, was pulled down in 1822, up to which time, "to deprecate indigestion and all plethoric evils," says Pennant, a service was held in it before the Lord Mayor's feast. Its site is now occupied by the ugly court-rooms on the east of the Guildhall Yard, which are decorated with portraits by *Michael Wright* of all the judges who sate at Clifford's Inn to arrange the differences between landlord and tenant during the process of rebuilding after the great Fire.*

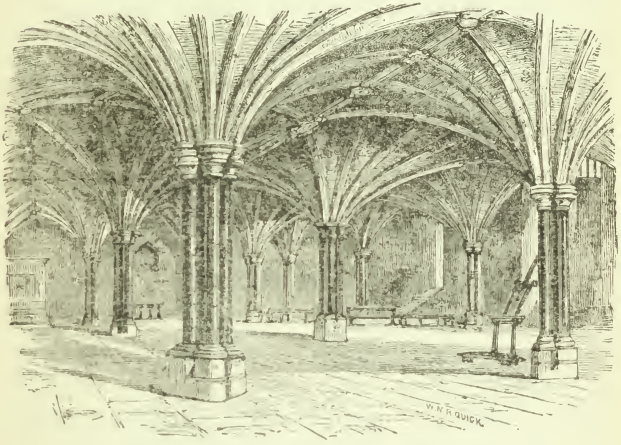
No one should omit to visit, by a staircase at the back of the Hall, the beautiful *Crypt* of 1411, which survived the Fire. It is divided into three aisles by six clusters of circular columns of Purbeck marble, and is 75 feet in length and 45 in breadth. Maitland (1789) mentions it as "the Welsh Hall," because the Welsh were at that time allowed to use it as a market for their native manufactures.

From the east end of the Guildhall a staircase leads to the Library. On the landing at the top are statues of Charles II. and Sir John Cutler, brought from the demolished College of Physicians in Warwick Lane. The

* The Alderman's Court and the interesting pictures in the chambers adjoining the Guildhall may be seen upon application, when the rooms are not in use.

society had thought themselves obliged to Sir John for the money to raise their college, when that in Amen Corner was burnt in 1666, but after the statue was erected in gratitude, "the old curmudgeon made a demand of the pelf," which the society was obliged to refund to his heirs.*

The handsome modern Gothic *Library* contains a very valuable collection of books—old plays, ballads, and pam-



In the Crypt of the Guildhall.

phlets, relating to the history of London. The full-length portraits of William III. and Mary II. are by *Vander Vaart*. In a room on the right of the side entrance is a valuable collection of drawings of Old London and of New London Bridge.

The *City Museum*, in a vaulted chamber, is open from 10

* Tom Brown, "The New London Spy," 1777.

to 4 in winter, and from 10 to 5 in summer. It contains a collection of interesting relics of Old London, including—

The Inscription about the Fire, from Pudding Lane.

The painted Statue of Gerard the Giant, from Gerard's Hall in Basing Lane, destroyed in 1852.

Roman pavement found at Bucklersbury, 1869.

The Foundation Stones of Old London Bridge and Old Blackfriars Bridge.

A number of curious old London *Signs*—St. George and the Dragon from Snow Hill; the Three Crowns from Lambeth Hill; and the Three Kings (Magi) from Bucklersbury. Here also is the famous *Sign of the Boar's Head*, erected in 1668, when the house was rebuilt after the Fire, to mark the tavern in East Cheap, the abode of Dame Quickly, "the old place in Eastcheap,"* beloved by Falstaff. Washington Irving describes how, having hunted in vain for the tavern, he found the sign "built into the parting line of two houses" which stood on its site.

An old Chimney-Piece from Lime Street, from the house of Sir J. Scrope (*ob.* 1493), rebuilt in the 17th century, where Sir J. Abney kept his mayoralty, 1700, 1701.

Returning to Cheapside, *Queen Street*, on the right, was formerly Soper Lane, from the makers of soap who inhabited it. After the Fire it became the resort of the "Pepperers," *i.e.* wholesale dealers in drugs and spices. On the right of Queen Street opens *Pancras Lane*, containing a precious little oasis which was the burial-ground of that old church of which William Sautre, the proto-martyr of the English Reformation, burnt March 10, 1401, was priest.

The *Saddlers' Hall* in Cheapside contains a full-length portrait of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was a saddler, by *Frye*.

At the corner of Ironmonger Lane, No. 90 Cheapside, was the engraver's shop of Alderman Boydell, celebrated

* *Henry IV.*, Act ii. sc. 2.

for his Pictorial Shakspeare. The part of Cheapside between Ironmonger Lane and Old Jewry was called "the Mercery" from the *Mercers' Hall*, entered from Ironmonger Lane. The quaint pillared court, which recalls those of Genoa, was used as a burial-place as late as 1825. It contains the effigy, recumbent in a niche, of "Richard Fishborne, mercer, a worthy benefactor, 1625," and other monuments. Here, "in the porch of the Mercers' Chapel," Thomas Guy, founder of Guy's Hospital, was bound apprentice to a bookseller, Sept. 2, 1660. The *Mercers' Chapel* and its portico occupy the site of the house of Gilbert à Becket, in which his son Thomas, the murdered archbishop, was born in 1119. Twenty years after his murder, Agnes his sister, who was married to Thomas Fitz Theobald de Helles, built a chapel and hospital "in the rule of Saynt Austyn" on the spot where her brother was born; and such was the respect for his sanctity that, without waiting for his canonisation, the foundation was dedicated to the worship of God Almighty, and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the said glorious Martyr. "Alle the lande that sometime was Gilbert Becket's, father of Thomas the Martyr," was granted to this hospital.* James Butler, Earl of Ormond (1428), and Dame Joane his wife (1430), who claimed near alliance to St. Thomas, were buried here:† their daughter Margaret married Sir William Boleyne, and was grandmother of Queen Anne Boleyn. A beautiful side chapel was added to this church by John Allen, Lord Mayor, who died in 1544. There is a well-known legend that Gilbert à Becket was

* See Herbert's "History of the Twelve Great Livery Companies."
† Weever's "Funeral Monuments."

taken prisoner during the Crusades, and was liberated by a Saracen princess who had fallen in love with him. The power of her love induced her to follow him to England, though she only knew two words of the language—London and Gilbert. By the help of the first she reached his native town, and she plaintively called the other through the streets till she was reunited to him. Unfortunately this story is unknown to the earlier biographers of Thomas à Becket, but the name Acon, or Acre, recalls the memory of William, an Englishman, chaplain to Dean Ralph le Diceto, who made a vow that if he could enter Acre, then under siege, he would found a chapel to the martyred archbishop, who was already reverenced, though not formally recognised, as a saint. He entered Acre and founded a chapel and a cemetery there, where he devoted himself to the burial of Christian pilgrims, who died in the Holy Land. A military order was also founded by Richard I., in commemoration of the capture of Acre, and dedicated to St. Thomas.*

Latimer mentions the woman "who, being asked by an acquaintance in the street where she was going, answered 'To St. Thomas of Acres, to hear the sermon; for as she had not slept well the night before, she should be certain of a nap there.'" †

At the Dissolution, Henry VIII. granted the Hospital, for a payment, to the Mercers' Company, incorporated in 1393. The *Hall*, rebuilt after the Great Fire by *Jarman*, has good oak carving of that period: the helmet and sword of Lord Hill, a member of the Company, are pre-

* See Milman's "Annals of St. Paul's."
† Malcolm's "Manners of London."

served there. In the adjoining *Court-room* are some good portraits, including that of Sir R. Whittington and his *cat*, inscribed "R. Whittington. 1536."

A story similar to that of Whittington and his Cat has existed in South America, Persia, Denmark, Tuscany, and Venice, and in several of these instances may be traced before and at the date of Whittington.* Up to the time of Whittington the burning of coal in London was considered such a nuisance that it was punished by death. A dispensation to burn coal was first made in favour of the four times Lord Mayor, and it is believed that the fact that his coal was imported in the collier (catta) still called a cat, gave rise to the story in his case. Here also are—

Sir Thomas Gresham, said to be an original portrait.

Dean Colet (whose father was a mercer), the founder of St. Paul's School, the management of which he bequeathed to the Mercers.

A fine portrait of Thomas Papillon, 1666, who represented Dover in several parliaments. He was chosen sheriff for London by an immense majority of the citizens, but the Lord Mayor would not swear him in, Charles II.'s government having chosen their own sheriffs. Papillon issued his warrant to compel Sir W. Pritchard, the Mayor, to do his duty. For this he was brought to a state trial, condemned by Judge Jeffreys, and sentenced to pay a fine of £10,000. To avoid this he went into voluntary banishment at Utrecht, but returning with William III., was elected member for London, and bought the estate of Acrise in Kent.

"Dick Whittington," four times Lord Mayor of London, was a Mercer, "Flos Mercatorum," and is commemorated by the Whittington Almshouses, which belong to the Company, and by a silver Tun on wheels which he presented for their banquets. At least sixty of the Mercers have filled the office of Lord Mayor.

The last street on the left of Cheapside is *Old Jewry*,

* See J. Timbs' "Romance of London."

once inhabited wholly by Jews brought over from Rouen by William I. It contains *St. Olave's Church*, one of the many churches dedicated to the royal Danish saint, and recalling the Danish occupation. Alderman John Boydell, the engraver (1814), is buried here. Dr. James Foster became celebrated in Old Jewry as a preacher in the last century, having first become known from Lord Chancellor Hardwicke taking refuge from a storm in his church, and being so delighted that he afterwards sent all his great acquaintance to hear him. He is celebrated by Pope—

> "Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
> Ten Metropolitans in preaching well."

The house of Sir Robert Clayton ("the fanatick Lord Mayor" of Dryden's "Religio Laici") on the east side of Old Jewry—a grand specimen of a merchant's residence, with "a banqueting room wainscoted with cedar and adorned with battles of gods and giants in fresco," * in which Charles II. supped with the great city magnate—was only destroyed in 1863. Here Professor Porson died in 1808. *Old Jewry* was the place where the original synagogue of the Jews was erected, and was their head-quarters till their expulsion in 1291.

[The street called Old Jewry leads into *Coleman Street*, which contains the *Wool Exchange*, and where the ghastly gate of *St. Stephen's Churchyard*, adorned with skulls, commemorates its having been one of the principal places of burial for the victims of the Great Plague. Over the gate is a curious carving in oak, representing the Last Judgment, much like that over the gate of St. Giles in the Fields, but

* Macaulay.

superior in workmanship. This and the gate of St. Olave's Hart Street are now the only memorials which recall to us the terrible year of the Plague (1665), in which 68,596 persons perished; when these old City-streets resounded perpetually with the cry "Bring out your dead!" from the carriers in the gloomy gowns which were their appointed costume; and when even the terrors of infection did not save the unfortunate bodies from the "corpse robbers," as many as 1,000 winding-sheets being afterwards found in the possession of one night thief alone. De Foe describes how John Hayward the sexton of this church used to go round with his dead-cart and bell to fetch the bodies from the houses where they lay, and how often he had to carry them for a great distance to the cart in a hand-barrow, as the lanes of the parish, White's Alley, Cross Key Court, Swan Alley, and others were so narrow that the cart could not enter them,—yet "never had the distemper at all, but lived about twenty years after it." In *St. Stephen's Church*, rebuilt by Wren after the Fire,* is the monument of Anthony Munday, dramatist and architect of civic pageants.

In *Great Bell Alley*, on the right of Coleman Street, Robert Bloomfield, the especial poet of the country, son of a tailor at Honington, in Suffolk, composed mentally his poem of the "Farmer's Boy," while working in a garret as a shoemaker. When able to procure paper, he had, as he says, "nothing to do but to write it down." 26,000 copies were sold in three years.

Far down Coleman Street, on the right, is the *Hall of the Armourers' Company* founded by Henry VI. as the "Brothers and Sisters of the Gild of St. George," whose

* St. Stephen's only cost £7,652 13*s.*, while Bow Church cost £15,400.

effigy, slaying the dragon, appeared upon their seal before 1453. The Hall has been rebuilt, but has occupied the same site for five hundred years, and, as it escaped the Fire, it possesses one of the most glorious collections of old plate in England. Especially noteworthy are the beautiful "Richmond Cup," given by John and Isabel Richmond in 1557; the curious "Owl Pot," given by Julian Seger in 1537; the tankard of Thomas Tyndale, 1574; the cup and cover of J. Forester, 1622; the cup and cover of Samson Lycroft, 1608; and the Maeser (maple wood) bowl of 1460.

At the foot of the staircase are suits of armour of an officer and pikeman of the time of Charles I. Armour was then going out of use, and, by the time of William III., the Company had fallen into utter decadence, but entirely revived after its union under Anne with the Company of Braziers, since which "We are One" has been the motto of the united companies; "Make all sure," the earlier motto of the Armourers, having had reference to the proving of their back and breast pieces.

In the *Hall* are a beautiful steel tilting suit of the time of Edward VI.; some German swords with waved edges of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; some Flemish pictures representing the meat and vegetables of the Four Seasons from the old Treaty House at Uxbridge; and *Northcote's* well-known picture of the entry of Bolingbroke into London with Richard II., engraved in Boydell's Shakspeare.

The *Private Dining Room* contains—

A curious portrait of Roger Tindall, Master of the Company, 1585, being his "counterfeit," especially bequeathed by his will, inscribed—

Tyme glides away,
One God obey,
Let Trvth bear sway,
So Tindal still did say.
Whatsoever thou dost, mark thy end.

Miller. Romeo's first meeting with Juliet, as a pilgrim in the hall of the Capulets.

A grant to the Company by Mary I., in which the then Clarencieux King-at-Arms appears in an illumination.

In the *Drawing Room* are—

Hamilton. Olivia as a page (in *Twelfth Night*) meeting Sebastian. Engraved in Boydell's Shakspeare.

Shackleton. George II. and Caroline of Anspach.

The forbidden *Tilting Gauntlet* (a great curiosity), suppressed as unfair, because it locked down, and the tilting spear could not be wrested from a hand thus protected.]

Cheapside now melts into *Poultry*,* once entirely inhabited by Poulterers. In the old church of *St. Mildred in the Poultry*, dedicated to the daughter of the Saxon prince Merowald, destroyed in the Fire, was the tomb of Thomas Tusser (1580), author of "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," described by Fuller as "successively a musician, schoolmaster, servingman, husbandman, grazier, poet, more skilful in all, than thriving in any vocation." His epitaph ran—

"Here Thomas Tusser, clad in earth, doth lie,
That sometime made the points of husbandrie.
By him then learn thou maist; here learn we must,
When all is done we sleep and turn to dust.
And yet through Christ to heaven we hope to goe,
Who reads his books shall find his faith was so."

The church was rebuilt by Wren, but has been recently pulled down and its monuments removed to St. Olave's,

* The name existed in 1317.

Old Jewry. Its site is now occupied by the offices of the Gresham Life Insurance Company.

Several good modern buildings adorn Poultry. No. 1, "Queen Anne Chambers," is a good specimen of the architecture of that time by *Messrs. Belcher.* A little farther (right) the rich front of a house (No. 14), built by *Chancellor* in 1875, has terra-cotta panels by *Kremer*, appropriately representing the state-processions of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Victoria, which have passed through the street below in 1546, 1551, and 1844, with an incident which occurred upon the site of this very house on May 29, 1660, when Charles II., making his public entry into London, stopped to salute the landlady of what was then an inn, who insisted upon displaying her loyalty by rising to give him a welcome, though she was then in a most critical situation!

Bucklersbury, the last street on the right, derives its name from the Bukerels, a great City family of the thirteenth century.* Andrew Bukerel, Pepperer, was Lord Mayor from 1231 to 1237, and held the office of farmer of the King's Exchange: he headed the equestrian procession of the citizens of London at the coronation of Eleanor of Provence. This was the great street of grocers and druggists; Shakspeare speaks of those who "smell like Bucklersbury in simple time," in the *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

The end of Poultry faces the Royal Exchange, with Chantrey's fine equestrian *Statue of Wellington* in front of it. On the right is the Mansion House, on the left the Bank of England.

* It is sometimes derived from one Buckles, who was crushed to death here while pulling down the Cornet Tower, an old building of Edward I.'s time, to enlarge his house.

The first *Royal Exchange* was built by Sir Thomas Gresham, the great merchant-prince of the sixteenth century. Under Edward VI. and Mary he had been employed as a confidential agent in obtaining subsidies from great foreign merchants, and under Elizabeth took advantage of his increasing favour to enforce the benefit of obtaining loans from wealthy Englishmen rather than foreigners. Treated with the utmost confidence by Elizabeth, he was made "Sir Thomas" when employed as ambassador to the Duchess of Parma. He continued to keep his shop in Lombard Street, distinguished by the sign of the grasshopper, the Gresham crest, but in the country lived with great magnificence at Mayfield in Sussex (previously a palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury), and at Osterley in Middlesex. He died of an apoplectic fit as he was walking from his house in Bishopsgate Street to the Exchange, Nov. 21, 1579.

The idea of the Exchange originated with Sir Richard Gresham, father of Sir Thomas, who wished to see English merchants as well lodged as those whom he had been accustomed to see in the magnificent Bourse at Antwerp. And how much something of the kind was needed in London we learn from Stow, who says, "The merchants and tradesmen, as well English as strangers, did for their general making of bargains, contracts and commerce, usually meet twice a day. But these meetings were unpleasant and troublesome, by reason of walking and talking in an open narrow street . . . being there constrained either to endure all extremes of weather, viz. heat or cold, snow or rain; or else to shelter themselves in shops."

The first Exchange, therefore, was built as much as

possible on the plan of that at Antwerp. A Flemish architect, Henryke, was appointed, and all the materials were brought from Flanders, much to the disgust of English masons and bricklayers. The result was that the Exchange, which was opened by Elizabeth in 1571, was foreign-looking to the last degree. It was an immense cloistered court, with a corridor filled with shops running above its arcades, called a "pawn," from the German word "bahn"—a way. In front rose an immense column surmounted by the grasshopper of the Greshams. Over the pillars round the quadrangle, which were all of marble, were statues of the sovereigns from the Confessor to Elizabeth. Immediately on the execution of Charles I. his statue was thrown down, and in its place was inscribed, "Exit tyrannus, regum ultimus, anno libertatis Angliæ restitutæ primo." The Exchange of Gresham was totally destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Wren then wished in restoring it to make the Exchange the centre of the new London, from which all the principal streets should diverge. His wish was opposed, and the new building was built much in the same style as the old, but with greater magnificence, by Edward Jarman, and was adorned with statues by Cibber.

The second Exchange was burnt in 1838, and the statues which survived the fire were for the most part sold as lumber! The present building by *Tite*, stately, though inferior to its predecessor, was opened in 1844. It encloses a large cloistered court, with a statue of Queen Victoria in the centre. The statue of Charles II. by *Gibbons*, which formerly occupied that position, is preserved at the south-east angle. The inscription on the pedestal of the figure of Commerce on the front of the building—"The Earth is the

Lord's, and the fulness thereof," was selected by Dean Milman on hearing the suggestion of the Prince Consort to Mr. Westmacott that the space should be used for some inscription recognising a Superior Power.

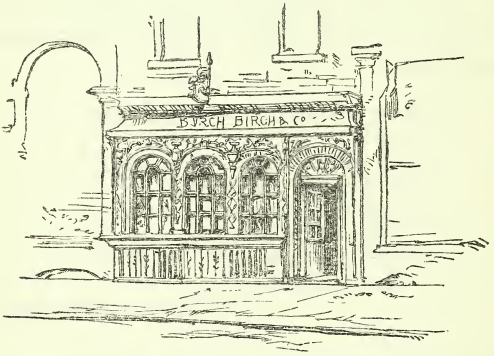
The busiest time at the Exchange, when it is most worth seeing, is from 3 to 4½ P.M. on Tuesdays and Fridays. The eastern part of the building is occupied by *Lloyd's*, the great rendezvous of ship-owners, and all who seek shipping intelligence. The name originated in the early transaction of the business at Lloyd's Coffee House, at the corner of Abchurch Lane.

> "If you would wish the world to know,
> And learn the state of man;
> How some are high and some are low
> And human actions scan;
> If justly things you would arrange,
> And study human heart;
> Observe the humours of th' Exchange,
> That universal mart."
>
> —*Tom Brown. New London Spy.*

Opposite the Exchange, on the right, we should notice an old *Shop Front* (No. 15, Cornhill), carved, painted green, and with unusually small panes of glass—as being the oldest shop of its class in the metropolis. It was established as a confectioner's in the time of George I. by a Mr. Horton, succeeded by Lucas Birch, whose son and successor, Samuel, became Lord Mayor (*ob.* 1840). His followers are of a different family, but wisely retain the old name of "Birch and Birch" over the window, as well as the antique character of the shop, which they have wisely discovered to be the hen which lays their golden eggs. The commissariat of the Mansion House is sometimes entirely entrusted

to this shop by the Lords Mayor during the year of their mayoralty.

On the right as we face the Royal Exchange rises the *Mansion House*, the palace of the King of the City, built from designs of *George Dance* in 1739–40. When first erected, it was a very fine building, but it has been ruined by the removal of the noble flight of steps by which it was



The Oldest Shop in London.

approached, and to which it owed all its beauty of proportion. Its principal apartment, known as the *Egyptian Hall*, has nothing Egyptian in it, but was so called because constructed to correspond with the Egyptian Hall described by Vitruvius. On the site occupied by the Mansion House stood formerly a statue altered to represent Charles II., from an old statue of John Sobieski, King of Poland, brought from Leghorn by Robert Viner, the Lord Mayor,* who tried so hard to make his Majesty drunk: † when

* Pennant.

† See *Spectator*, No. 462.

taken down it was given to the representatives of the Viner family. The Lord Mayor's coach, built 1757, is painted with allegorical subjects, probably by Cipriani.

Immediately behind the Mansion House is Wren's masterpiece—the *Church of St. Stephen's Walbrook*, commemorating in its name one of the rivulets of old London, "the brook by the wall," which has long disappeared. It would seem as if Wren had scarcely condescended to notice its exterior, so hideous is it, while the interior is perfect in beauty and proportion. "If the material had been as lasting and the size as great as St. Paul's, this church would have been a greater monument to Wren than the cathedral."* When first built it was so far appreciated by the Corporation, that they presented Lady Wren with a purse of ten guineas in recognition of "the great skill and care" displayed in its erection by her husband. It is strange that though no church has ever been more admired, no architect should have ever copied its arrangement. A large picture, the Burial of St. Stephen, by *Benjamin West*, hangs in this church. Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect, is buried here in a family vault. There is a medallion to Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, 1733-1791, who wrote the History of England from the accession of James II. to that of the House of Brunswick: Pennant speaks of "the statue erected to Divæ Mac-Aulæ by her doating admirer, a former rector, which a successor of his most profanely pulled down."

Oxford Court, Walbrook, commemorates the old town-house of the Earls of Oxford.

We must cross the space in front of the Exchange to

* Fergusson.

visit the *Bank of England*. The conception of the Bank originated with Paterson, a Scotchman, in 1691. Its small business was first transacted in the Mercers' Hall, then in the Grocers' Hall, and in 1734 was moved to the buildings which form the back of the present court towards Threadneedle Street. The modern buildings, covering nearly three acres, were designed in 1788 by Sir John Soane; they are feeble in design and lose in effect from not being raised on a terrace. "The Garden Court," which has a fountain, encloses the churchyard of St. Christopher le Stocks, pulled down when the Bank was built. The taxes are received, the interest of the national debt paid, and the business of the Exchequer transacted at the Bank. The "Old Lady in Threadneedle Street" was long its popular name, but is now almost forgotten.

"The warlike power of every country depends on their Three per Cents. If Cæsar were to reappear on earth, Wettenhall's List would be more important than his Commentaries; Rothschild would open and shut the Temple of Janus; Thomas Baring, or Bates, would probably command the Tenth Legion; and the soldiers would march to battle with loud cries of 'Scrip and Omnium reduced!' 'Consols and Cæsar.'" —*Sydney Smith.*

To the east of the Bank (entered from Capel Court, Bartholomew Lane) is the *Stock Exchange*, the "ready-money market of the world."

Behind the Bank is *Lothbury*, the district of pewterers and candlestick-makers, said by Stow to derive its name from the loathsome noise made by these workers in metal. Here *Founders Court* takes its name from the brassfounders, and *Tokenhouse Yard* from the manufacture of "tokens," the copper coinage of England from 1648 to 1672. The space between these is occupied by the *Church of St.*

Margaret. Lothbury, which has a font adorned with sculptures attributed to Grinling Gibbons. Here also, removed from the destroyed Church of St. Christopher le Stocks, is a fine bronze monumental bust of a knight, inscribed "Petrus le Maire Æques Auratus. Æ. suæ 88, 1631."

Throgmorton Street (named after Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, said to have been poisoned by Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester) is filled every afternoon with a busy crowd discussing the affairs of the Stock Exchange.

The *Drapers' Hall*, on the left, was built by *Herbert Williams* in 1869 around a large quiet court, which is adorned with laurel-trees in tubs. A handsome winding staircase of coloured marbles, decorated with statues of Edward III. and Philippa, leads to the Banqueting Hall, which is adorned with the utmost magnificence that can co-exist with absence of taste. In this and the neighbouring rooms are many good portraits, but we should especially notice, in the Court Room,—

Zucchero. Mary, Queen of Scots, a full-length portrait. Her little son James VI. is painted with her, though she never saw him after he was a year old. The picture is said to have been thrown over the wall into the Drapers' Gardens for security during the Great Fire, and to have been found there afterwards amid the ruins, and never claimed.

Sir W. Beechey. Lord Nelson.

At the back of the Hall is a remnant of the Drapers' Garden and two of its famous mulberry-trees, but the beauty of this charming old garden was sacrificed for money-making a few years ago.

CHAPTER VII.

ALDERSGATE AND CRIPPLEGATE.

LET us now return to St. Martin's-le-Grand and turn to the left down *Aldersgate Street*, so called from the northern gate, one of the three original gates of Anglo-Norman London. Some derive its name from the Saxon Aldrich, its supposed founder; others, including Stow, from the alder-trees which grew around it. The gate (removed in 1761) as restored after the Fire was rather like Temple Bar, with the addition of side towers, and was surmounted by a figure of James I. It was inscribed with the words of Jeremiah—"Then shall enter into the gates of this city kings and princes, sitting upon the throne of David, riding in chariots and on horses, they and their princes, the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and this city shall remain for ever." The rooms over the gate were occupied by the famous printer John Day, who printed the folio Bible, dedicated to Edward VI., in 1549, as well as the works of Roger Ascham, Latimer's Sermons, and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." In the frontispiece of one of his books, he is represented in a room into which the sun is shining, arousing his sleeping apprentices with a whip, and the words—"Arise, for it is day."

On the right of Aldersgate Street, behind the Post-office, is an ugly Church, built by Wren, called *St. Anne in the Willows*—a name very inappropriate to it now. The curious monuments in this church were removed at the end of the last century. One to Peter Heiwood, 1701, recorded the fate of his grandfather, the Peter Heiwood who arrested Guy Fawkes, and, in revenge, was stabbed to death in Westminster Hall by John James, a Dominican friar, in 1640.

St. Anne's Lane is the scene of Sir Roger de Coverley's adventure—

"This worthy knight, being but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane; upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering the question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who made Anne a saint? The boy being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and, instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. 'Upon this,' says Sir Roger, 'I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that place;' by which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party."—*Spectator*, No. 125.

On the left is *Bull and Mouth Street* (Boulogne Mouth) curiously commemorating, in its corrupted name, the capture of Boulogne Harbour by Henry VIII., in 1544. The Bull and Mouth Inn was one of the great centres from which coaches started before the time of railways. It was here that George Fox, founder of the Quakers, preached during the Commonwealth. After the Restoration the inn became celebrated in the story of Quaker persecutions: it was there that (August 26, 1662) Ellwood was seized and carried to Bridewell, afterwards to Newgate.

On the left of Aldersgate Street, the branches of a plane-tree waving over a small Gothic fountain will draw attention to the *Church of St. Botolph, Aldersgate*, of 1796, which contains the monument of Dame Anne Packington, supposed to have written "The Whole Duty of Man." A brotherhood of the Holy Trinity was attached to this church. The Palmer in John Heywood's "Four P's," describing his pilgrimages in different parts of the world, says that he has been—

> "At Saint Botulphe and Saint Anne of Buckstone,
> * * * * *
> Praying to them to pray for me,
> Unto the blessed Trinitie."

Little Britain (commemorating the mansion of John, Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond, temp. Edward II.), a tributary of Aldersgate Street on the left, was as great a centre for booksellers in the reigns of the Stuarts as Paternoster Row is now. It is the place where, according to Richardson, the Earl of Dorset was wandering about on a book-hunt in 1667, when, coming upon a hitherto unknown work called "Paradise Lost," and dipping into it here and there, he admired it rather, and bought it. The bookseller begged him, if he approved of it, to recommend it, as the copies lay on his hands as so much waste paper. He took it home, and showed it to Dryden, who said at once, "This man cuts us all out and the ancients too." The street has still much of the character, though it has lost the picturesqueness, described by Washington Irving.

"In the centre of the great City of London lies a small neighbourhood, consisting of a cluster of narrow streets and courts, of very venerable and debilitated houses, which goes by name of Little

Britain. Christ Church School and St. Bartholomew's Hospital bound it on the west; Smithfield and Long Lane on the north; Aldersgate Street, like an arm of the sea, divides it from the eastern part of the City; whilst the yawning gulf of Bull and Mouth Street separates it from Butcher's Hall Lane and the regions of Newgate. Over this little territory, thus bounded and designated, the great dome of St. Paul's, swelling above the intervening houses of Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, and Ave Maria Lane, looks down with an air of motherly protection

"This quarter derives its appellation from having been, in ancient times, the residence of the Dukes of Brittany. As London increased, however, rank and fashion moved off to the west, and trade, creeping on at their heels, took possession of their deserted abodes. For some time Little Britain became the great mart of learning, and was peopled by the busy and prolific race of booksellers; these also gradually deserted it, and emigrating beyond the great strait of Newgate Street, settled down in Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Churchyard, where they continue to increase and multiply even at the present day.

"But though thus fallen into decline, Little Britain still bears traces of its former splendour. There are several houses ready to tumble down, the fronts of which are magnificently enriched with oaken carvings of hideous faces, unknown birds, beasts, and fishes; and fruits and flowers which it would puzzle a naturalist to classify. There are also, in Aldersgate Street, certain remains of what were once spacious and lordly family mansions, but which have in latter days been subdivided into several tenements. Here may often be found the family of a petty tradesman, with its trumpery furniture, burrowing amongst the relics of antiquated finery, in great rambling time-stained apartments, with fretted ceilings, gilded cornices, and enormous marble fire-places. The lanes and courts also contain many smaller houses, not on so grand a scale, but, like your small gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity. These have their gable ends to the street; great bow windows, with diamond panes set in lead; grotesque carvings, and low-arched doorways.* Little Britain may truly be called the heart's core of the City; the stronghold of true John Bullism. It is a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions."—*The Sketch Book.*

A little beyond, on the right of Aldersgate, Falcon Street leads into *Silver Street*, which contains one of the pretty quiet breathing-places bequeathed by the Fire to the City. A

* There are still such houses in the neighbouring Cloth Fair.

stone tells "This was the parish church of St. Olave, Silver Street, destroy'd in the dreadfvll fire in the yeare, 1666." No. 24, Silver Street, is the *Hall of ihe Parish Clerks Company*, incorporated 1232. Amongst their portraits of benefactors is one of William Roper, son-in-law of Sir Thomas More.

On the left of Silver Street is *Monkwell Street*, containing (left, No. 33) the *Barber-Surgeons' Court-Room* (their Hall is destroyed, and their Company consists neither of Barbers nor Surgeons), approached by an old porch of Charles II.'s time. Here are several good pictures—the Countess of Richmond (with a lamb and an olive-branch) by *Sir Peter Lely;* Inigo Jones by *Vandyke;* and a grand *Holbein* of Henry VIII. giving a charter to the Barber-Surgeons.* The Company have refused offers of £12,000 for this picture in later years, though Pepys somewhat contemptuously says—

"29th Aug. 1668. Harris (the actor) and I to the Chyrurgeons' Hall, where they are building it now very fine; and thence to see their theatre, which stood all the Fire, and (which was our business) their great picture of Holbein's, thinking to have bought it, by the help of W. Pierce, for a little money: I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and it is not a pleasant, though a good picture."

The picture is a noble one and most minutely finished, even to the details of the ermine on the king's robe and the rings on his fingers. Henry, seated in a chair of state, is giving the charter to Thomas Vicary, the then master, who was sergeant-surgeon to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and is said to have written the earliest work

* In that time and long afterwards, barbers officiated as surgeons in bleeding, as still in Italy. The well-known staff which sticks out above a barber's door commemorates this, as it was customary for the patient about to be bled to hold a staff at full length to keep his arm upon the stretch during the operation.

on anatomy in the English language. The thirteen principal members, who kneel in gowns trimmed with fur, bear their names on their shoulders. The three on the right, Chamber, Butts, and Alsop, were all past masters of the company, at the time of the giving of the Charter. Dr. John Chamber was the king's chief physician and Dean of St. Stephen's College, Westminster, where he built the cloister; Dr. Butts, also physician to the king, had been admitted to the company as "vir gravis; eximia literarum cognitione, singulari judicio, summa experientia, et prudenti consilio Doctor:" his conduct, on the presumed degradation of Cranmer, is nobly pourtrayed by Shakspeare. Dr. J. Alsop is represented with lank hair and uncovered. Sir John Ayliffe, who kneels on the left, was also an eminent surgeon, and had been sheriff of London in 1548; according to the inscription on his monument in the Church of St. Michael Bassishaw, he was "called to court," by Henry the Eighth, "who loved him dearly well;" and was afterwards knighted for his services to Edward VI. The picture furnishes an example of the beginning of a change of costume, in respect to shirts: the wrists of Henry being encircled by small ruffles, and the necks of several of the members displaying a raised collar.*

A curious leather screen in the Court-Room is said to commemorate the gratitude of a man who, after being hung at Tyburn, was discovered to be still living, and resuscitated by the efforts of the Barber-Surgeons, when his body was brought to them for dissection. Such a recovery did occur (November 1740) in the case of William Duel, aged 17, who, after being hanged at Tyburn for twenty-two minutes,

* See Allen's "Hist. of London."

recovered in the Surgeons' Hall, just as he was about to be cut up by the anatomists.

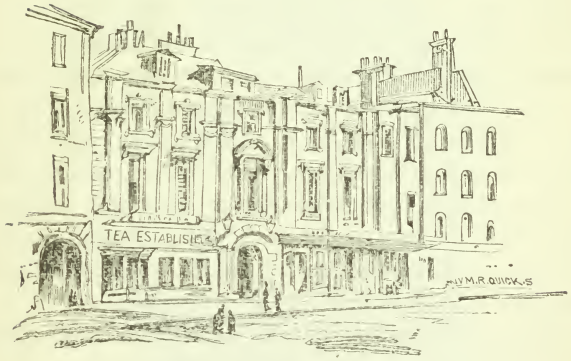
Amongst the plate of the Company is a very curious cup, made by order of Charles II., and presented by him, the Master at the time being Sir Charles Scarborough, his chief physician. It is of silver, partially gilt, the stem and body representing the oak of Boscobel, and the acorns which hang around containing little bells, which ring as the cup passes from hand to hand.

Smollett, who painted many of the events of his own life in Roderick Random, describes his appearance at Barber-Surgeons' Hall to pass his examination before obtaining the appointment of surgeon's mate, which he did in 1741.

Windsor Place, Monkwell Street, commemorates the town-house of the Lords Windsor. The modern houses on the right of the street occupy the site of the Hermitage of St. James-in-the-Wall, a cell of Quorndon Abbey in Leicestershire. At the Dissolution it was granted by Henry VIII. to William Lambe, a clothworker, who built (c. 1540) an interesting chapel, pulled down in 1874, over its fine old Norman crypt, of which a portion is preserved in the garden of the Clothworkers' Hall in Mincing Lane.

Returning to Aldersgate Street, *Westmoreland Buildings*, on the left, mark the site of the town-house of the Nevils, Earls of Westmoreland. On the right of the street, conspicuous from its front by eight pillars, is a fine old house built by Inigo Jones, formerly called Thanet House, from the Tuftons, Earl of Thanet, but which has been known as *Shaftesbury House* since it was inhabited by the first Earl of Shaftesbury, Anthony Ashley Cooper, the "Achitophel" of Dryden, so graphically described by him.

"For close designs, and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit."



Shaftesbury House, Aldersgate.

Lord Shaftesbury chose this house as a residence that he might the better influence the minds of the citizens, of whom he boasted that he "could raise ten thousand brisk boys by the holding up of his finger." His animosity to the Duke of York obliged his retirement in 1683 to Holland, where he died. The house, as Maitland says, is "a most delightful fine residence, which deserves a much better situation, and greater care to preserve it from the injuries of time."

Close by was Bacon House, the private residence of Sir

Nicholas, father of the great Lord Bacon—the fat old man of whom Queen Elizabeth used to say "my Lord Keeper's soul is well lodged," and of whom so many witticisms are remembered, especially his reply to the thief Hogg, who claimed his mercy on plea of kindred between the Hoggs and the Bacons, "Ah, you and I cannot be kin until you have been hanged."

Opposite Shaftesbury House was London House, which, being at one time the residence of the Bishops of London, was the place to which the Princess Anne fled in the revolution of 1688. An old house with the low gables and projecting windows which stood near it, and which still exists, is called, without reason, "Shakspeare's House," but, as the "Half Moon Tavern," it was a well-known resort of the wits of the sixteenth century. Much curious carving, seen in prints of this old building, is now destroyed. Lauderdale House, at the end of Hare Court (right), was the residence of John Maitland, Duke of Lauderdale, introduced in "Old Mortality."

Aldersgate Street leads into *Goswell* (Godes-well) *Road*, to the right of which *Old Street* leads eastwards.

"The oldest way in or about London is perhaps that which bears the names of Old Street, Old Street Road, and (further eastward) the Roman Road, leading to Old Ford; probably a British way and ford over the Lea, and older than London itself—forming the original communication between the eastern and western counties north of the Thames."—*Archæologia*, xli.

The whole of this neighbourhood teems with associations of Milton, who lived in "a pretty garden house" in Aldersgate Street after his removal from St. Bride's Churchyard. In 1661 he went to live in *Jewin Street* (on the right of Aldersgate, formerly the Jews' Garden and the only place

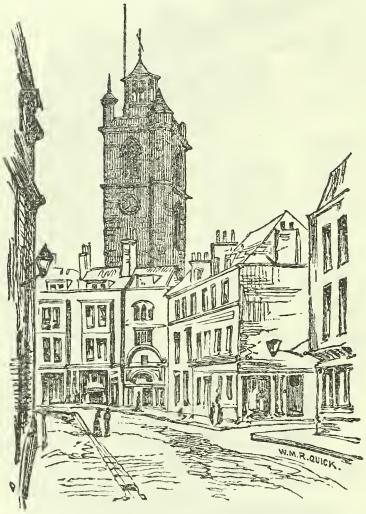
where Jews had a right to bury before the reign of Henry II.). It was here that Milton, who had already been blind for ten years, married his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Minshul, of a Cheshire family, in 1664, the year before the Plague.

"Shakspeare's House," Aldersgate.

Here, in his blindness, he gave instruction by ear to Ellwood the Quaker in the foreign pronunciation of Latin, which he aptly said was the only way in which he could benefit by Latin in conversation with foreigners. It was this Ellwood who, when the Plague broke out in 1665, gave Milton the cottage-refuge at Chalfont St. Giles, in which he

wrote his "Paradise Regained." He returned to London to reside in Bunhill Fields in 1666, and there, on Nov. 8, 1674, he died, and was attended to the grave, says Toland (1698), by "all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar."

Jewin Street leads into *Cripplegate*, so called, says Mait-



Redcross Street.

land, "from the cripples who begged there." The gate of the City here was of great antiquity, for the body of St. Edmund the Martyr was carried through it in 1010 from Bury St. Edmunds, to save it from the Danes, and, according to Lidgate, the monk of Bury, it worked great miracles beneath it. Here, as we stand in *Redcross Street* (so called from a cross which once stood in Beech Lane), we see

rising above a range of quaint old houses built in 1660, and so displaying the architecture in fashion just before the Great Fire, the tower of *St. Giles*, the church of the hermit of the Rhone, who was the especial saint of cripples and lepers. Its characteristics cannot be better described than in the words of the author of "The Hand of Ethelberta"—

"Turning into Redcross Street they beheld the bold shape of the tower they sought, clothed in every neutral shade, standing clear against the sky, dusky and grim in its upper stage, and hoary grey below, where every corner of stone was completely rounded off by the waves of wind and storm. All people were busy here: our visitors seemed to be the only idle persons the city contained; and there was no dissonance—there never is—between antiquity and such beehive industry; for pure industry, in failing to observe its own existence and aspect, partakes of the unobtrusive nature of material things. This intramural stir was a fly-wheel transparent by infinite motion, through which Milton and his day could be seen as if nothing intervened. Had there been ostensibly harmonious accessories, a crowd of observing people in search of the poetical, conscious of the place and the scene, what a discord would have arisen there."

The church, which is celebrated for the burial of Milton and the marriage of Cromwell, has been grievously mauled and besmeared with blue and white paint internally. A foolish Gothic canopy with tawdry alabaster columns has been raised over the fine bust of Milton by *Bacon*, placed here in 1793 by Mr. Whitbread. The poet was buried in 1674 in the grave of his father (*ob.* 1646), "an ingenuous man," says Aubrey, "who delighted in music." The parish books say that Milton died "of consumption, fourteen years after the blessed Restoration." In 1790 his bones were disinterred, his hair torn off, and his teeth knocked out and carried off by the churchwardens, after which, for many years, Elizabeth Grant, the female

grave-digger, used to keep a candle and exhibit the mutilated skeleton at twopence and threepence a head. This sacrilege led to Cooper's lines—

"Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones,
And steal his dust away.

"O, ill-requited bard! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts the dead!"

"Whoever has any true taste and genius, we are confident, will esteem 'Paradise Lost' the best of all modern productions, and the Scriptures the best of all ancient ones."—*Bishop Newton.*

On the south wall is an interesting bust to Speed, the topographer, 1629; and, near the west door, the slab tomb of Foxe the martyrologist, 1587. On the north wall are the tombs of the daughter and granddaughter of Shakspeare's Sir Thomas Lucy. The latter is represented rising in her shroud from her tomb at the resurrection, which has given rise to a tradition that she was buried alive and roused from her trance by the sexton, who opened her coffin to steal one of her rings. The parish register records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bowchier, August 20, 1620.

In the sunny *Churchyard* of St. Giles is a well-preserved bastion of the *City Wall* of Edward IV.'s time. The lower portion is formed of rude stones and tiles, the upper of courses of flint laid in cement. The battlements of the old wall adjoining were removed in 1803 and a stupid brick wall erected in their place "at the expense of the parish."

The bells of St. Giles's are celebrated, and

> "Oh, what a preacher is the time-worn tower,
> Reading great sermons with its iron tongue."

Not far from the church was Crowder's Well (com-

St. Giles, Cripplegate.

memorated in Well Street), of which we read in Childrey's "Britannia Baconica" (1661) that its waters had "a pleasant taste like that of new milk," and were "very good for sore eyes;" moreover that there was "an ancient man who whenever he was sick would drink plenteously of this Crowder's Well water, and was presently made well, and whenever he

was overcome of drink, he would drink of this water, which would presently make him sober"!

The curious "Williams Library," founded in Redcross Street by Dr. Daniel Williams, the dissenting divine (1644—1716), which contained an original portrait of Baxter, was pulled down in 1857. Its books (20,000 volumes) are now at Somerset House.

Redcross Street leads into *Golden* (Golding) *Lane*, where the name of *Play House Yard* on the right, connecting this with Whitecross Street, is a memorial of the ancient "Fortune Theatre" erected in 1599 on that site: it was last used in the time of Charles II. This theatre is considered by some to have been "The Fortune" by which Edward Alleyne, the founder of Dulwich College, made his wealth, having been the son of the innkeeper of "the Pye" in Bishopsgate Street: others identify it with Killigrew's playhouse called "The Nursery," which was intended as a school for young actors. Pepys records his visit to the theatre by saying, "I found the musique better that we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be."

On the left is *Barbican*, so called from a watch-tower on the city-wall—

> "A watch-tower once, but now, so fate ordains,
> Of all the pile an empty name remains."
>
> *Dryden.*

Here Milton lived 1646—7, and here he wrote "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." In Beechland, by Barbican, was the palace of Prince Rupert. It was in these narrow streets of Cripplegate that the Plague raged worst of all.

On the left of Fore Street is *Milton Street*, formerly the notorious Grub Street, well known as the abode of small authors, who, writers of trashy pamphlets and broadsides, became the butts for the wits of their time: thus Grub Street appears in the "Dunciad"—

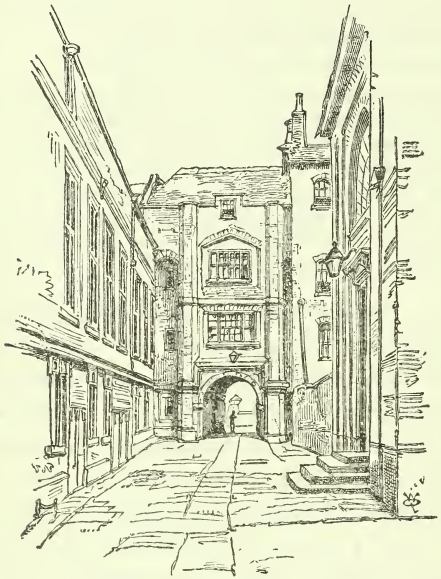
> "Not with less glory mighty Dullness crown'd,
> Shall take through Grub Street her triumphant round,
> And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
> Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce."

"Pope's answers are so sharp, and his slaughter so wholesale, that the reader's sympathies are often enlisted on the side of the devoted inhabitants of Grub Street. He it was who brought the notion of a vile Grub Street before the minds of the general public; he it was who created such associations as author and rags—author and dirt—author and gin. The occupation of authorship became ignoble through his graphic description of misery, and the literary profession was for a long time destroyed."—*Thackeray.*

The name "Grub Street," as opprobrious, seems, however, to have been first applied by their opponents to the writings of Foxe the Martyrologist, who resided in the street, as did John Speed the Historian. Oddly enough, in this neighbourhood full of memories of him, the modern name of the street is not derived from the poet, but from Milton a builder. In Sweedon's Passage, opening out of this street, was a curious old building called Gresham House, pulled down in 1805; it was shown as the house of Sir Richard ("Dick") Whittington in the reign of Henry IV., and of Sir Thomas Gresham in that of Elizabeth.

Returning a few steps, Cripplegate Buildings lead into the street called *London Wall*, opposite the picturesque modern *Hall of the Curriers Company*, which recalls the old buildings of Innsbruck, and is decorated with the banner-bearing stags, which are the crest of the Company.

Close by, with a fine old brick and stone front towards Philip Lane, is *Sion College*, founded 1631 by Dr. Thomas White, vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West, for the use of the London clergy—"where expectants may lodge till they are provided with houses in the several parishes in which they



Sion College.

serve cure."* The story of the Good Samaritan is represented on its seal. The college has a chapel, library, and hospital attached to it. Half of the library was consumed in the Great Fire. Fuller resided in the quiet courts of Sion College while he was writing his "Church History."

* Defoe, "Journey through England," 1722.

The neighbouring *Church of St. Alphege, London Wall* (dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, murdered by the Danes in 1014), might easily escape observation. Its tower belonged to an earlier church, St. Mary Elsing Spittal, founded in 1532, of which the Early English doorway is a relic. The interior, rebuilt 1777, is little better than a square room, but on its north wall is preserved the handsome Corinthian monument of Sir Rowland Hayward (1593), twice Lord Mayor, and at his death "the antientest alderman of the city." He kneels under the central niche, on a red cushion, facing the spectators, and at the sides are his two wives and the eight "happy children" of each.

Opposite St. Alphege, a fragment of its Churchyard is preserved (in a garden formed 1872) for the sake of the fine fragment of the old *London Wall* which it contains.

Aldermanbury Postern was a small gate in the Wall close to this, which led into Finsbury Fields, much frequented by the Londoners in summer evenings.

On the right is the opening of *New Basinghall Street*, named (with Bassishaw Ward) from the Basings, who lived hard by in Blackwell Hall, from the reign of John to that of Edward III. Here, in a quiet court, is the *Church of S. Michael Bassishaw* (Basings haugh), one of Wren's worst rebuildings. It contains the tomb of Dr. T. Wharton, remarkable for his devotion to the sufferers in the great Plague of 1665. In the old church, destroyed in the Fire, Sir John Gresham, Lord Mayor in 1547, uncle of Sir Thomas, was buried with solemnities like those which still attend the funerals of the Roman princes.

"He was buried with a standard and pennon of arms, and a coat of armour of damask, and four pennons of arms; besides a helmet, a

target, and a sword, mantles and the crest, a goodly hearse of wax, ten dozen of pensils, and twelve dozen of escutcheons. He had four dozen of great staff torches, and a dozen of great long torches. The church and street were all hung with black, and arms in great store; and on the morrow three goodly masses were sung."—*Stow.*

The last State Lottery in England was held at Cooper's Hall in Basinghall Street, Oct. 18, 1826.

Farther down London Wall, on the right, at the entrance of Throgmorton Avenue, is the *Hall of the Carpenters Company*, erected 1877 from designs of *G. Pocock*. Many will remember with bitter regret the noble old building which was destroyed when this was built—the staircase and vestibule adorned with exquisite medallions from designs of Bacon; and the hall, so picturesque without, and so full of glorious oak carving within—one of the best of the buildings which survived the Fire. On its western wall were frescoes illustrative of the carpenter's art, which had been white-washed in Puritan times and re-discovered in 1845, viz. :—

Noah receiving the instructions of the Almighty as to building the Ark.

Josiah repairing the Temple (his workmen in the costume of Henry VIII.).

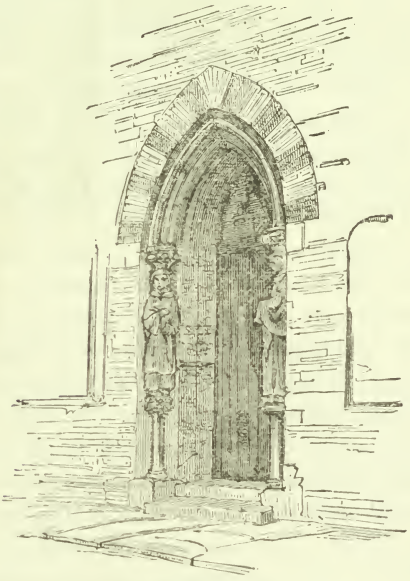
Our Lord gathering chips in the workshop of Joseph, who was represented at work, with the Virgin spinning by his side.

The Teaching of the child Jesus in the Synagogue. "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

The first Hall, built "by citizens and carpenters of London," was erected in 1428 on land leased in this neighbourhood from the Priory of St. Mary Spittal.

Passing the ugly Church of *Allhallows in the Wall*, built in 1765, containing an altar-piece by *Dance*, we may enter *Broad Street* and turn to the right.

Where Broad Street falls into Throgmorton Street a gateway on the right leads into the quiet courts of *Austin Friars,* occupying the site of a famous Augustinian convent founded in 1243 by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex. At the Dissolution it was granted by



In Austin Friars.

Henry VIII. to William Paulet, first Marquis of Winchester; but the church, which was retained for the king, was granted by Edward VI. "to the Dutch nation in London to have their service in (as he says in his journal of June 29, 1550), for avoiding of all sects of Ana-Baptists, and such like." The Dutch still own the building, which has some handsome

Decorated windows. The tombs in this church—once like a cathedral, the present edifice being only part of the ancient nave—were amongst the most magnificent in London—and it still contains the remains of a vast number of eminent persons, including Richard Fitz Alan, Earl of Surrey, beheaded in 1397 by Richard II. for joining the league against Vere and De la Pole; Humphrey de Bohun, godfather of Edward I., who fought in the Battle of Evesham; Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, who was so powerful in the reigns of John and Henry III.; Edward, eldest son of the Black Prince and of the Fair Maid of Kent, who died in his seventh year, 1375; the 10th Earl of Arundel, executed at Cheapside in 1397; John de Vere, 12th Earl of Oxford, beheaded on Tower Hill in 1461; the barons who fell in the Battle of Barnet, buried together in the body of the church in 1471; William, Lord Berkeley (1492), and his wife Joan; and Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in 1521, through the jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey,—of whose death Charles V. said that "a Butcher's son (Wolsey) had devoured the fairest buck in all England." It will scarcely be believed that the monuments of all these illustrious dead were sold by the second Marquis of Winchester for £100! The monastery had been granted by Henry VIII. to the first Marquis, who is celebrated as having lived under nine sovereigns, and who, when asked in his old age how he had contrived to get on so well with them all, said "by being a willow and not an oak." He was the builder of Winchester House in Austin Friars, which was sold to a city merchant by the 4th Marquis, but only pulled down in 1839. In this house the famous Anne Clifford, who "knew everything from predestination to

slane silk,"* married her first husband, Richard, Earl of Dorset, February 25, 1608—9. Winchester House is commemorated in *Great Winchester Street*, which till lately contained more ancient houses than almost any street in London. Now many of them are rebuilt, but the street has an old-world look, and ends in a quiet court surrounded with ancient brick houses, with a broad stone staircase leading to the principal doorway. The *Hall of the Pinners Company* is in this street.

Turning to the right from the gate of Austin Friars, we find ourselves at the western front of the Royal Exchange, before which is the seated *Statue of George Peabody* by *W. Story*.

* Dr. Donne.

CHAPTER VIII.

BISHOPSGATE.

RETURNING to the Royal Exchange, we must follow *Threadneedle Street*, properly Three-Needle Street, which belongs to the Merchant Tailors. On the right, concealed by a row of houses (for which an annual rent of £3 per foot is paid), is the *Hall of the Merchant Tailors Company*, which was incorporated in 1466. It was built after the great Fire by the city architect Jarmin, and surrounds a courtyard. It can only be visited by a special order from the Master or Clerk of the Company. The Hall is a noble chamber (90 feet by 48), rich in stained glass and surrounded by the arms of the members. At the end are the arms of the Company—the Lamb of their patron St. John Baptist, and a pavilion between two royal mantles, with camels as supporters. A corridor beyond the Hall has stained glass windows which commemorate a quarrel for precedence between the Merchant Tailors and Skinners Companies in 1484—5. The Lord Mayor (Sir R. Belesdon) was called upon to decide it, and ordained that the Companies should have precedence by alternate years: and in commemoration of their peace the Skinners Company dines

with its rival every year in July, when the Master of the Merchant Tailors proposes the toast—

> "Skinners and Merchant Tailors,
> Merchant Tailors and Skinners,
> Root and branch may they flourish
> For ever and eve;"

and in August the Skinners return the hospitality, giving the same toast and reversing the order in which the Companies are named.

The Court Dining-Room contains—

George III. and Queen Charlotte—copies of pictures at Hatfield by *Sir T. Lawrence.*
George Bristow, clerk of the Company—*Opie.*
George North, clerk—*Hudson.*
Samuel Fiske—*Richmond.*

A noble staircase, the walls of which bear portraits of former masters, leads to the *Picture Gallery*, containing—

Charles I.—*School of Vandyke.*
Duke of Wellington—*Sir D. Wilkie.*
Lord Chancellor Eldon with his favourite dog—*Pickersgill.*
Duke of York—*Sir Thomas Lawrence.*
*Henry VIII.—*Paris Bordone.*
William Pitt—*Hoppner.*

The Drawing-Room contains—

Charles II., James II. } *Sir G. Kneller.*
William III., Mary II. } *Murray.*

In the *Court Business Room* are—

Sir Thomas White, 1561, Founder of St. John's College at Oxford, said to have been painted, after his death, from his sister who was exactly like him.
Sir Thomas Row. 1562.
Sir Abraham Reynardson, Lord Mayor, 1640.

In the *Kitchen* eighteen haunches of venison can be cooked at once and *are* cooked for the great dinner on the first Wednesday in July. A small but beautiful vaulted *Crypt* is a relic of the Hall destroyed in the great Fire. The magnificent collection of plate includes some curious Irish tankards of 1683, and the silver measure by which the Merchant Tailors had the right to test the goods in Bartholomew Fair.

On the north of Threadneedle Street was the South Sea House, rendered famous by the "bubble" of 1720. Threadneedle Street falls into the picturesque and irregular *Bishopsgate Street*, which, having escaped the great Fire, is full of quaint buildings with high roofs and projecting windows, and is rich in several really valuable memorials of the past.

The most interesting of the remaining houses is one which we see on the right immediately after entering Bishopsgate—*Crosby Hall*, with a late lath and plaster front towards the street, but altogether the most beautiful specimen of domestic architecture remaining in London, and one of the finest examples of the 15th century in England.

Sir John Crosby, "Grocer and Woolman," was an Alderman, who represented the City of London in 1461. In 1471 he was knighted by Edward IV. He obtained a lease of this property for ninety-nine years from Alice Ashfield, Prioress of St. Helens, and built "this house of stone and timber, very large and beautiful, and the highest," says Stow, "at that time in London." But he died in 1475; so that he only enjoyed his palace for a short time.

It was here, says Sir Thomas More, that Richard, Duke of Gloucester, "lodged himself, and little by little all folks drew unto him, so that the Protector's court was crowded

and King Edward's left desolate," and it was in the hall which we now see that he planned the deposition, most probably the death, of his nephew. Shakspeare knew Crosby Hall well, for we know from the parish assessments that he was residing in 1598 in St. Helens, where, from the sum levied, he must have inhabited a house of importance. He introduces Crosby Hall as the place where Richard induced Anne of Warwick to await his return from the funeral of her father-in-law, the murdered Henry VI., and he otherwise twice mentions it in his play of *Richard III.*, to which fact it is probable that we owe the preservation of the grand old house, amongst the vicissitudes which have attended other historical buildings.

Sir Thomas More lived here for some years; and here, without doubt, wrote his Life of Richard III. In 1523 he sold it to the man whom he himself describes as his "dearest friend," Antonio Bonvisi, an Italian merchant of Lucca, who was settled in London. It was to this Bonvisi that he wrote a last touching letter with charcoal from the Tower, and, on the morning of his execution, the dress he put on was the "silk camlet gown given him by his entire good friend M. Antonio Bonvisi." It would seem that after Sir Thomas More's execution his devoted daughter Margaret longed to return to a place so much connected with her father's sacred life, and in 1547 Bonvisi leased Crosby Hall to More's son-in-law, William Roper, and to his nephew, William Rastell, who was an eminent printer. By the religious persecutions under Edward VI., Bonvisi, Roper, and Rastell were all obliged to go abroad, but they returned under Mary. The next proprietor of the house was Alderman Bond, who added a turret to it, and died

here in 1576. The rich Mayor of London, Sir John Spencer, bought Crosby Place in 1594, and during his occupation M. de Rosny, afterwards Duc de Sully, the minister of Henry IV., was received here as ambassador, when he came over to persuade James I. to preserve the league which had existed between Elizabeth, France, and the Hollanders, and not to make war with Catholic Spain. In his Memoirs he gives a curious account of a scene which occurred here in the great hall during his visit. Previous ambassadors had brought great disrepute upon their country through the excesses committed in London by members of their suite, and of these he was determined to prevent a recurrence. To his horror, upon the very evening of his arrival, he discovered that one of his attendants, going out to amuse himself, had murdered an English merchant in a brawl in Great St. Helen's. He immediately made the whole of his companions and servants range themselves against the wall; and taking a lighted flambeau, he walked up to each in turn, and, throwing the light full upon them, scrutinised their faces. By his trembling and his livid paleness it was soon disclosed that a noble young gentleman, son of the Sieur de Combaut, was the culprit. He was related to the French Ambassador M. de Beaumont, who demanded, urged, and entreated his pardon, but in vain. Sully declared that Combaut should be beheaded in a few minutes. He was finally induced to give him up to the Mayor, who saved his life; but his severity, says Sully, had this consequence, that "the English began to love, and the French to fear him more."

Sir John Spencer, having but a poor opinion of the Compton family in that day, positively forbade the first

Earl of Northampton to pay his addresses to his daughter, who was the greatest heiress in England. One day, at the foot of the staircase, Sir John met the baker's boy with his covered barrow, and, being pleased at his having come punctually when he was ordered, he gave him sixpence; but the baker's boy was Lord Northampton in disguise, and in the covered barrow he was carrying off the beautiful Elizabeth Spencer. When he found how he had been duped, Sir John swore that Lord Northampton had seen the only sixpence of his money he should ever receive, and refused to be reconciled to his daughter. But the next year Queen Elizabeth, having expressed to Sir John Spencer the sympathy which she felt with his sentiments upon the ingratitude of his child, invited him to come and be "gossip" with her to a newly-born baby in which she was much interested, and he could not refuse; and it is easy to imagine whose that baby was. So the Spencer property came to the Comptons after all, and an immense inheritance it has been, and Lord Northampton lived to erect the magnificent tomb to his "well-deserving father-in-law," where the disobedient daughter, in everlasting contrition for her fault, may be seen kneeling, in a tremendous hoop, at her father's feet.

The rich wife continued to live frequently in Crosby Place, and was rather an expensive wife to her husband, especially considering the value of money at that time, as may be judged from the following letter written soon after her marriage. It seems worth giving as characteristic of the people, the place, and the times.

"My sweet Life. Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider

within myself what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £2,600 quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have £600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for. Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none should dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let; also, believe it, it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also when I ride a-hunting or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of these said women I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fine horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all; orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with their chamber-maids', nor theirs with their wash-maids'. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before the carriages, to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, and for that it is undecent for me to crowd myself up with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse £2,000 and £200, and so you to pay my debts. Also I would have £6,000 to buy me jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl-chain. Now, seeing I have been and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

Also my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby House, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my Lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life. . . So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me £2,000 more than I now desire, and double attendance."

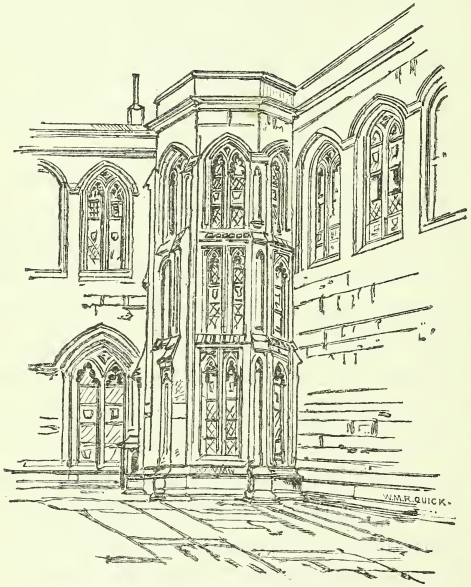
Here for many years lived the Countess of Pembroke, immortalised in Ben Jonson's epitaph. In 1640 Crosby Place was leased to Sir John Langham. In 1672 it became a Presbyterian Meeting House. It was later a packer's warehouse, till, in 1831, a subscription was raised to restore it as we now see it.

A passage, one of those obscure and almost secret ways of the City, which yet are crowded with foot passengers, leads under an archway into and through Crosby Square. It passes in front of the noble oriel of the *Hall*. This is a stately room, 54 ft. long, 27 ft. broad, and was once 40 ft. high, but this has been curtailed, with a noble perpendicular timber roof. The great oriel window has been filled by *Willement* with stained glass armorial bearings of the different possessors of Crosby Place. It is one of the few ancient halls in which there is no indication of a raised dais. Above the adjoining *Council Chamber* is the so-called *Throne Room*, with a peculiarly beautiful window. Crosby Place is now occupied by the Restaurant of Messrs. Gordon and Co.

In *Crosby Square*, at the back of the Hall, are some admirable modern buildings of brick and terra-cotta. *Crosby Hall Chambers*, close by, have a good chimney-piece of 1635.

Close to Crosby Place, a low timber-corbelled gateway leads out of Bishopsgate Street into *Great St. Helen's*, where, from the noise and bustle of the great thoroughfare, you

suddenly enter upon the quiet of a secluded churchyard, filled in early spring with bright green foliage. Here, c. 1216, the Priory of the Nuns of St. Helen's was founded by William Basing, Dean of St. Paul's. The old Hall of the Nuns was only removed in 1799. Their *Church* remains,



Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate Street.

and from the number of monuments connected with the City of London within its walls it has become a kind of Westminster Abbey for the City, and is of the highest interest. Lately the number of these monuments has been greatly increased by the destruction, in 1874, of the ancient

Church of St. Martin Outwich (so called from its founder, John de Oteswitch), and the removal to St. Helen's of all the tombs which it contained.

The church consists of two aisles, separated by perpendicular arches, with chapels attached at the south-east. Only a very small portion of the building is used for congregational purposes, and till a few years ago a large part of the west end, screened off, and always known as "The Void," was only used for funerals. The whole building is surrounded with monuments. An inscription over the west door reminds us that "This is none other than the house of God," but the usual entrance is by the handsome Jacobean door on the south side of the building. The small altar-tomb with incised figures opposite the entrance is that of William and Magdalen Kirwen of 1594. On the left of the door is the stately alabaster tomb of the rich Sir John Spencer (1609), raised by Lord Northampton to his "well-deserving father-in-law." "Some thousand men in mourning cloakes" assisted at his funeral.* The figures of Sir John and his wife (Alicia Bromfeld) repose under a double canopy; the heiress daughter, almost eclipsed in the immensity of her hoop, kneels at a desk at their feet. Next is the tomb of Dame Abigail Lawrence (1682), "the tender mother of ten children, nine of whom she suckled at her breast." Opposite, on the north wall, is the tomb of John Robinson, alderman, and merchant of the Staple, with Christian his wife (1592, 1599), who were "happy in nine sonnes and seaven daughters": all this family are kneeling behind their parents at a faldstool. Beyond this is an exquisite Gothic canopy (from St. Martin Outwich) of Pur-

* Letter from Mr. John Beaulieu to Mr. Turnbull. March 22, 1609—1610.

beck marble, over the tomb of Alderman Hugh Pemberton and his wife Katerina (1500).

Here the line of monuments is broken by a great tomb like a house, to Francis Bancroft, founder of the Mile End Almshouses, who "settled his estate in London and Middlesex for the beautifying and keeping in repair of this monument for ever." It is very ugly, but very curious. Being the property of the Drapers' Company, when a new Master is appointed, he generally pays his respects to Francis Bancroft, for the tomb can be entered by a door, and the lid of the coffin turns back, displaying the skeleton. Bancroft was so unpopular as a city magistrate in his life-time, that the people pealed the bells at his funeral, and tried to upset the coffin on its way to the grave. He desired that for a hundred years a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine might be placed in his grave every year on the anniversary of his death, because he was convinced that before that time he should awake from his death-sleep and require it. The hundred years have now expired.

Beyond Bancroft's tomb are a staircase and a door, which formerly communicated with two stories of the convent. There, against the wall, are the tombs of William Bond—"Flos Mercatorum"—"a merchant-adventurer, and most famous in his age for his great enterprises by sea and land" (1576); and Martin Bond (1643), governor of Tilbury Fort in the time of Elizabeth. He is represented sitting in a tent, with sentries outside, and a servant bringing up a horse. The noble altar-tomb beneath, with a raised coat of arms, is that of the great Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, with the simple in-

scription, "Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight, buried December 15, 1579." Above hangs his helmet, carried at his funeral. Against the wall is the quaint coloured monument of Sir Andrew Judde, Lord Mayor (1558), founder of the Grammar School at Tunbridge—

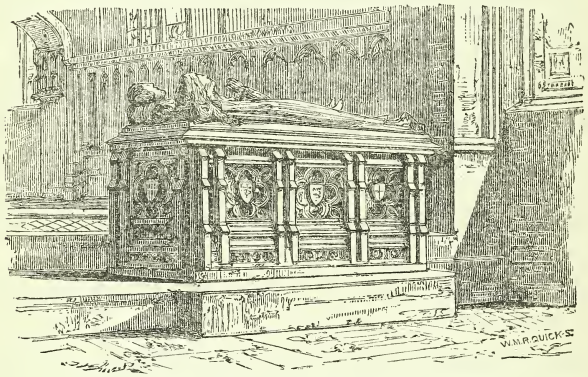
> "To Russia and Muscovia,
> To Spayne, Germany, without fable,
> Travelled he by land and sea,
> Both Mayor of London and Staple."

The great canopied tomb close by is that of Sir William Pickering, "famous in learning, arts, and warfare," and, moreover, very handsome, which caused him to stand so high in the favour of Elizabeth, that he (a simple knight) was at one time deemed to have a fair chance of obtaining the hand which was refused to the kings of Spain and Sweden. He died at Pickering House in St. Mary Axe in 1574. His son is commemorated on the same monument.

The beautiful Gothic niche behind Gresham's tomb has a kind of double grille of stone—"the Nuns' Grate"—which is believed to have been intended to allow refractory nuns* to hear a faint echo of the mass from the crypt beneath. In the "Nuns' Aisle," every Sunday morning, a dole of fresh loaves—"good sweet wheaten bread"—lies waiting on a clean white cloth for the poor, bequeathed to them by a humble benefactor of the early part of the seventeenth century, whose dust lies below.

* That the life of the Black Nuns of St. Helen's was not altogether devoid of amusements we may gather from the "Constitutiones" given them by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's—"also we enjoyne you, that all daunsyng and revelng be utterly forborne among you, except at Christmasse, and other honest tymys of recreacyone, among yourselfe usyd, in absence of seculars in alle wyse."

On the wall above the Nuns' Grate is a monument erected in 1877 to the memory of Alberico Gentili, who, when driven to England by the religious persecutions of the latter part of the sixteenth century, established his reputation as a great international jurist by his famous work, "De Jure Belli." The register of St. Helen's mentions the burial of his father, Matteo, "near the cherry-tree," and that of the son "at the feet of Widow Coombs, near the gooseberry



Tomb of Sir John Crosby, St. Helen's.

tree"—*i.e.* in the convent garden, as near to the back of this monument as can be identified.

Passing the altar, we reach the noble tomb of Sir John Crosby (1475) and his wife Anneys—he wearing an alderman's mantle over plate armour, and with a collar of suns and roses, the badge of the House of York, round his neck. The lady has a most remarkable headdress. Steps lead down into the *Chapel of the Virgin*, almost paved with

brasses, the best being that of John Lementhorp (1510) in armour; and those of Nicholas Wootton (1482) and John Brent (1451), rectors of St. Martin Outwich, removed from that church. In the centre of the chapel is the fine tomb of John de Oteswitch and Mary his wife, of the time of Henry IV., founders of St. Martin Outwich. An admirable little figure of a girl with a book, of old Italian work-

St. Helena.

manship, on a bracket, is said to be intended for St. Helena. The ancient altar-stone and sedilia remain.

In the *Chapel of the Holy Ghost* is the altar-tomb of Sir Julius Cæsar, the son of Pietro Maria Adelmare and Paola Cesarino of Treviso. He was made Master of Requests (1590) and Master of St. Catherine's Hospital (1596) by Elizabeth, was knighted at Greenwich by James I. in 1603,

made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1606, and Master of the Rolls in 1610. He was "the charitable Sir Julius Cæsar" of Izaak Walton.* The tomb was executed in the life-time of Sir Julius by *Nicholas Stone*, the sculptor of Dr. Donne's monument in St. Paul's. On the top is a scroll of black marble representing a parchment deed, with a seal appendant, by which Cæsar covenants willingly to pay the debt of nature, when it shall please God to require it. The deed is signed Feb. 27, 1634, and the debt was paid April 18, 1636. But the Latin inscription is too curious to omit—

"Omnibus Xri fidelibus ad quos hoc presens scriptum pervenerit; sciatis, me Julium Adelmare alias Cæsarem militem utriusq. juris doctorem Elizabethæ Reginæ supremæ curiæ Admiralitatis Judicem et unum e magistris libellorum: Jacobo Regi e privatis consiliariis, cancellarium Scaccarii et sacrorum sereniorum Magistrum hac presenti carta mea confirmasse, me adiuvente divino numine Naturæ debitum libenter soluturum quam primum Deo placuerit."

The stalls on the north of the chancel are the ancient seats of the nuns. A picturesque bit of carving against a pillar bears the arms and marked the seat of Sir John Lawrence, Lord Mayor, 1665.

On the north wall is the tomb (from St. Martin Outwich) of Alderman Richard Staper (1598), "the greatest merchant in his tyme, and the chiefest actor in the discoueri of the trades of Turkey and East India, a man humble in prosperity, payneful and ever ready in the affayres publicque, and discreetely careful of his private." The famous Robert Hooke, philosopher and mechanic, and Curator of the Royal Society, who died in Gresham College in 1702, is buried in this church without a monument. He

* See Walton's "Life of Sir Henry Wotton."

was the inventor of the first efficient air-pump, of the pendulum spring of a watch, of the circular pendulum adapted by Watt as his "governor of the steam-engine," and of the watch-wheel cutting machine. The first idea of a telegraph was originated by him.*

From the south porch of the church a labyrinthine passage leads by St. Mary Axe to St. Andrew Undershaft, of which there is a picturesque view where the passage opens upon the street. Several of the houses which look upon St. Helen's Churchyard deserve notice. No. 2 has a rich doorway, and good staircase of Charles I.'s time; Nos. 8 and 9 are subdivisions of a fine brick house of 1648, probably by Inigo Jones; and in No. 9 are a handsome chimney-piece and staircase of carved oak. The *Almshouses*, built in 1551 by Sir Andrew Judde, whose tomb we have seen, still exist here, but were rebuilt in 1729.

The next turn out of Bishopsgate Street leads into St. Helen's Place, near the end of which is the modern *Hall of the Leathersellers' Company*, incorporated by Richard II. It stands upon the still-preserved crypt of St. Helen's Priory. At the beginning of this century a curious fountain with the figure of a mermaid, sculptured by Caius Gabriel Cibber in 1779, in payment of a fine to the company, stood in the court in front of it; but it disappeared many years ago.

On the opposite side of Bishopsgate Street is the ancient hostelry of the *Green Dragon*, with wooden galleries overhanging its courtyard. The curious Inn of *The Four Swans* adjoining has been rebuilt and spoilt.

Near this on the left, with buildings extending to Broad

* The history of this church has been published in "Annals of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate," edited by the Rev. J. E. Cox, 1877.

Street, stood Gresham College, founded in honour of Sir Thomas Gresham, who gave the Royal Exchange to the City on condition that the Corporation would institute lectures on Divinity, Civil Law, Astronomy, Music, Geometry, Rhetoric, and Physic, to be delivered in his dwelling-house, which he bequeathed for the purpose.

Many eminent men were professors of this college, and their learned weekly meetings in 1645 gave birth to the Royal Society. During the time of the Commonwealth, Sir Christopher Wren was Professor of Astronomy here, and here he made his great reflecting telescope. On April 22, 1662, Charles II. formally constituted the college by the title of "The President, Council, and Fellows of the Royal Society of London for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge." Quaint and credulous were many of the inquiries of these old philosophers, who wrote to ask one of their foreign correspondents to ascertain "if it were true that diamonds grew again where they were digged out," and to find out "what river in Java turns wood into stone;" and who preserved in their museum a bone taken out of a mermaid's head, and issued reports of a mountain cabbage three hundred feet high. Charles II. was often amused with these vagaries. Butler, who laughs at the attempts of the society—

> "To measure wind and weigh the air,
> To turn a circle to a square,
> And in the braying of an ass
> Find out the treble and the bass,
> If mares neigh *alto*, and a cow
> In double diapason low"—

especially satirises Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester, one of the professors, who believed that a new world was

to be discovered in the moon and that it would be reached by flying machines. It was this Wilkins who, when a great lady required of him how he would contrive to bait upon the journey, replied that he was amazed that she who had herself built so many *castles in the air* should ask him such a question. In 1675 Samuel Pepys was President of the Royal Society in Gresham College. Isaac Newton, afterwards President, was here "excused from the weekly contribution of a shilling, on account of his low circumstances."

Gresham College was a noble building of brick and stone, "with open courts and covered walks, which seemed all so well suited for such an intention, as if Sir Thomas had it in view at the time he built the house." * The open archway towards the stables was decorated with two figures, the one standing with a drawn sword over the other upon his knees. Dr. Woodward, famous as an early geologist, fought a duel with Dr. Mead, the great physician and botanist under that porch. His foot slipped and he fell. "Will you beg your life?" demanded Mead. "No, doctor, certainly not, till I am your patient," returned the implacable Woodward.

After the Fire, which it escaped, Gresham College was temporarily used as an Exchange, and its Professors' lodgings were occupied by the City courts and offices, its piazza by the shops of the Exchange tenants, and its quadrangle by the merchants' meetings—"thus Gresham College became an epitome of this great city, and the centre of all affairs, both public and private, which were then transacted in it." * When the Exchange was rebuilt the Royal Society

* Ward. "Lives of the Professors of Gresham College."

returned to the College and continued to hold their meetings there till they moved to Crane Court in 1710. From that time the College fell into decay, and in 1768 it was sold to the Commissioners of Excise, and an Excise Office was built upon part of its site.

Almost concealed by its parasitic houses, so that we might easily pass it unobserved, is (right) the Gothic arch which forms an entrance to the solemn little *Church of St. Ethelburga*, dedicated to the daughter of King Ethelbert, one of the few churches which survived the Fire. It contains some good fragments of old stained glass, and its existence is mentioned as early as 1366. At the junction of Camomile and Wormwood Streets, a large episcopal mitre on a house-wall marks the site of the old Gate of the City called Bishops' Gate. Tradition ascribed the foundation of this gate (frequently rebuilt) to St. Erkenwald in 675, and the Bishops of London had an ancient right to levy one stick from every cart laden with wood which passed beneath it, in return for which they were obliged to supply the hinges of the gate. Beyond this, the street is called *Bishopsgate Without*.

On the left of Bishopsgate Without is *St. Botolph's Church*, an ugly building of 1728. It occupies the site of an earlier edifice, one of the four churches at the gates, dedicated to this popular English saint, who travelled with his brother Adulph into Gaul, and coming back with accounts of the religious institutions he had seen there, and recommendations from two English princesses then in France, sisters of Ethelmund, King of the East Saxons, was given a piece of land in Lincolnshire by that prince—"a forsaken uninhabited desert, where nothing but devills and

goblins were thought to dwell; but St. Botolphe, with the virtue and sygne of the holy crosse, freed it from the possession of those hellish inhabitants, and by the means and help of Ethelmund, built a monastery therein." Of this Benedictine monastery, of which Boston, Botolph's town, is supposed to mark the site, Botolph was abbot, and there he died in the odour of sanctity, June, 680.

The church contains the monument (a tablet with a flaming vase) of Sir Paul Pindar (1650), a famous merchant and Commissioner of the Customs in Charles II.'s time. It is inscribed to "Sir Paul Pindar, Kt., his Majesty's Ambassador to the Turkish Emperor, Anno Dom. 1611, and nine years resident: faithful in negotiations foreign and domestick, eminent for piety, charity, loyalty, and prudence; an inhabitant twenty-six years, and bountiful benefactor to this parish. He died the 22nd of August, 1650, aged 84 years." The sunny churchyard is now a garden full of ornamental ducks and pigeons. It contains the tomb of Coya Shawsware, a Persian merchant, around which his relations sang and recited funeral elegies, morning and evening, for months after his death.

It is not far down Bishopsgate Street to (left) the beautiful old *House of Sir Paul Pindar*, "worthie benefactor to the poore," with overhanging oriel windows, very richly decorated with panel-work, forming a subject well worthy of the artist's pencil. The house was begun by Sir Paul Pindar on his return from Italy at the end of the reign of Elizabeth. He was born in 1566. His reputation of the richest merchant of the kingdom brought him frequent visits here from James I. and Charles I. to beg for a loan in their necessities. At the request of the

Turkey Company he was sent by James I. as ambassador to Constantinople, where he did much to improve the English trade in the Levant. On his return in 1620, he brought back with him, amongst other treasures, a great diamond which was valued at £30,000, and which he was wont to lend to James I. to wear at the opening of his

Sir Paul Pindar's House, Bishopsgate.

Parliaments; it was afterwards sold to Charles I. At the time of the civil wars it was Sir Paul Pindar who provided funds for the escape of the Queen and her children. He lived to give £10,000 for the restoration of St. Paul's, which was begun in Charles II.'s reign before the Great Fire. When he died the King owed no less than £300,000 to Sir Paul and the other Commissioners of the Customs, and Pindar's

affairs were found to be in such confusion, that his executor, William Toomer, was unable to bear the responsibility of his trust, and destroyed himself. When the great merchant was living, the house had a park attached to it behind, of which one of the richly ornamented lodges and some old mulberry trees, planted to please James I., existed till a few years ago in Half-Moon Alley. Now all is closely hemmed in by houses.

The name of *Devonshire Street* (on the right) commemorates the town-house of the Cavendishes, Earls of Devonshire, who lived in Bishopsgate during the seventeenth century, and some of whom are buried in St. Botolph's. The corner house has a chimney-piece with the arms of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the adored friend to whom the sonnets of Shakspeare are addressed.

[To the left, by Liverpool Street, are *Finsbury Circus* and *Finsbury Square*, occupying the site of Moorfields, a marshy ground which was a favourite Sunday walk with the citizens. Here, says Shadwell, "you could see Haberdashers walking with their whole fireside." Shakspeare alludes to the popularity of this walk in his *Henry IV.*—

> "And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
> As if thou never walk'st farther than Finsbury."

John Keats the Poet was born at No. 28 on the Pavement in Moorfields in 1795, being the son of a livery stable keeper, who had enriched himself by a marriage with his master's daughter.

Tradition and an old ballad say that the name of Finsbury is derived from two ladies, daughters of a gallant knight who went to the Crusades :—

"And charged both his daughters
Unmarried to remain
Till he from blessed Palestine
Returned back again:
And then two loving husbands
For them he would attain."

The eldest of them, Mary, became a nun of Bethlehem, spending day and night in prayer for her father—

"And in the name of Jesus Christ
A holy cross did build
Which some have seen at Bedlam-gate
Adjoining to Moorfield."

The younger, Dame Annis, opened a well—

"Where wives and maidens daily came,
To wash, from far and near."

So the sisters lived on

"Till time had changed their beauteous cheeks
And made them wrinkled old."

But when the King of England returned from the Crusades, it was only the heart of their brave father which he brought back to his loving daughters, which they solemnly buried, and gave the name of their father to its resting-place—

"Old Sir John Fines he had the name
Being buried in that place,
Now, since then, called Finsbury,
To his renown and grace;
Which time to come shall not outwear
Nor yet the same deface.

And likewise when those maidens died
They gave those pleasant fields
Unto our London citizens,
Which they most bravely hield.
And now are made most pleasant walks,
That great contentment yield.

Where lovingly both man and wife
May take the evening air,
And London dames to dry their cloaths
May hither still repair
For that intent most freely given
By these two damsels fair."

Bloomfield Street, Moorfields, may be noticed as containing the *Museum of the London Missionary Society* (open Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from 10 to 3 in winter, and 10 to 4 in summer). It is of little general interest.

Beyond Finsbury Square, by the *Finsbury Pavement*—once the only firm path in the marshy district of Moorfields—we reach, in the *City Road* (left), the modern castellated buildings of the *Artillery Barracks*, which are the headquarters of the London Militia—the "London Trained Bands" of our Civil Wars, which were the mainstay of the Parliamentary army, being the successors of the "Archers of Finsbury," incorporated by Henry VIII., but having their first origin in the Guild of St. George, established in the reign of Edward I. The artillery ground here is the Campus Martius—the Champ de Mars—of London.

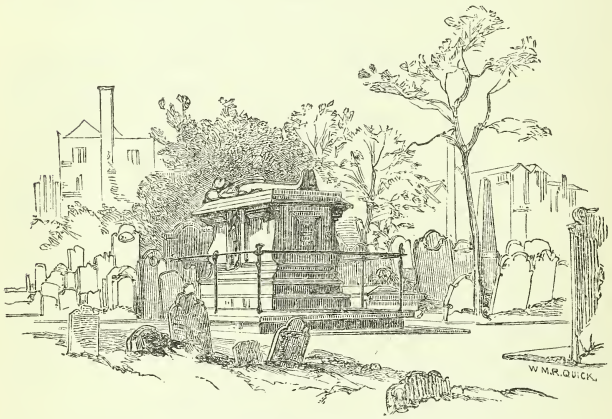
Just beyond the Barracks (divided by the street) is the vast burial-ground of *Bunhill Fields*, Anthony Wood's "fanatical burial-place," and Southey's "Campo Santo of the Dissenters," originally called "Bone-hill Fields" from having been one of the chief burial-places during the Great Plague.

Open, *Week-days*, 9 to 7 in summer, 9 to 4 in winter.
Sundays, 1 to 7 in summer, 1 to 4 in winter.

The burial-ground is now closed as a cemetery, but the forest of tombs on the left, shaded by young trees, remains

a green oasis in one of the blackest parts of London. Near the centre of "the Puritan Necropolis" a white figure, lying aloft upon a high (modern) altar-tomb, marks the *Grave of John Bunyan* (1628—1688), whither all will at once direct their steps, for who does not, with Cowper—

> "Revere the man whose pilgrim marks the road,
> And guides the progress of the soul to God."



John Bunyan's Tomb.

Bunyan wrote as many books as the sixty years of his life, but is chiefly honoured as the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which was written during his imprisonment as a dissenter in Bedford jail, where "with only two books—the Bible and 'Foxe's Book of Martyrs'—he employed his time for twelve years and a half in preaching to, and praying with, his fellow-prisoners, in writing several of his works, and in making tagged laces for the support of him-

self and his family." * Being released in 1672, he spent his remaining years in exhorting his dissenting brethren to holiness of life, and, when James II. proclaimed liberty of conscience for dissenters, opened a meeting-house at Bedford. He died on Snow Hill from a cold taken on a missionary excursion, in the house of John Studwick, a grocer, who was buried near him in 1697.

"I know of no book, the Bible excepted, as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth, according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best Summa Theologiæ Evangelicæ ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired. . . It is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are, the more necessary it is to be plain. This wonderful book is one of the few books which may be read repeatedly, at different times, and each time with a new and a different pleasure."—*Coleridge.*

"The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working-men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language; no book which shews so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. . . We are not afraid to say that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of these minds produced the Paradise Lost, the other the Pilgrim's Progress."—*T. B. Macaulay.*

* Dr. Barlow.

Bunyan himself, in the preface to the "Holy War," describes the way in which his work grew :—

> "It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
> And thence into my fingers trickeled ;
> So to my pen, from whence immediately,
> On paper I did dribble it daintily."

"The spot where Bunyan lies is still regarded by the Nonconformists with a feeling which seems scarcely in harmony with the stern spirit of their theology. Many puritans, to whom the respect paid by Roman Catholics to the reliques and tombs of their saints seemed childish or sinful, are said to have begged with their dying breath that their coffins might be placed as near as possible to the coffin of the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"—*Macaulay*.

Just beyond the tomb of Bunyan are altar-tombs to Henry Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, and William Cromwell. General Fleetwood, who had married that severe republican Bridget Cromwell, General Ireton's widow, has an altar-tomb nearer the gate.

At a turn of the path, beyond the tombs of the Cromwells, is the headstone of Susannah Wesley, the youngest daughter of Samuel Annesley, the ejected Vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and widow of the Vicar of Epworth. She was the mother of nineteen children, of whom the most renowned were John and Charles. "The former" (in the words of her epitaph) "under God being the founder of the societies of the people called Methodists."

"No man was ever more suitably mated than the elder Wesley. The wife whom he chose was, like himself, the child of a man eminent among the non-conformists, and, like himself, in early youth she had chosen her own path : she had examined the controversy between the Dissenters and the Church of England with conscientious diligence, and satisfied herself that the schismatics were in the wrong. The dispute, it must be remembered, related wholly to discipline ; but her enquiries had not stopt there, and she had reasoned herself into Socinianism,

from which she was reclaimed by her husband. She was an admirable woman, of highly-improved mind, and of a strong and masculine understanding, an obedient wife, an exemplary mother, a fervent Christian."

Mrs. Wesley died in 1742.

"Arriving in London from one of his circuits, John Wesley found his mother 'on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubt or fear, nor any desire but, as soon as God should call, to depart and be with Christ.' On the third day after his arrival, 'he perceived that her change was near.' 'I sate down,' he says, 'on the bed-side. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God."' He performed the funeral service himself, and thus feelingly describes it: 'Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon I committed to the earth the body of my mother to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterwards spoke was, "I saw a great white throne, and Him that sate on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity.'"—*Southey's Life of Wesley.*

The stanzas succeeding the verses which her sons placed upon the tomb of Susannah Wesley refer to her belief that she had received an assurance of the forgiveness of her sins at the moment when her son-in-law, Hall, was administering the Last Supper to her—

> "In sure and steadfast hope to rise
> And claim her mansion in the skies,
> A Christian here her flesh laid down,
> The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.

The Father then reveal'd his Son,
Him in the broken bread made known,
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her Heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, 'Arise, my Love!'
I come, her dying looks replied,
And lamb-like as her Lord she died."

Around the spot where we may picture the vast multitude gathered amid the tombs and Wesley preaching by his mother's grave, the most eminent of the earlier Nonconformists had already been buried. Of these perhaps the most remarkable was Dr. John Owen (1616—1683), "the Great Dissenter," at one time Dean of Christ Church, and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford when Oliver Cromwell was Chancellor, the divine who preached before the House of Commons on the day after the execution of Charles I. He was the author of eighty works!

"The first sheet of his 'Meditations on the Glory of Christ' had passed through the press under the superintendence of the Rev. William Payne . . . and, on that person calling on him to inform him of the circumstance on the morning of the day he died, he exclaimed, with uplifted hands and eyes looking upward, 'I am glad to hear it; but, O brother Payne! the long-wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing, in this world.'"

Amongst the graves of the three hundred notable Nonconformist ministers buried here, we may notice those of Dr. Thomas Goodwin (1587—1643), the President of Magdalen, ejected at the Restoration, who had prayed by

Oliver Cromwell's death-bed, and had asked a blessing upon Richard Cromwell at his proclamation as Protector; of Hansard Knollys, the Baptist, author of "Flaming Fire in Zion" (1691); of Nathaniel Mather (brother of Increase Mather), celebrated for his sermons (1697); of the learned Theophilus Gale (1678), who was ejected from his fellowship at Magdalen for refusing to conform at the Restoration, author of the "Court of the Gentiles," and many other works; of the zealous itinerant preacher Vavasour Powell, "the Whitefield of Wales" (1671), "an indefatigable enemy of monarchy and episcopacy," who died in the Fleet prison, where he had been confined for eleven years; of Thomas Rosewell (1692), the ejected rector of Sutton Mandeville, who was arraigned for high treason, condemned by Judge Jeffreys, and pardoned by the king; of Thomas Doolittle, the much-persecuted minister of Monkwell Street (1707); of Dr. Daniel Williams, founder of the Williams Library (1716); of Daniel Neal, author of the "History of the Puritans" (1743—4); of Thomas Bradbury, who refused the bribe of a bishopric under Anne, and who claimed to be the first minister who proclaimed George I. from the pulpit (1759); and of Dr. John Conder (1781), with the epitaph, by himself—"Peccavi, Resipui, Confidi; Amavi, Requiesco, Resurgam; Et, ex gratia Christi, ut ut indignus, regnabo." One of the most interesting tombs is that of Dr. Nathaniel Lardner (1684—1768), one of the most eminent of Nonconformist divines, author of the "Credibility of Gospel History."

"Dr. Lardner's extensive and accurate investigations into the credibility of the Gospel history have left scarcely anything more to be done or desired."—*Orme's Bibl. Bib.*

"No clergyman or candidate for the ministry can afford to be without Dr. Lardner's Works, and no intelligent layman should be without them. If any man—not idiotic, or destitute of ordinary good sense—can read Lardner's Credibility and still disbelieve the Gospel, it is absurd for him to pretend to believe the most common facts of history, or, indeed, the existence of anything beyond the cognizance of his five senses."—*Austin Alibone.*

Visitors must seek on the northern side of the burial-ground for the tomb of the famous Independent minister Dr. Isaac Watts (1674—1748), author of the well-known hymns and many other works.

"Every Sabbath, in every region of the earth where his native tongue is spoken, thousands and tens of thousands of voices are sending the sacrifices of prayer and praise to God in the strains which he prepared for them a century ago."—*James Montgomery.*

"It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well. . . He is at least one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased; and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed by his verse, or his prose, to imitate him in all but his nonconformity, to copy his benevolence to man and his reverence to God."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Not far from the grave of Watts, a modern pyramid marks that of Daniel de Foe (1661—1731), son of a butcher in St. Giles, Cripplegate, writer of many works, but renowned as the author of "Robinson Crusoe."

"He must be acknowledged as one of the ablest, as he was one of the most captivating, writers of which this isle can boast."—*Chalmers.*

"Robinson Crusoe is delightful to all ranks and classes. It is capital kitchen reading, and equally worthy from its deep interest, to find a place in the libraries of the wealthiest and the most learned."—*Charles Lamb.*

Amongst those, not ministers, who have been buried here in the last century, are Joseph Ritson, the Antiquary (1803);

John Horne Tooke, the Reformer (1812); Lady Anne Erskine, the trustee of Lady Huntingdon (1804); Joseph Hughes, the Founder of the Bible Society; David Nasmyth, the Founder of City Missions (1839); Abraham Rees, the Editor of "Chambers' Encyclopædia" (1825); William Blake, the painter and engraver of "marvellous strange pictures, visions of his brain"* (1828); and Thomas Stothard, R.A. (1834).

The inscription on the tomb of Dame Mary Page (1728) tells that "In 67 months she was tapped 66 times and had taken away 240 gallons of water, without ever repining at her case or ever fearing the operation."

Milton was living in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields (now destroyed), in 1666.

"An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright, found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk stones. He used also to sit in a grey, coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house in Bunhill Fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality."—*J. Richardson.*

George Whitefield preached in Bunhill Fields (April 30, 1760) at the grave of Robert Tilling, who was hung at Tyburn for the murder of his master, Mr. Lloyd, a Bishopsgate merchant. He frequently preached in the open air in Moorfields to congregations of from twenty to thirty thousand persons, and it was there especially, as he wrote to Lady Huntingdon, that "he went to meet the devil." In 1741 a wooden tabernacle was built for him, which was superseded by a brick building in 1753, but he continued,

* Charles Lamb.

when the weather allowed, to address in the open air larger congregations than any building would contain. His open-air church was like a battle-field, Merry-Andrews exhibiting their tricks close by to draw off his congregations, recruiting sergeants with their drums marching through the midst of his hearers, showers of dirt, eggs, &c., being perpetually hurled at him. Whitefield's last sermon in an English place of worship was preached in the tabernacle of Moorfields (now pulled down) August 31, 1769.

Behind Bunhill Fields (west), in Coleman Street, is the entrance to the dismal *Friends' Burial Ground*, which was greatly reduced in its dimensions for building purposes in 1877, the bones in the appropriated portion of the cemetery being removed to the neighbourhood of the grave of George Fox (1624—1690), founder of the Society of Quakers, whose strong religious opinions were formed whilst tending his sheep as a shepherd in Leicestershire. He became an itinerant preacher in 1647, and his whole after-life was devoted, amid many persecutions, to the spiritual well-being of his fellow-men. George Fox was the only "Friend" buried with a monument, but his stone is now concealed by a Mission Chapel.]

Far down Bishopsgate Without, *Skinner Street* (on the left) was the centre of the Skinners' trade as early as the reign of Richard II.

On the right is *Spitalfields*, now densely inhabited by weavers. It once belonged to the Priory of St. Mary Spital, founded in 1197 by Walter and Rosia Brune. Its old name was Lolesworth. Sir Horatio Pallavicini lived here in the reign of Elizabeth. Silk weaving was introduced in Spitalfields by French emigrants expelled in 1685 on the

revocation of the edict of Nantes. "Spittlefields and the parts adjoining," says Stow, "became a great harbour for poor Protestant strangers, Walloons and French, who, as in former days, so of late, have been found to become exiles from their own country for their religion, and for the avoiding cruel persecution. Here they found quiet and security, and settled themselves in their several trades and occupations, weavers especially; whereby God's blessing is surely not only brought upon the parish, by receiving poor strangers, but also a great advantage hath accrued to the whole nation, by the rich manufacture of weaving silks, and stuffs, and camlets, which art they brought along with them. And this benefit also to the neighbourhood, that these strangers may serve for pattern of thrifty honesty, industry, and sobriety." In the year 1687 alone, no less than 13,500 of these exiles took refuge in England. They so thoroughly identified themselves with the nation which received them, that many changed their French names into English synonyms. Thus Le Noir, became Black; Le Blanc, White; Le Brun, Brown; Oiseau, Bird, &c. Many historic French names are still to be found in the district—Le Sage, Fouché (Anglicised into Futcher), and Racine, whose possessor declares himself related to the famous dramatist. The mothers of the last generation were often to be seen in their old French costumes, and to this hour thousands work in their glazed attics, such as were used by their forefathers on the other side of the Channel, which give such a characteristic aspect to the neighbourhood.*

In a walk through Spitalfields no one will fail to be struck with the number of singing-birds kept in the houses,

* See the interesting Report of the New Nichol Street Ragged Schools, 1856.

and for these there is often a large cage near the roof. The catching and training of singing-birds is a branch of industry peculiar to Spitalfields. The weavers first train their call-birds. An amusing article on bird-catching in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" says, "The bird-catchers frequently lay considerable wagers whose *call-birds* can jerk (sing) the longest, as that determines the superiority. They place them opposite to each other by an inch of candle, and the bird who jerks the oftenest before the candle is burnt out wins the wager. We have been informed that there have been instances of a bird having given a hundred and seventy jerks in a quarter of an hour; and we have known a linnet in such a trial persevere in its emulation till it swooned from its perch."

Spital Square, a gloomy red brick square of the early Georges, marks the site of the old Hospital. The number of remains dug up here prove that this district was the burial-place of Roman London. Elizabeth went to hear a sermon at St. Mary Spittal, with two white bears following her in a cart, to be baited as soon as it was over!

In Brick Lane, Spitalfields, is the great *Brewery* of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.

Shoreditch, which joins Spitalfields on the west, was originally Soersditch, from "its lord, Sir John Soerditch, of Ickenham, an erudite lawyer trusted by Edward III.," * but tradition continues to derive its name from the beautiful goldsmith's wife, beloved by Edward IV. The tradition has probably arisen through the old ballad of "Jane Shore's Lament," which ends—

* Pennant.

"I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed,
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent;

The which now, since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch called, as writers saye;
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king." *

Attached to the Church of St. Leonard was the Holy well nunnery, founded by Sir Thomas Lovel, who died in 1524. Most of its windows bore the lines—

"Al ye nunnes in Holywel
Pray for the soul of Sir Thomas Lovel."

Sir George Manners, who fought with Henry VIII. at the siege of Tournay, was buried under the high-altar.

Shoreditch has always had an immoral reputation. Here Mrs. Milwood, celebrated in the ballad of "George Barnwell," lived "next door unto the Gun." "The Theatre" and "the Curtain," the only two theatres which were in existence when Shakspeare came to London (between 1583 and 1592), were both in Shoreditch. "The Theatre" was built in 1576 by James Burbage, on land leased from one Giles Allen, and by 1577 it had become a favourite resort: it was removed by Richard the son of James Burbage, that its materials might be used in building

* Really Jane Shore, released from her prison of Ludgate on the death of Richard III., lived to be eighty, and died 1533.

the Globe Theatre in Southwark. "The Curtain," built about the same time as "the Theatre," continued to be used till the time of Charles I.: its site is marked by Gloucester Street, which was called Curtain Court" till 1745. The roof in both these theatres only covered the stage and galleries; the central space, for which admission was only one penny, was left open to the sky. There is a tradition that Shakspeare stood at the doors of the Shoreditch playhouses and held the horses of spectators during the performance. But there is no proof that he was ever reduced to this, and before 1597 his "Romeo and Juliet" had been acted at "the Curtain," while before December, 1594, he was himself an actor, for entries are found in the accounts of the Treasury of the Chamber for sums paid "to William Kempe, William Shakspeare, and Richard Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberlayne, for twoe several comedies or interludes, shewed by them before her Majestie in Christmas tyme."* The theatres in Shoreditch were considered as centres of vice. In Stockswood's sermon at Paul's Cross, August 24, 1578, the preacher says, "What should I speak of beastlye playes, againste which out of this place every man crieth out? I know not how I might with the godly learned more especially discommende the gorgeous playing-place erected *in the fieldes* than to terme it, as they please to have it called, a theatre, that is even after the maner of the olde heathenish theatre at Rome, a shewplace of al beastlye and filthie matters." And in May, 1583, the Lord Mayor wrote to Sir F. Walsingham, "Among others we finde one very great and dangerous inconvenience, the assemblie of people to playes, beare-

* See Halliwell's "Illustrations of the Life of Shakspeare."

bayting, fencers, and prophane spectacles at the Theatre and Curtaine, and other like places." *

Beyond Spitalfields to the east is the black poverty stricken district of *Bethnal Green*, also chiefly inhabited by weavers. The whole population is of recent growth. Pepys went to Sir William Rider's gardens at Bethnal Green, and found there "the largest quantity of strawberries he ever saw and very good." Sir W. Rider's was supposed to be the house of "the Blind Beggar," so well known from the ballad in Percy's "Reliques"—

> "My father, shee said, is soone to be seene,
> The siely blind beggar of Bednall-green,
> That daily sits begging for charitie,
> He is the good father of pretty Bessee.
>
> His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
> He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell,
> A siely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
> Yet hee is the father of pretty Bessee."†

"Bishop's Hall" and "Bonner's Fields" commemorate the residence of Bishop Bonner in this locality.

The district of *Hoxton*, beyond Shoreditch, was once celebrated for its balsamic wells, and, in the last century, in the annals of gardening. Farther east is the populous district of *Hackney*, of which Archbishop Sancroft was vicar. Here the popish conspirators assembled at "the Cock," Oct. 2, 1661, with the intention of assassinating Charles II. on his return from a visit to Sir Thomas Vyner; but the plot was revealed in time, though the conspirators escaped.

* See *The Builder*, April 17, 1875.

† The beadle of St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, has a staff, of 1669, on the head of which, in silver gilt, the story of the Blind Beggar and his daughter is represented.

The sign of "the King's Head" at Hackney was changed to "Cromwell's Head" under the Commonwealth, for which its landlord was whipped and pilloried at the Restoration, and afterwards called his inn "King Charles's Head."

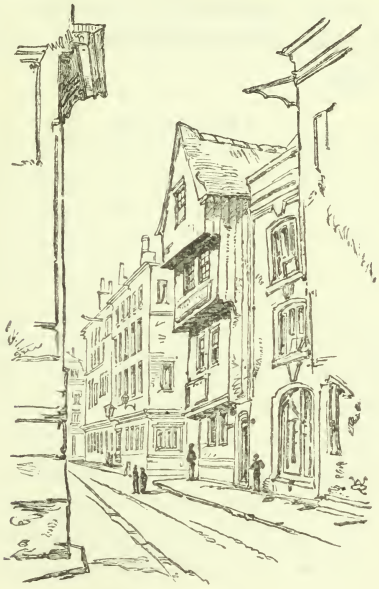
Returning down Bishopsgate, on the left is *Houndsditch*, a relic, in its name, of the old foss which encircled the city, formerly a natural receptacle for dead dogs, whose filth the street was intended to remedy. Richard of Cirencester says that the body of Edric, the murderer of Edmund Ironsides, was thrown into Houndsditch. His crime had raised Canute to the throne, but when he came to claim his promised reward—the highest position in the city—the Danish king replied, "I like the treason, but hate the traitor: behead this fellow, and, as he claims my promise, place his head on the highest pinnacle of the Tower." Edric was then scorched to death with flaming torches, his head raised on the highest point of the Tower, and his body thrown to the hounds of Houndsditch.

This is the Jews' quarter—silent on Saturdays, busy on Sundays. Houndsditch has long been a street famous for its brokers. In his "Every Man in his Humour" Ben Jonson speaks of a Houndsditch man as "one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker;" and Beaumont and Fletcher allude to the brokers of Dogsditch—

> "More knavery and usury,
> And foolery, and trickery, than Dogsditch."

Cutler Street, on the left, is the ancient centre for the cutlers.

Duke's Place, Houndsditch, occupies the site of Christ Church Priory, founded in 1108 by Queen Maude. It was granted at the Dissolution to Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor. His daughter married Thomas, Duke of Norfolk (whence the name), and was wont to ride hither



In Bevis Marks.

through the city with one hundred horsemen in livery, preceded by four heralds. Holbein died in the Duke's house.

Behind Houndsditch on the right runs *Bevis Marks* (Bury's Marks), from the town-house of the Abbots of Bury

St. Edmunds, afterwards "granted to Thomas Heneage the father, and Sir Thomas Heneage the son." *

On the north side of this street, before the Dissolution, stood the Hospital of the Brotherhood of St. Augustine Papey. Here the sign of the tavern of *The Blue Pig*, only very recently removed, was a strange instance of the endurance of the sign of "the Blue Boar," the crest of Richard III., who, as Duke of Gloucester, resided close by in Crosby Hall.

* Maitland, ii. 782.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.

THE labyrinthine but most busy streets which form the centre of the City of London to the south of the Royal Exchange are filled with objects of interest, though of minor interest, amid which it will be difficult to thread our way, and impossible to keep up any continuous connection of associations. The houses, which have looked down upon so many generations of toilers, are often curious in themselves. The City churches for the most part are dying a slow death; their congregations have ebbed and will never flow back. Very few are worth visiting for their own sakes, yet almost every one contains some tomb or other fragment which gives it a historic interest. Dickens vividly describes their general aspect and the kind of thoughts which are awakened by attending a service in one of these queer old churches.

"There is a pale heap of books in the corner of every pew, and while the organ, which is hoarse and sleepy, plays in such a fashion that I can hear more of the rusty working of the stops than of the music, I look at the books, which are mostly bound in faded baize and stuff. They belonged, in 1754, to the Dowgate family. And who were they? Jane Comport must have married young Dowgate, and come into the family that way. Young Dowgate was courting Jane Comport when

he gave her her prayer-book, and recorded the presentation in the fly-leaf. If Jane were fond of young Dowgate, why did she die and leave the book here? Perhaps at the rickety altar, and before the damp Commandments, she, Comport, had taken him, Dowgate, in a flush of youthful hope and joy, and perhaps it had not turned out in the long run as great a success as was expected.

"The opening of the service recalls my wandering thoughts. I then find to my astonishment that I have been, and still am, taking a strong kind of invisible snuff up my nose, into my eyes, and down my throat. I wink, sneeze, and cough. The clerk sneezes; the clergyman winks; the unseen organist sneezes and coughs (and probably winks); all our little party wink, sneeze, and cough. The snuff seems to be made of the decay of matting, wood, cloth, stone, iron, earth, and something else. Is the something else the decay of dead citizens in the vaults below? As sure as death it is! Not only in the cold damp February day, do we cough and sneeze dead citizens, all through the service, but dead citizens have got into the very bellows of the organ and half choked the same. We stamp our feet to warm them, and dead citizens arise in heavy clouds. Dead citizens stick upon the walls, and lie pulverised on the sounding-board over the clergyman's head, and when a gust of air comes, tumble down upon him.

* * * * * * *

"In the churches about Mark Lane there was a dry whiff of wheat; and I accidentally struck an airy sample of barley out of an aged hassock in one of them. From Rood Lane to Tower Street, and thereabouts, there was sometimes a subtle flavour of wine; sometimes of tea. One church, near Mincing Lane, smelt like a druggist's drawer. Behind the Monument, the service had a flavour of damaged oranges, which, a little farther down the river, tempered into herrings, and gradually turned into a cosmopolitan blast of fish. In one church, the exact counterpart of the church in the 'Rake's Progress,' where the hero is being married to the horrible old lady, there was no speciality of atmosphere, until the organ shook a perfume of hides all over us from some adjacent warehouse.

"The dark vestries and registries into which I have peeped, and the little hemmed in churchyards that have echoed to my feet, have left impressions on my memory as distinct and quaint as any it has in that way received. In all those dusty registers that the worms are eating, there is not a line but made some hearts leap, or some tears flow, in their day. Still and dry now, still and dry! and the old tree at the window, with no room for its branches, has seen them all out. So with the tomb of the Master of the old Company, on which it drips. His

son restored it and died, his daughter restored it and died, and then he had been remembered long enough, and the tree took possession of him, and his name cracked out."—*The Uncommercial Traveller.*

The great new street which leads out of St. Paul's Churchyard to the S.W. is *Cannon Street*, originally Candlewick Street, the head-quarters of the wax-chandlers who flourished by Roman Catholicism. In the formation of the new street, many old buildings were destroyed, the most interesting being Gerard's (Gisor's?) Hall in Basing Lane, with a noble crypt probably built by Sir John Gisors, Mayor in 1245: in which a gigantic firpole was shown as the staff of "Gerard the Giant." The figure of the giant, which adorned the outside of the house, is now in the museum of the Guildhall. *Distaff Lane*, near the entrance of Cannon Street on the right, leads to *Old Fish Street.* Here are the *Church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey*, the first church finished by Wren after the Fire, and the *Church of St. Mary Magdalen*, another of Wren's works, rather good in its proportions. In the vestibule is a brass rescued from the old church, with the date 1558, and the inscription—

> "In God the Lord put all your trust,
> Repent your former wicked daies.
> Elizabeth, our queen most just,
> Bless her, O Lord, in all her waies.
> So, Lord, increase good counsellours
> And preachers of His holy word;
> Mislike of all papists desires—
> Oh Lord, cut them off with thy sword.
> How small soever the gift shall bee,
> Thank God for him who gave it thee:
> XII. penie loaves to XII. poor foulkes
> Give, every Sabbath day for aye."

As a monument saved from a church burnt in the Great Fire this deserves notice.

Knightrider Street, which opens hence to the west, is supposed to derive its name from the processions of knights riding from Tower Royal to tournaments in Smithfield. No. 5 was the house of the great physician Linacre, bequeathed by him to the College of Physicians.

Cannon Street is now crossed by *Bread Street*, so called from the market in which bakers of Bromley and Stratford-le-Bow were forced to sell their bread before the reign of Edward I., being forbidden to sell it in their houses. On the right is *St. Mildred's, Bread Street*, one of Wren's worst rebuildings, dedicated to a Saxon princess who was abbess of Minster. It is wretched externally, but has an elegantly supported dome. The pulpit is attributed to Grinling Gibbons. An interesting monument commemorates Sir Nicholas Crisp, the indefatigable agent of Charles I., who at one time would wait for information at the water's edge dressed as a porter, with a basket of fish on his head, and at another would disguise himself as a butter-woman and carry his news out of London mounted between two panniers. His epitaph tells how "Sir Nicholas Crisp, anciently inhabitant in this parish and a great benefactor to it, was the old faithful servant to King Charles I. and King Charles II., for whom he suffered very much, and lost above £100,000 in their service, but this was repaid in some measure by King Charles II."

In Bread Street, at the sign of the Spread Eagle, the armorial ensign of his family, John Milton was born, December 9, 1608, being the son of a scrivener. His birthplace was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, before the publication of "Paradise Lost." The poet was baptised in the old *Church of All Hallows* at the corner of Bread

Street and Watling Street. It was destroyed in the Fire, but rebuilt by Wren. The second church was condemned to destruction in 1877, the same year which witnessed the demolition of the house in Petty France which was the last remaining of Milton's many London homes. In the register of All Hallows his baptism is recorded, and he was commemorated on the church wall towards Watling Street in the inscription, which city waggoners often lingered to decipher—

> "Three poets, in three distant ages born,
> Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
> The first in loftiness of thought surpast,
> The next in majesty—in both the last.
> The force of nature could no further go:
> To make a third, she joined the former two.*
>
> John Milton was born in Bread Street on
> Friday the 9th day of December, 1608,
> And was baptised in the parish church of
> Allhallows, Bread Street, on Tuesday the
> 20th day of December, 1608."

In the old church was buried Alderman Richard Reed, who refused to pay his contribution to the Northern Wars of Henry VIII. and was sent down to serve as a soldier, at his own cost, "that, as he could not find it in his heart to disburse a little quantity of his substance, he might do some service for his country with his body, whereby he might be somewhat instructed of the difference between the sitting quietly in his house and the travail and danger which others daily do sustain, whereby he hath hitherto been maintained in the same." He was taken prisoner by the Scotch and obliged to purchase his ransom for a large

* Dryden.

sum. In the vestry of the later church was a monumental tablet inscribed "In memory of the Rev. W. Lawrence Saunders, M.A., Rector of All Hallows, who, for sermons here preached in defence of the doctrines of the Reformation of the Church of England from the corruptions of the Church of Rome, suffered martyrdom in ye third of Queen Mary, being burned at Coventry, February ye 8th, 1555." John Howe, the eminent nonconformist divine, author of "The Living Temple," "The Blessedness of the Righteous," &c., was buried here in 1705. Some of the fine oak carving from All Hallows is preserved at St. Mary-le-Bow.

Watling Street—so called from the Saxon word Atheling, *noble*—is part of the old Roman road from London to Dover. As we look down it we see one of the most picturesque views in the City. The tower on the right belongs to Wren's restoration of the *Church of St. Augustine*, formerly called "Ecclesia Sancti Augustini ad Portam" from its position at the south-west gate of the precincts of St. Paul's, one of the six gates by which the old cathedral was approached. "Here," says Strype, "the fraternity met on the eve of St. Austin, and in the morning at High Mass, when every brother offered a penny and was ready afterwards either to eat or to revel as the master and wardens directed." Beyond rises the great dome, "huge and dusky, with here and there a space on its vast form where the original whiteness of the marble comes out like a streak of moonshine amid the blackness with which time has made it grander than it was in its newness." * In Watling Street is the central station of the *Metropolitan Fire Brigade.*

The *Church of St. Mary Aldermary* or St. Mary the Elder,

* Hawthorne.

in Bow Lane (right), which crosses Watling Street to the east, occupies the site of the first church dedicated to the Virgin in the City. The present building (restored 1876-77) is Gothic (Perpendicular) in spite of its being one of Wren's restorations (in 1681), for he was forced by a bequest of £5,000 in aid of the rebuilding to make the new church a copy of its predecessor, which had been built c. 1510 by Sir Henry Keeble, a grocer, Lord Mayor in 1510, called, in his epitaph in the old building—

> "A famous worthy wight
> Which did this Aldermary Church
> Erect and set upright."

The monuments from St. Antholin's have been placed in the tower. Stow says that "Richard Chawcer, Vintner, gave to this church his tenement and tavern, with the appurtenances in the Royal Street, the corner of Kirion Lane, and was there buried, 1348": this was the father of Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet.

St. Pancras Lane, on the left of Watling Street, leads to a quiet little churchyard, where, an inscription says, "Before ye dreadful fire anno 1666, stood ye church of St. Benet, Sherehog."

Tower Royal (on the left of Cannon Street) now marks the site of an old Royal Palace, inhabited by King Stephen and restored by Queen Philippa, after which it was known as the "Queen's Wardrobe." It was here that the Fair Maid of Kent, widow of the Black Prince, was living during the Wat Tyler invasion, when the rebels terrified her by breaking in, and piercing her bed with their swords, but—

"King Richard, having in Smithfield overcome and dispersed the rebels, he, his lords, and all his company entered the City of London with great joy, and went to the lady princess his mother, who was then lodged in the Tower Royal, called the Queen's Wardrobe, where she had remained three days and two nights right sore abashed. But when she saw the king her son she was greatly rejoiced, and said, 'Ah! son, what great sorrow have I suffered for you this day!' The king answered and said, 'Certainly, madam, I know it well, but now rejoice, and thank God, for I have this day recovered mine heritage, and the realm of England, which I had near-hand lost."—*Stow.*

Riley derives the name of Tower Royal from a street built in the thirteenth century by merchants of the Vintry, who imported wine from the town of La Réole near Bordeaux. The "great house" of Tower Royal was granted to the first Duke of Norfolk—"Jockey of Norfolk"—by Richard III. It afterwards became a "stable for the king's horses" and was gradually destroyed.

On the left, between the end of Watling Street and Budge Row, so called from sellers of Budge (lamb-skin) fur, was St. Antholin's or St. Anthony's, one of Wren's churches, destroyed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1876, and its site built over. Great intercession was vainly made for the preservation of the tower, built 1685—88, which was a noble work of the great City architect, and might have been the greatest ornament to the new street and utilised as a clock-tower. It only occupied forty-four square yards and in no way interfered with the traffic, but the impossibility of doing without the rent of this space in the most richly endowed square mile of the whole territory of the Church was considered a sufficient excuse for its destruction! The Commissioners from the Church of Scotland were lodged close by St. Antholin's, with a gallery opening from their house into the church, where their own chaplains preached,

of whom Alexander Henderson was the chief. "To hear these sermons," says Clarendon, "there was so great a conflux and resort by the citizens, out of humour and faction, by others of all qualities, part of curiosity, by some that they might the better justify the contempt they had of them, that from the first appearance of day in the morning of every Sunday to the shutting in of the light the church was never empty; they (especially the women) who had the happiness to get into the church in the morning (they who could not hung upon or about the windows without, to be auditors or spectators) keeping the places till the afternoon exercises were finished."* "S. Antholine's," says Dugdale "(from its 'Morning Lectures'), was the grand nursery whence most of the Seditious Preachers were after sent abroad throughout all England to poyson the people with their anti-monarchical principles."† The Puritanical piety of St. Antholin's is much ridiculed by contemporary poets.

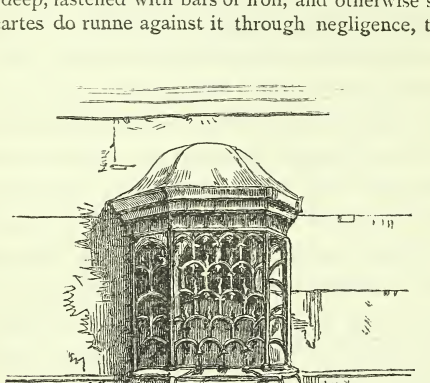
Facing Cannon Street, opposite the Railway Station, is the *Church of St. Swithin*, rebuilt by Wren, in the Roman Renaissance style, but remodelled as a mongrel Gothic church in 1869. In the old church Dryden had been married to Lady Elizabeth Howard, December 1, 1663.

Built into this church, facing the Station, is the famous *London Stone*, now encased in masonry and only visible through a circular opening with an iron grille. It is supposed by Camden to have been a Roman Milliarium—the central terminus whence all the great Roman roads radiated over England, and which answered to the Golden

* Clarendon's "Hist. of the Rebellion," ed. 1826, i. 331.
† Dugdale's "Troubles in England," fol. 1681, p. 37.

Milestone in the Forum at Rome. It is probably now a mere fragment of its former self. Stow says, speaking of Walbrook—

"On the south side of this high street, neere unto the channell, is pitched upright a great stone, called London Stone, fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so stronglie set, that if cartes do runne against it through negligence, the wheeles



London Stone.

be broken, and the stone itselfe unshaken. The cause why this stone was there set, the verie time when, or other memory hereof, is there none; but that the same hath long continued there, is manifest, namely since, or rather before the time of the Conquest. For in the end of a fayre written Gospell booke, given to Christes Church in Canterburie, by Ethelstane, King of the West Saxons, I find noted of lands or rents in London, belonging to the said Church, whereof one parcel is described to lye near unto *London Stone*. Of later time we read that, in the year of Christ 1135, the 1st of King Stephen, a fire

which began in the house of one Ailwarde, neare unto *London Stone*, consumed all east to Ealdgate . . . . and those be the eldest notes that I read thereof."

London Stone seems to have been looked upon as a kind of palladium in London, as the Coronation Stone was in Scotland. As such, the adventurous Kentish rebel, Jack Cade, seems to have regarded it, for when, in 1450, in the time of Henry VI., he entered London with royal honours, calling himself John Mortimer, it was straight to London Stone that he rode, and, striking upon it with his sword, cried, "Now is Mortimer lord of the City." Shakspeare makes him say—

"Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me Lord Mortimer."—*Hen. VI. pt.* ii. *Act* iv. *sc.* 6.

Dryden alludes to this in his fable of the "Cock and the Fox"—

> "The bees in arms
> Drive headlong from the waxen cells in swarms.
> Jack Straw at London Stone, with all his rout,
> Struck not the city with so loud a shout."

The brick church of *St. Mary Abchurch* (from Up-church, being on rising ground), finished 1689, is externally one of Wren's ugliest rebuildings, but internally of peculiar and beautiful design. Its cupola, painted by *Sir James Thornhill* is supported by eight arches and pendentives. The altar-piece is an exquisite work of *Gibbons*, and the font-cover a fine piece of Renaissance work. Here are monuments to Sir Patience Ward, the Lord Mayor (1696) under whom the Monument was built (of whom the Merchant

Tailors' Company have a fine portrait); Edward Sherwood, 1690; and Alderman Perchard. In Crooked Lane, at the end of Cannon Street on the right, was St. Michael's Church (now destroyed), where Sir William Walworth, who slew Wat Tyler, was buried, with the epitaph—

> "Here under lyeth a mon of fame,
> William Walworth called by name.
> Fishmonger he was in lyff time here,
> And twise Lord Maior, as in bookes appere;
> Who with courage stout and manly myght
> Slew Jack Straw in Kyng Richard's syght.
> For which act done and trew content,
> The kyng made him knyght incontinent,
> And gave hym armes, as here you see,
> To declare his fact and chivalrie.
> He left this lyff the yere of our God,
> Thirteen hundred fourscore and three odd."

Cannon Street falls into King William Street opposite the statue of William IV. Behind the junction of King William Street and Grace Church Street is the *Church of St. Clement, Eastcheap*, one of Wren's restorations. In the old church Bishop Pearson (*ob.* 1686) was rector. His exposition of the Creed is dedicated "to the right worshipful and well-beloved, the parishioners of St. Clement's Eastcheap."

The name of this church is now the only relic of the street of Eastcheap, swallowed up in Cannon Street. It was once the especial mart of the Butchers, afterwards removed to Leadenhall.

> "Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe,
> One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye;
> Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape,
> But for lacke of money I myght not spede."
>
> *John Lydgate's London Lyckpenny.*

Here was the famous tavern of the Boar's Head, immortalised by Shakspeare, burnt in the Fire, rebuilt, and finally destroyed in 1831: William IV.'s statue marks its site. Washington Irving describes his vain search for the tavern, but narrates that he saw at the "Mason's Arms," in Mile Lane, a snuff-box presented to the Vestry Meetings at the Boar's Head Tavern in 1767, with a representation of the tavern on the lid, and a goblet from the tavern, which he fondly believed was the "parcel-gilt" goblet on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly.

Grace Church Street takes its name from the demolished church of St. Benet, called "Grass Church" from the adjoining herb-market. The name was formerly written "Gracious Street." In White Hart Court, opening from this street, was the Quakers' Meeting House, in which George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, preached two days before his death, and in the house of Henry Goldney in the same court he died, in 1690.

Leaving "the Monument" for the present, we must now make an inner circle, and turn up the broad new *King William Street* nearly as far as the Mansion House.

Here (on the right), in the junction of King William Street and Lombard Street, is the grotesque *Church of St. Mary Woolnoth** designed by Nicholas Hawksmoor, the "domestic clerk" of Sir Christopher Wren, in 1716. The niches and windows at the sides are tolerably bold imitations of fifteenth century Italian work. The interior is quadrangular, with odd wooden decorations against the walls, and gaudily painted pillars. Over the entrance hang the helmet,

* The origin of this name is unknown.

gloves, sword, spurs, and coat of Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor in 1545, whose portrait is at the Goldsmiths' Hall. Against the north wall is a monument to John Newton, the friend of Cowper, author of the "Cardiphonia" and "Omicron" and of many of the "Olney Hymns." He was for sixteen years Rector of Olney, and for twenty-eight years rector of this parish, where he died December 21, 1807. The tablet is inscribed with an epitaph from his own pen—

"John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy."

"I remember, when a lad of about fifteen, being taken by my uncle to hear the well-known Mr. Newton (the friend of Cowper the poet) preach his wife's funeral sermon in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard Street. Newton was then well stricken in years, with a tremulous voice, and in the costume of the full-bottomed wig of the day. He had, and always had, the entire possession of the ear of his congregation. He spoke at first feebly and leisurely, but as he warmed, his ideas and his periods seemed mutually to enlarge: the tears trickled down his cheeks, and his action and expression were at times quite out of the ordinary course of things. It was as the 'mens agitans molem et magno se corpore miscens.' In fact the preacher was *one* with his *discourse*. To this day I have not forgotten his text, Hab. iii. 17, 18: 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' Newton always preached extemporaneous."—*Dibdin's Reminiscences of a Literary Life.*

Let us now turn down *Lombard Street*—the street of Bankers, which derived its name from the Italian merchants who frequented it before the reign of Edward II. Jane Shore, the beloved of Edward IV., was the wife of a gold-

smith in this street; Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, was a bookseller here; and here, where his father was a linen-draper, the poet Pope was born in 1688 amongst the merchants and money-makers. At No. 68 was Sir Thomas Gresham's banking office and goldsmith's shop, once surmounted by a huge gilt grasshopper. On the right, Nicholas Lane leads by the churchyard of St. Nicholas Acon, never rebuilt after the Great Fire. On the left is the *Church of St. Edmund* the English King and Martyr, which now also serves for the parishes of St. Benet, Grace Church, and St. Leonard, Eastcheap. It is one of Wren's restorations. In the old church on this site was buried John Shute (1563), who published one of the first English architectural works—"The First and Chief Groundes of Architecture." Opposite this church a court till lately led to a Quakers' Meeting House, where Penn and Fox frequently preached. *Birchin Lane* (left) was formerly Burchover Lane, from its builder. In *Clement's Lane* (right) the quaint sign of "The Three Foxes" existed till the house it adorned (No. 6) was let to three lawyers, who felt it personal and had it plastered over.

On the left of Lombard Street is another poor work of Wren, the *Church of Allhallows, Lombard Street.* The church is of Saxon foundation and is mentioned in records of 1653. It is now called "the Invisible Church," so completely is it concealed by houses, and this is no loss. In the interior is some good wood-carving.

From Lombard Street, *Fenchurch Street* leads to Aldgate, taking its name from the fenny ground caused by the overflowings of the Lang Bourne, a clear brook of sweet water which ran down Fen Church Street and Lombard Street as

far as St. Mary Woolnoth, where it broke into several small rills which flowed southward to the Thames. Many of the buildings in this street bear a date immediately after the Great Fire, in which it was consumed. Pepys saw "Fanchurch Street, Gracious Street, and Lombard Street all in dust." At the corner of *Lime Street* (so called from the lime-burners—the neighbouring *Coleman Street* and *Seacoal Lane* having the same origin) is the *Church of St. Dionis Backchurch* (dedicated to the Athenian, who is called St. Denys in France), rebuilt by Wren after the Fire. Its second name indicates its position. St. Gabriel (of which no trace remains), standing close by, was called "Forechurch," from its position in the centre of Fenchurch Street. St. Dionis is now (1877) condemned. It contains the monument of Sir Arthur Ingram, 1681, from whom Ingram Court, which we have just passed on the left, derives its name; and in the vestry are preserved four specimens of the earliest type of fire-engines—large syringes, three feet long, fastened by straps round the body of the man who works them. The *Pewterers' Hall* in Lime Street (No. 15) contains a curious portrait of William Smallwood, Master of the Company in the time of Henry VII.

On the right of Fenchurch Street, *Philpot Lane* records its ownership by Sir John Philpot, grocer and mayor under Richard II. Hard by, in *Rood Lane*, the next turn on the right, is the *Church of St. Margaret Pattens*, rebuilt by Wren, and so named "because, of old, pattens were there usually made and sold." * The church contains a good deal of handsome carving. Dr. Thomas Birch (*ob.* 1766), author of the "General Dictionary," "Memoirs of

* Stow.

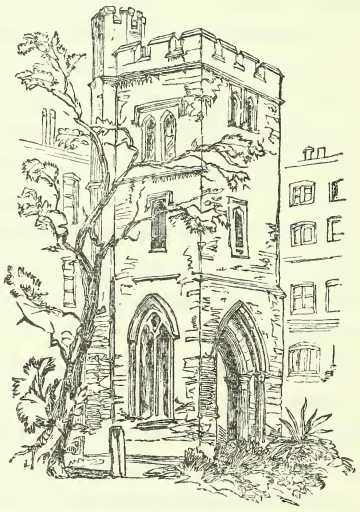
the Reign of Elizabeth," &c., was rector of this church and was buried in the chancel.

Mincing Lane (right) is named from houses which belonged to the Minchuns or nuns of St. Helen's. Near the entrance of the lane, on the left, an iron gate is the entrance to the *Hall of the Clothworkers' Company*, whose badge is a ram. About one hundred and ten poor men and the same number of women are clothed throughout by this Company, and receive a guinea each after attending a service at one of the neighbouring churches on the 16th of May. The Hall is very handsome, with stained windows and curious gilt statues of James I. and Charles I. saved from the Great Fire. The cash-books of the Company exist, "brought forward," from 1480. The garden of the Company is formed by the *Churchyard of All Hallows Staining*, in which most of the tombs have been ruthlessly buried under the shrubs and gravel. Elizabeth is said to have attended a thanksgiving service here on the day of her deliverance from the Tower, before dining at the Queen's Head. The church is demolished, and the churchyard ruined by gravel and silly rockwork, but the fine old tower, which escaped the Fire, is retained. All Hallows Staining claims to be the earliest stone church in the City.

To this churchyard has been removed a fragment of the beautiful *Crypt of the Hermitage of St. James in the Wall*, which was pulled down in 1874, when the chapel built above it by William Lambe the Clothworker (1495—1580) was removed from Cripplegate to Islington. It has low zig-zag Roman arches.

Returning to Fenchurch Street, on the left is the *Elephant Tavern*, rebuilt in 1826, on the site of a tavern which was

of great interest, because, being a massive house built of solid stone, it alone resisted the Great Fire, and the flames, which tore swiftly through the timber buildings of this part of London, left it standing smoke-begrimed and flame-blackened, but sufficiently uninjured to give a shelter to numbers of the homeless inhabitants of the 13,200 houses



All Hallows Staining.

which were swept away. William Hogart, who afterwards changed his name to Hogarth, came to lodge in this house, in 1697, soon after the death of his father, who kept a small school in the Old Bailey, and here for a long time he earned a hand-to-mouth subsistence by selling his engravings on copper. "I remember the time," he says, "when I have gone moping into the City with scarce a shilling, but

as soon as I have obtained two guineas for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied forth again with all the confidence of a man with thousands in his pockets." Sometimes, however, the plates accumulated unsold till the artist was glad to sell them at half-a-crown the pound to Mr. Bowles of the Black Horse at Cornhill. It was in 1727, while he was living here, that Hogarth made a tapestry design for Morris the upholsterer, for which he was refused payment, and vainly sued for it in the Courts. It is believed that this loss induced him to run so far into debt with his landlord that he consented to wipe off the score with his brush by caricaturing on the wall of the Elephant taproom the parochial authorities who had insulted his landlord by removing the scene of their annual orgie to a tavern (Henry the Eighth's Head) opposite, and insulted himself by omitting to send his accustomed invitation. The famous picture of "Modern Midnight Conversation" was the result, in which every phase of riotry and intoxication was represented,* and which delighted the landlord by attracting half London to his house. The host of the Elephant was only too glad to obliterate a second score for the picture of the "Hudson's Bay Company Porters going to dinner," in which Fenchurch Street, as it then was, was represented; and to these greater pictures the paintings of Harlequin and Pierrot, and of Harlow Bush Fair, were afterwards added, so that the Elephant became a little gallery of the best works of Hogarth.†

The next house is the *Hall of the Ironmongers' Company*, incorporated by a charter of Edward IV. At the foot of

* Orator Henley, the famous but eccentric and profligate preacher, who was the "orator of brazen face and lungs" of Pope's *Dunciad*, was introduced here.

† See *The Builder*, Sept. 11, 1875.

their staircase is an ancient wooden statue of St. Lawrence, their patron saint, and an ostrich, the bird which digests iron. Their picturesque *Hall* is hung with pictures and banners, and decorated with the arms of the Masters, from those of the first Master, Capel de Cure, in 1351. The portraits include—

Izaak Walton the angler.

Sir R. Jeffreys, founder of almshouses in Whitechapel.

Thomas Belton, who, dying in 1723, left 20,000 guineas to be applied to the redemption of Christian slaves taken by pirates. The bequest of late years has enormously increased in value, a portion of the building land purchased for £9,000 having been sold for £87,000. In 1847 the Company got a scheme passed by which the freemen and widows of the Company participated in the bequest, as well as 800 National Schools in England and Wales.

Admiral Lord Hood, a noble portrait by *Gainsborough*, presented on his admission to the Company.

Lord Exmouth, by *Sir W. Beechey*.

No. 53 on the opposite side of Fenchurch Street was the Queen's Head Tavern, pulled down in 1876. In it were preserved the metal dish and cover used by the Princess Elizabeth when she dined here on pork and peas upon her release from the Tower in 1554. The modern building erected on the site of the old tavern bears a commemorative statue of Elizabeth. On the left, in Church Row, is the truly hideous *Church of St. Catherine Coleman*, occupying the site of an ancient garden called Coleman Haw.

Mark Lane (right) is one of the busiest streets in London. It was originally "Mart Lane from the privilege of fair accorded by Edward I. to Sir Thomas Ross of Hamlake, whose manor of Blanch Appleton became corrupted into Blind Chapel Court."* In the reign of Edward IV.

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 267

basket-makers, vine-dressers, and other foreigners were permitted to have shops in the manor of Blanch Appleton and nowhere else in the City.

Descending Mark Lane, we find, on the left, *Hart Street*, where (four doors from Mark Lane) stood the richly ornamented timber house called "Whittington's Palace," where, with the same generosity shown by the Fuggers at Augsburg, the princely Lord Mayor burnt the royal bond for a debt of £60,000, when Henry V. and his queen came to dine with him. "Never had king such a subject," Henry is said to have exclaimed, when Whittington replied, "Surely, sire, never had subject such a king."

The interesting *Church of St. Olave, Hart Street*, is dedicated to a Norwegian who came to England and fought on behalf of Ethelred II. against the Danes. Being afterwards himself made king of Norway, he became a Christian, which irritated his subjects, who invited Canute to supplant him, by whom he was defeated and slain in 1028. Several churches were dedicated to him in England and three in London, on account of the assistance he had given to the Saxons against the Danes. This church* escaped the Great Fire, and is full of interest. It is the "our owne church" so frequently mentioned in his Diary by Samuel Pepys, whose parish church it was, and who is buried here (1703) with his wife and his brother Tom (1664) "just under my mother's pew." The interior is highly picturesque, and its monuments and relics of old iron-work have been respected in its "restoration," though the usual follies of shiny tiles are introduced. Making the round of the building from the left, we see—

* The keys are to be found near—at 10, Gould Square, Crutched Friars.

The Tomb of *Sir Andrew Riccard*, Turkey merchant and Chairman of the East India Company, 1672.

Monument to *Sir John Radcliffe*, son of Robert, Earl of Sussex, 1568.

Half-figure of *Peter Turner*, 1614, son of the herbalist.

Inscription to *William Turner*, author of the first English Herbal, 1568.

"The fore-mentioned William Turner, father of Peter, was an antient gospeller, contemporary, fellow-collegian, and friend to Bishop Ridley, the martyr. He was doctor of physic in King Edward the Sixth's days, and domestic physician to the Duke of Somerset, Protector to that king; he was also a divine and preacher, and wrote several books against the errors of Rome; and was preferred by King Edward to be Dean of Wells; and, being an exile under Queen Mary the First, returned home upon her death, and enjoyed his deanery again. He was the first that, by great labour and travel into Germany, Italy, and other foreign parts, put forth an Herbal in English, anno 1568, the groundwork of Gerard's Herbal, and then lived in Crutched Friars, from which he dated his epistle dedicatory of that book to the queen." —*Stow.*

"Dr. Turner's Book of Herbs will always grow green, and never wither as long as Dioscorides is held in mind by us mortal wights."—*Dr. Bulleyn.*

Kneeling Effigy of the Florentine merchant, *Pietro Capponi*, 1582.

Two curious Monuments (delightful in colour) of *Andrew Bayninge*, 1610, and *Paul Bayninge*, 1616, aldermen, with an epitaph which tells how—

> "The happy summe and end of their affaires,
> Provided well both for their soules and heires."

Above the tombs of these brothers the Bust of the foolish beauty, with whose little affectations and jealousies we are so singularly well acquainted—the *Wife of Samuel Pepys.*

(Right of altar) The admirable Figure, beautiful in profile, of *Dame Anne Radcliffe*, 1585.

The Monument of *Sir John Mennys*, 1671, the witty Comptroller of the Navy under Charles II., who wrote some of the best poems in the "Musarum Deliciæ." This is the Sir John Minnes mentioned in Pepys's Diary of June 6, 1666, when he says, "To our church, it being the common Fast-day, and it was just before sermon; but, Lord! how all the people in the church did stare upon me, to see me whisper the news of the victory over the Dutch to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Pen! Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below; and by and

by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford, to tell me the news which I had brought, being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten, in writing, and passed from pew to pew."

The Gate of the Dead, Seething Lane.

(South Aisle) The curious Brass, much mutilated, of *Sir Richard Haddon*, Lord Mayor, and his family.

The Brass of *John Orgone* and his wife *Ellyne*, 1584, with the inscription—

> " As I was, so be ye ;
> As I am, you shall be ,
> That I gave, that I have ;
> That I spent, that I had ;
> Thus I ende all my coste,
> That I lefte, that I loste."

Admirable Jacobian Monument of Sir J. Deane, 1608, with his wives and children.

Devereux, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general, was baptised in this church, 1591, by Lancelot Andrews, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. Its churchyard was one of those used for burial during the Plague, a fact commemorated in the skulls over its picturesque and grimy gateway, which is surmounted by a curious *chevaux de frise* of ancient ironwork. Pepys, writing on January 30, 1665-6, says—

"Home, finding the town keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the king's murther; and they being at church, I presently went into the church. This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the Plague; and it frightened me indeed to go through the church, more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard where people have been buried of the Plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while."

The gateway looks out upon *Seething Lane*, where Pepys lived during the last nine years of his life, being here during the Great Fire, which this street escaped. Sir Francis Walsingham and his son-in-law the Earl of Essex lived here in a house built by Sir John Allen, Lord Mayor in the time of Henry VIII.

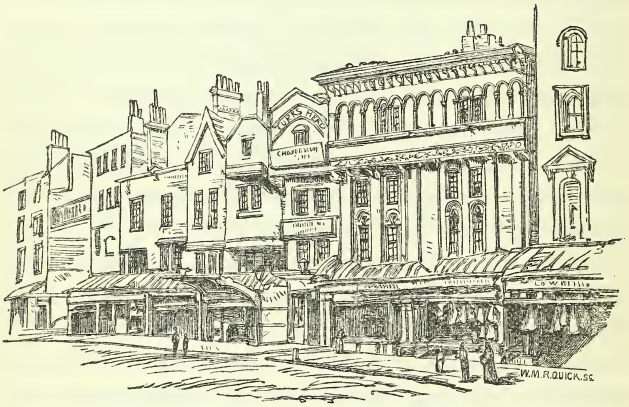
The Convent of Crossed or Crouched Friars (Fratres Sanctæ Crucis) in Hart Street, founded by Ralph Hosier and William Saberner in 1298, has given a name to the neighbouring street of *Crutched Friars*. Here, in Cooper's Row, were Sir John Milborne's Almshouses (lately removed to Seven Sisters Road, Holloway), built in 1535, in honour of God and of the Virgin, where, having strangely survived Puritan iconoclasm, a relief of the Assumption of the Virgin remained to the last over the entrance gate. Near this was an early Northumberland House, inhabited by the second Earl of Northumberland, who was slain at the Battle of St.

Alban's, and his son the third Earl, who fell, sword in hand, at the Battle of Towton. In Crutched Friars are the vast buildings of the East India Docks Indigo Warehouse.

Returning to Fenchurch Street, we pass, on the left, *Billiter Lane*, formerly "Bell-yeter Lane," from the bell-founders, though Stow says it was formerly "Belzettars Lane, so called of the first owner and builder thereof." Fenchurch Street leads into Aldgate High Street, where *Aldgate Pump* occupies the site of a famous well dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel. Close by stood a little Chapel of St. Michael, which belonged to the neighbouring monastery of the Holy Trinity, where wayfarers to the eastern counties sought the divine protection for their journey. The chapel is destroyed, but its beautiful *Crypt* still exists beneath the pavement of Aldgate, though the approaches to it have been recently blocked up.

Aldgate was one of the great gates of the City, and the chief outlet to the eastern counties from the time of the Romans to its destruction in 1760. Its antiquity is shown in the name of Aeld or Old gate. It was rebuilt in the reign of John by the Barons, with money robbed from the coffers of the monks and stone taken from the houses of the Jews, for they feared that others might not experience more difficulty than they had done themselves, in entering the City on this side. The dwelling-house above the gate was leased by the corporation in 1374 (48 Edward III.) to the poet Chaucer for life, though he was not allowed to underlet any portion of the building to others. In 1471 Aldgate was attacked by Thomas Nevill, the "Bastard of Falconbergh," who succeeded in effecting an entrance, but, the portcullis being let down, was surrounded and slain with

his men. In 1553 Aldgate was hung from the top to the bottom with streamers to welcome Mary I., as she entered London in triumph, after the fall of the partisans of Lady Jane Grey. The gate built by the Barons was pulled down in 1606 and rebuilt in 1609. This last Aldgate bore on its east side a gilded statue of James I. with a lion and unicorn chained at his feet, and on the west side gilded



In Aldgate.

statues of Peace, Fortune, and Charity. It was used after the Fire for the prisoners who had been lodged in the Poultry Compter.

The name of *Nightingale Lane* just outside the site of Aldgate is an odd corruption of "Knighten Guild Lane," commemorating the district which Stow describes as "a certain portion of land on the east part of the City, left desolate and forsaken by the inhabitants, by reason of too

much servitude," which was given by King Edgar to "thirteen knights or soldiers well-beloved, for service by them done," and was formed by them into the liberty called Knighten Guild, which still exists as *Portsoken* (soke of the gate) *Ward.*

Stow, the antiquary, lived in Aldgate, and here witnessed the death of the Bailiff of Romford, "a man very well beloved," who was executed on an accusation of having taken part in a rising in the Eastern Counties. This accusation was brought by Sir Stephen, Curate of St. Andrew Undershaft, the popular agitator whose silly sermon at Paul's Cross led to the destruction of the parish Maypole. The bailiff died, protesting his entire innocence. "I heard the words of the prisoner," says Stow, "for he was executed upon the pavement of my door, where I kept house;" and the popular indignation was so great that the curate was forced to take flight from the City.

Duke Street, on the left, commemorates Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who married the heiress of the property on this site. On the right is *Jewry Street* (leading into Crutched Friars), called even in Stow's time "the poor Jurie, of Jews dwelling there." But the great settlement of Jews here was in 1655, under Cromwell, when they came to England in such numbers that there was no room for them in Old Jewry and Jewin Street.

The ugly *Church of St. Botolph, Aldgate*, was built by George Dance in 1744 on the site of an earlier church, for there were churches to this popular saint at four of the gates—Billingsgate, Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, and Aldgate. Retained from the older church are the curious painted bust of Robert Dow, merchant tailor, 1612, and a figure in

as the churchyard had frequently been used for open-air preaching, an outside pulpit has been added. The original name of the church, "St. Mary Matfelon," is derived from the Syriac word Matfel, meaning a woman who has recently given birth to a son. There is, in St. Alban's Abbey, a picture of the Last Supper which was painted by Sir J. Thornhill for this church, but which the Bishop of London caused to be removed as a scandal; because Kennett, Dean of St. Paul's, was therein represented as Judas Iscariot.

On the 21st of July, 1649, a man named Charles Brandon was buried in this churchyard—"a man out of Rosemary Lane, where he kept a rag-shop." His entry in the Burial Register is—"This man was the executioner of Charles I." and a rare tract entitled, "The Confession of Richard Brandon, the Hangman, upon his death-bed, concerning the beheading of his late Majesty," describes how, as his corpse was being carried to the churchyard, the people cried out, "Hang the rogue! Bury him in the dung-hill!" while others pressed upon him, saying they would quarter him for executing the king, so that his body had to be rescued by force.* Brandon was succeeded in his horrible office by Dunn, who was followed by Jack Ketch, whose name has been transmitted to his successors for one hundred and fifty years.

[From Whitechapel the long broad thoroughfare of the *Commercial Road* leads (right) to *Stepney*—the Stibbenhidde or Stebenheth of early deeds: the affix indicating the *hid* or hæredium of a Saxon freeman. We must turn here to the left down White Horse Street, past the Radcliffe Schools,

* See The Trial of Charles I., The Family Library, No. xxxi.

founded in 1710, and adorned with quaint figures of the charity children of that date, to where *St. Dunstan's Church* stands in its great churchyard, a beautiful green oasis amid the ugly brick houses. Colet was vicar of this church before he was Dean of St. Paul's. He was followed by Richard Pace, also Dean of St. Paul's, described by Erasmus, who was his intimate friend and addressed many of his letters to him, as "utriusque literaturæ calentissimus," and by Stow as "endowed with many excellent gifts of nature: courteous, pleasant, and delighting in music; highly in the king's favour and well heard in matters of weight." In 1527 he was sent as ambassador to Venice. Afterwards he lost the royal favour through the influence of Wolsey, and was imprisoned for two years in the Tower. On his release, he lived in retirement at Stepney and was buried near the altar of the church. William Jerome, who was presented to the vicarage of Stepney soon after the death of Pace, was executed for heresy in 1540.

St. Dunstan's is a handsome perpendicular building, and contains a number of monuments, chiefly Jacobean. In the porch is a stone inscribed—

"Of Carthage wall I was a stone,
Oh, mortals, read with pity,
Time consumes all, it spareth none,
Man, mountain, town, or city.
Therefore oh mortals now bethink
Go where unto you must,
Since now such stately buildings
Lie buried in the dust."
Thomas Hughes. 1663.

On the right, on entering the church, is the monument of Dame Rebecca Berry, 1696, wife of Sir John Berry, and

afterwards of Thomas Elton of Stratford-le-Bow, which is regarded with much popular favour, though there are those who declare that Dame Rebecca has only been connected with the ballad of "The Fish and the Ring" or "The Cruel Knight and the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter," by the coat-of-arms upon the tomb—which is heraldically speaking —paly of six on a bend three mullets (Elton) impaling a fish; and in the dexter chief point an annulet between two bends wavy. The legend tells that a knight learned in the stars was present at her birth, and, reading her horoscope, knew that she was fated to become his wife. He tried various means for her destruction, and finally attempted to drown her by throwing her from a rock into the sea, but relented at the last moment, and threw a ring into the waves instead, bidding her never see his face again unless able to produce it. She became a cook, and having found the ring in a codfish she was dressing, presented it to the knight and was married. The knight can have had nothing to regret if we believe the epitaph—

"Come, ladies, you that would appear
Like angels fair, and dress you here.
Come dress you at this marble stone,
And make that humble grace your own
Which once adorn'd as fair a mind
As e'er yet lodged in womankind.
So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife,
Free from all envious brawls and jarrs
Of human life the civil warrs,
These ne'er disturbed her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind,
Her very looks, her garb, her mien,
Disclos'd the humble soul within.
Trace her through every scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife,

Still the same humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years.
The same in high and low estate,
Ne'er vex't with this, ne'er moved with that.
Go ladies now, and if you'd be,
As fair, as great, as good as she,
Go learn of her humility."

On the left of the altar is the handsome canopied tomb of Sir Henry Colet, Knight, 1510, twice Mayor of London, the father of Dean Colet. Sir Thomas Spert, founder of the Trinity House and Comptroller of the Navy under Henry VIII., is also buried here. In the churchyard is the altar-tomb of Admiral Sir John Leake, 1720, "the brave and fortunate," who raised the siege of Londonderry. The great variety of curious epitaphs in this churchyard, "in which you may spend an afternoon with great pleasure to yourself," is described in No. 518 of the *Spectator*. Stupidly covered by gravel, in the path leading to White Horse Street, is the tomb of Roger Crab, 1680, described in the pamphlet called "The English Hermit, or the Wonder of the Age." He served for seven years in the Parliamentary army, and suffered much in the cause, but nevertheless was unjustly imprisoned by Cromwell. Soon after his release he literally followed the precept of the Gospel by distributing all his goods to the poor, except a cottage at Ickenham, where he lived entirely on herbs—"dock-leaves, mallows, or grass."

Stepney was the scene of a parliament under Edward I., and the Bishops of London had a country palace and park here till the reign of Elizabeth. There is a tradition that all children born at sea are parishioners of Stepney—

"He who sails on the wide sea
Is a parishioner of Stepney."]

We may return from Aldgate to the Exchange through *Leadenhall Street*. On the left is *Leadenhall Market*, so called from the manor of Sir Hugh Nevile, by whom it was founded.

> "Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal,
> Seek Leadenhall."—*Gay. Trivia.*

On the north (right) of the street is the *Church of St. Catherine Cree*, rebuilt 1629, interesting because its interior was the first work executed by Inigo Jones, after his return from Italy, and as having been consecrated (in the place of an older church) by Laud, as Bishop of London (January 16, 1631), with ceremonies which were afterwards made a principal accusation of Popery against him, and were greatly conducive to his death. Hans Holbein, who died of the plague at the Duke of Norfolk's house in Aldgate, 1554, was buried in the old church. The south-eastern porch of the existing building was the gate of the watch-house. It bears an inscription stating that "this gate was built at the cost and charges of William Avernon, Citizen and Goldsmith of London, who died December, anno dni. 1631." Above—a strange memento mori to the ever-moving flow of life through the street beneath—is the ghastly figure of the donor, a skeleton in a shroud, lying on a mattress.

The church contains the tomb of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, 1570, Chief Butler of England (the father-in-law of Sir Walter Raleigh), from whom Throgmorton Street takes its name. His effigy in armour is interesting as that of one who played a conspicuous part in the reigns of the Tudors. Having been server to Henry VIII., he followed the fortunes of the queen-dowager, Katherine Parr, resided with her as

cup-bearer throughout her brief married life with Seymour, and was with her at her death. He afterwards served in Scotland under the Protector Somerset, who sent him to bear the news of the victory of Pinkie to London. Edward VI. appointed him privy-councillor, and he was present at the young king's death at Greenwich. In February, 1554, he was arrested on a charge of being concerned in Sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy, and was tried in the Guildhall, but was acquitted, after a fierce cross-examination, owing to his own presence of mind and his spirited defence, though the jury were fined for releasing him. For the third time present at a royal death-bed, he fulfilled the request of Elizabeth by taking the wedding-ring given by Philip from the dead finger of Mary, and delivering it to the new queen. In the words of his epitaph he became "one of the Chamberlains of the Exchequer, and Ambassador lieger to the Queen's Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, in France." He was also the ambassador sent to remonstrate with Mary, Queen of Scots, on her intended alliance with Darnley. But in the close of his life he intrigued for the marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk, and was sent a second time to the Tower. Though released, he never regained the favour of Elizabeth, and died of a broken heart, not without suspicion of poison, at the house of the Earl of Leicester, February 12, 1571.

"He was a man of large experience, piercing judgment, and singular prudence; but he died very luckily for himself and his family, his life and estate being in great danger by reason of his turbulent spirit."—*Camden.*

The epitaph of R. Spencer, a Turkey Merchant, records his death in 1667 after he had seen "the prodigious changes

in the state, the dreadful triumphs of death by pestilence, and the astonishing conflagration of the city by fire."

"The Lion Sermon," which is still occasionally preached in this church, commemorates an adventure of Sir John Gayor, Knight and Merchant of London, who, while travelling in Arabia, became separated from his caravan, and, while wandering alone in the night, was attacked by a lion. Falling on his knees, he vowed his fortune for his deliverance. The lion turned aside, and, with other charitable bequests, Sir John left £200 to the parish of St. Catherine Cree, on condition of his escape being sometimes described in a sermon.

Cree Lane, which runs along the western wall of the church, once led to the magnificent Priory of Holy Trinity, also called Christ Church, which was founded by "good Queen Maude," wife of Henry I., on the persuasion of Archbishop Anselm. The first Mayor of London, the draper Henry Fitz-Alwyn, who continued twenty years in office, was buried in its church in 1212. The fact that this was one of the richest monasteries in the kingdom was probably the cause of its being one of the first to be attacked. Henry VIII. gave it to Thomas Dudley, afterwards Lord Chancellor. His daughter married Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who, after Audley's death, lived here in great state at "Duke's Place." His son, the Earl of Suffolk, sold the property to the City of London for a large sum, which he expended in the building of Audley End.

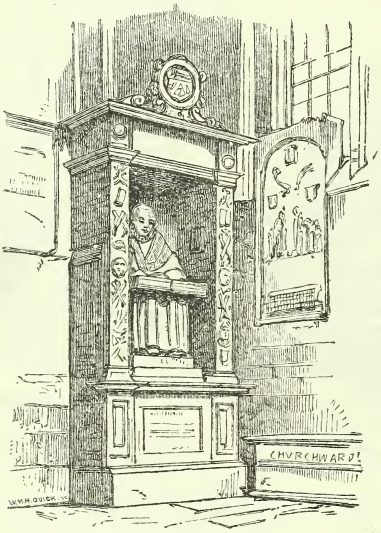
We now reach, on the right (at the entrance of the ancient street called St. Mary Axe, where the famous surgeon Sir Astley Cooper commenced practice), the *Church of St. Andrew Undershaft*, so called, says Stow, "because

that of old time every year (on May-day in the morning), it was used that a high or long shaft or May-pole was set up there before the south door." The shaft of the May-pole was higher than the steeple. It was pulled down on "Evil May Day" in the reign of Henry VIII., but continued hanging on hooks in Shaft Alley till the third year of Edward VI., when it was sawn in pieces and

St. Andrew Undershaft.

burnt by the people after a sermon at Paul's Cross, in which the preacher told them that it had been made an idol of, inasmuch as they had named their parish church "under the shaft." The church, which has a picturesque many-turreted tower, is a good specimen of Perpendicular (1520—1532). In the east window are portraits of Edward VI., Elizabeth, James I.,

Charles I., and Charles II. On the north wall is a monument to Sir Hugh Hammersley, 1637, with effigies of him and his wife kneeling under a tent, and two standing figures at the sides, attributed to one Thomas Madder. Close by, a curious little specimen of a painted monument, is that of Alice Bynge, who had "three husbands, all



Stow's Tomb.

bachelors and stationers." At the end of the north aisle is the striking terra-cotta tomb (never painted) of John Stow the famous antiquary (1525—1605), author of the "Survey of London," to which all later writers on the city are so much indebted. The venerable old man is represented sitting at his table with a book, and a pen in his hand. He was a

tailor by trade and resided near the well in Aldgate. He describes how the compilation of his works, printed and manuscript, "cost many a weary mile's travel, many a hard-earned penny and pound, and many a cold winter night's study." In his old age he fell into great poverty, but all he could obtain in his eightieth year from James I. for his great literary services was "a license to beg." His collections for the "Chronicles of England," now in the British Museum, occupy sixty quarto volumes. But the same misfortunes which attended him in life were suffered to follow after death, and his remains were disturbed, if not removed, in 1732.

"The fact that Stowe was originally a tailor may account for the interest which he always took in matters of dress, in which he was 'the grave chronicler of matters not grave.'"—*Disraeli.*

"I confess, I have heard Stow often accused, that (as learned Guicciardini is charged for telling *magnarum rerum minutias*) he reporteth *res in se minutas*, toys and trifles, being such a *Smell-feast*, that he cannot pass by Guildhall, but his pen must taste of the good chear therein. However this must be indulged to his education; so hard is it for a citizen to write an history, but that the *fur* of his gown will be felt therein. Sure I am, our most elegant historians who have wrote since his time (Sir Francis Bacon, Master Camden, &c.), though throwing away the basket, have taken the fruit; though not mentioning his name, making use of his endeavours. Let me adde of John Stow, that (however he kept *tune*) he kept *time* very well, no author being more accurate in the notation thereof."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Opposite St. Andrew Undershaft is an Elizabethan house from whose boldly projecting stories the inmates must have watched the erection of the Maypole and the dances around it. The *New Zealand Chambers*, hard by, are an ambitious modern imitation by *Norman Shaw* of old street architecture.

On the opposite side of Leadenhall Street, at the north-

west corner of Lime Street, was the House of the East India Company, "the most celebrated commercial association of ancient or modern times." The Company was incorporated in 1600, and first leased these premises from Lord Craven, who was born in the old house on this site. The East India House was several times rebuilt, and finally pulled down in 1862, when its most valuable contents were transferred to the Indian Museum in Whitehall. Charles Lamb was a clerk in the House. "My printed works," he said, "were my recreations—my true works may be found on the shelves in Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios."

Leadenhall Street joins *Cornhill* (so called from a corn-market) where the conduit-fountain called the Standard (built 1582) formerly stood like a high round tower. Cornhill also had its may-pole, which was of prodigious size, for Chaucer, writing of vain-boasters, says that they look as if they could "bear the great shaft of Corn-hill." Gray the poet was born (December 26, 1716) in Cornhill, where his father was an Exchange Broker, at a house on the site of No. 41, which was destroyed by fire in 1748, and rebuilt by him. No. 65, the offices of Messrs. King the publishers, rebuilt in 1871, stand opposite the place where the fountain known as "the Standard at Cornhill" stood, at which the Great Fire stopped. The old house, while occupied by Messrs. Smith and Elder, was interesting from its association with Leigh Hunt, Thackeray, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, and others. It was here that Charlotte and Anne Brontë presented themselves in 1848, to prove their separate identity to the publishers who imagined, as all the world did then, that Currer, Acton,

and Ellis Bell were the same person. Hence also issued the "Cornhill Magazine," with Thackeray as its first editor.

St. Michael's, Cornhill, is one of the churches built by Wren after the Fire. Robert Fabyan, Alderman and Sheriff, who wrote the "Chronicles of England and France" (1511), and the father and grandfather of John Stow the historian were buried in the old church. The marked feature of the present building is its great Perpendicular tower, a bad imitation of that of Magdalen College at Oxford. There is a rich modern door with a relief of St. Michael weighing souls. The interior is covered with foolish decorations in polychrome. Seven seats at the end of the nave are set apart as—the Royal pew, Diocesan, Corporation, Drapers', Merchant Tailors' and Rector's pews.

St. Peter's, Cornhill—hideous outside—one of Wren's rebuildings and a singularly bad specimen of his work, claims to stand on the earliest consecrated ground in England, and to take precedence of Canterbury itself, for there (according to a tablet preserved in the vestry) King Lucius was baptized four hundred years before the coming of Augustine and the conversion of Ethelbert, when he made it the metropolitan church of the whole kingdom. The wood screen in this church was set up by Bishop Beveridge (of St. Asaph), who was rector here 1672—1704, and is mentioned in one of his sermons. A touching monument by Ryley commemorates the seven children of Mr. and Mrs. Woodmason, burnt in their beds in their father's house in Leadenhall Street, January 18, 1782. The cherub heads upon the monument are known from a beautiful engraving by Bartolozzi.

Change Alley, Cornhill (formerly Exchange Alley), leading into Lombard Street, was the chief centre of the money transactions of the last century, when the Stock Exchange was held here at "Jonathan's Coffee House." It was the great scene of action in the South Sea Bubble of 1720, by which so many thousands of credulous persons were ruined.

Another Coffee House in this alley which played a great part in the same time of excitement was "Garraway's," so called from Garway its original proprietor. It was here that tea was first sold in London.

"There is a gulf where thousands fall,
There all the bold adventurers came;
A narrow sound, though deep as hell,
Change Alley is the dreadful name.

Meanwhile, secure on Garway's cliffs,
A savage race by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead."

Swift.

Now we reach the Royal Exchange, whence we set forth.

CHAPTER X.

THE TOWER AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

FROM the statue of William IV. at the foot of King William Street, Little East Cheap and Great Tower Street lead to the Tower of London. This is one of the busiest parts of the City, movement is impeded, and all the side streets teem with bustle and traffic. At the end of Great Tower Street is the Church of *Allhallows, Barking*, which derives its surname from having been founded by the nuns of Barking Abbey before the reign of Richard I., who added a chantry in honour of the Virgin where the north chancel aisle now is. This chantry—"Berking Chapel"—contained a famous image of the Virgin placed there by Edward I. in consequence of a vision before his father's death, in which she assured him that he should subdue Wales and Scotland, and that he would be always victorious, whilst he kept her chapel in repair. To the truth of this vision he swore before the Pope, and obtained an indulgence of forty days for all penitents worshipping here at her shrine. In the instrument which set this forth, prayer is especially asked for the soul of Richard I., "whose heart is buried beneath the high altar": the lion-heart, however, is really in the museum at Rouen, having been exhumed from

the cathedral, where it was deposited when the king's body was buried at Fontevrault.

The church, which is chiefly Perpendicular, is entered on the south by a handsome modern Decorated door. The interior has all the charm which want of uniformity gives, and its old ironwork (observe the sword-rests of three Lords-Mayor—the last of 1727—over the Corporation Pew), its ancient monuments, and numerous associations give it a peculiar interest. Making the circuit of the church we may notice—

North Aisle. The beautiful canopied altar tomb of John Croke, Alderman and Skinner, 1477, and his wife Margery, 1490, who bequeathed her "great chalys of silver guilt" to the church, to have the souls of herself and her husband more "tenderly prayed for." They are represented, in brass, accompanied by small groups of their sons and daughters, with prayers coming from their lips: these, and the coats of arms, are enamelled, not incised.

The figure of Jerome Bonalius, 1583, an Italian (probably the Venetian Consul), kneeling at a desk.

Brass of Thomas Virby, Vicar, 1453.

Brass of John Bacon, 1437, and his wife, very well-executed figures with flowing draperies. He was a woolman and is represented on his bag. The inscription is in raised letters.

Pavement of North Aisle. The grave of George Snayth, 1651, "sometimes auditor to William Lawd, late Archbishop of Canterbury." Snayth, a witness of the archbishop's will, who bequeathed to him £50, desired to rest near his master. (The windows in this aisle commemorate the escape of the church in the Great Fire.)

The Altar, beneath which the headless body of Archbishop Laud was buried by his steward George Snayth, January 11, 1644. It is curious that Laud, the champion of the Book of Common Prayer, was buried according to the ceremonies of the Church of England, long after it was disused in most of the London churches. His body was removed to St. John's College, Oxford, in 1663.

Nave. Brass of Roger James, 1563, bearing the arms of the Brewers' Company; and the noble Flemish brass of Andrewe Evyngar, citizen and salter, and his wife Ellyn, 1536, which has all the delicacy of a Memling picture and is well deserving of study. Evyngar was

the son of a brewer at Antwerp, where his monument was probably executed. There is only one brass superior to it in England—in the Church of St. Mary Cray at Ipswich. On the upper part of this monument is a representation of the Virgin seated in a chair with the dead Christ upon her knees. On the right are the arms of the Salters' Company, on the left those of the Merchant Adventurers of Hamburg. The symbols of the four Evangelists appear at the angles of the inscription (from the litanies of the Sarum breviary), "Ne reminiscaris domine delicta nostra vel parentum nost. neque vindictam sumas de peccatis nostris." Above and below the figures are the words (from the second and third nocturn of the office for the dead, and the responsory in the second nocturn of the same), "Sana domine animam meam quia peccavi tibi. Ideo deprecor majestatem ut tu Deus deleas iniquitatem meam."

Monument of John Kettlewell the Nonjuror, 1695, who desired "to lie in the same grave where Archbishop Laud was before interred." This voluminous author was the Vicar of Coleshill, deprived in 1690 for refusing to take the oaths to William and Mary. His funeral service was performed by Bishop Ken. He "so happily and frankly explained all the details of our duty, that it is difficult to say whether he more formed the manners of men towards evangelical virtue, or exemplified it in his own life."

South Aisle. A canopied tomb of c. 1400, with a small enamel of the Resurrection.

Brass of John Rusche, 1498; and that of Christopher Rawson, Merchant of the Staple, 1518, and his two wives, for the repose of whose souls he founded a chantry in the chapel of St. Anne.

The important brass of William Thynne, "chefe clerk of the kechyn" to Henry VIII., who "departed from the prison of his frayle body" in 1546. This brass is a palimpsest, the other side being engraved with the figure of an ecclesiastic, and was evidently one of the monastic brasses torn up at the Dissolution. Thynne wears the chain which was the badge of court officers, for he was Clerk of the Kitchen, Clerk of the Green Cloth, and Master of the Household to Henry VIII. He was the "Thynnus Aulicus"—the courtier, of Erasmus,* and was the originator of the wealth and power of the Thynne family. His father was Thomas Boteville, of an ancient family which came from Poitou in the reign of John, and which acquired the name of Thynne from John of th' Inn, one of its members who resided in an Inn of Court. William Thynne edited the first edition of the Works of Chaucer in 1532, which he dedicated to Henry VIII., and which was

* Epistolæ xv. 14.

complete, with the exception of "the Plowman's tale," which was then suppressed by the king's desire, but which appeared in the edition of 1542, which was edited by his son Francis, who narrates—

"This tale when Kinge Henry the Eigth had redde he called my father unto him and said: 'William Thynne, I doubt this will not bee allowed; for I suspect the bishoppes will call thee in question for ytt.' To whome my father, being in great favore with his prince, sayed, 'If your grace be not offended I hope to be protected by you.' Whereupon the king did bidd hym go his waye and feare not. All which notwithstanding my father was called in question by the bishopps and heavea at by Cardinall Wolseye his olde enemeye for many causes, but mostly for that my father had procured Skelton to publish his *Collin Cloute* against the Cardinall, the most part of which book was compiled in my father's house at Erith in Kent."

The only son of William Thynne was Francis, the Lancaster Herald, a distinguished antiquary, who assisted Holinshed in his chronicles, "seeing," says Fuller, "the shoulders of Atlas himself may be weary, if not sometimes beholden to Hercules to relieve him." Of his nephews, one was William, Steward of the Marches, who has a noble alabaster tomb in Westminster Abbey, and another Sir John Thynne of Longleat, who founded the House of Bath.

Brass of Elizabeth (1540) wife of W. Denham, Alderman and Sheriff, whose portrait is in the Ironmongers' Hall.

The carvings of the *Font* are by *Gibbons*.

The Parish Register records the baptism, October 23, 1644, of "William, son of William Penn and Margarett his wife, of the Tower Liberty." The eldest son of Sir William Penn (Commander in Chief of the Navy under the Duke of York, Knighted in 1665) was born "on the east side of Tower Hill, within a court adjoining to London Wall." * Being turned out of doors by his father for his Quaker opinions, he obtained a grant (in consideration of his father's services) from Charles II. of land in the province of New Netherlands in America, where he became the founder of "Pennsylvania." Returning to England, he died at Beaconsfield in 1718."

In the Churchyard of Allhallows was buried Humfery Monmouth, Alderman, the great benefactor of the early reformers, who harboured and helped Tyndale, was imprisoned for heresy by Sir Thomas More, and who be-

* Letter from P. Gibson to William Penn, the Quaker.

queathed money for "four godly ministers" (Mr. Latimer, Dr. Barnes, Dr. Crome, and Mr. Taylor) "to preach reformed doctrines" in the church where he was buried. From its nearness to the Tower, this church also became the burial-place of several of its victims. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, the Cardinal of St. Vitalis who was never allowed to wear his hat, his grave being "digged by the watches with their halberds," was laid here (without his head, which was exposed on London Bridge) "without coffin or shroud," near the north door, in 1535, but was afterwards moved that he might be near his friend Sir Thomas More in the Tower. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (beheaded for quartering the arms of Edward the Confessor, though he had a license to do so from the Heralds' College), "the first of the English nobility that did illustrate his birth with the beauty of learning,"* was also buried here in 1546, but was moved to Framlingham in 1614. Here still reposes Lord Thomas Grey (uncle of Lady Jane), beheaded in 1554 for taking part in the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and his perhaps may be the headless skeleton lately found at the west end of the nave.†

The sign of the *Czar's Head* (No. 48), opposite this church, marks a house where Peter the Great, when in England, used to booze and smoke with his boon companions.

We now emerge on *Tower Hill*, a large plot of open ground, surrounded with irregular houses. In one of these lived Lady Raleigh while her husband was imprisoned in the Tower. Where the garden of Trinity Square is now planted,

* Camden.

† For further details as to this church, consult "Collections in Illustration of the Parochial Hist. of Allhallows, Barking," by Joseph Maskell.

a scaffold or gallows of timber was always erected for the execution of those who were delivered by writ out of the Tower to the sheriffs of London, there to be executed. Only the queens and a very few other persons have suffered within the walls of the Tower—almost all the great historical executions have taken place here on the open hill. Amongst others, this honoured spot has been stained with the blood of Bishop Fisher, June 22, 1535; Sir Thomas More, July 6, 1535; Cromwell, Earl of Essex, July 28, 1540; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, 1547; Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, 1549; the Protector Somerset, 1552; John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, 1553; Lord Guildford Dudley, February 12, 1553; Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1554; Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, May 12, 1641; Archbishop Laud, January 10, 1645; Algernon Sydney, December 7, 1683; the Duke of Monmouth, July 15, 1685; the Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmuir, 1715; Lords Kil marnock and Balmerino, August 18, 1746; and Simon, Lord Lovat, April 9, 1747, the last person beheaded in England, who died expressing his astonishment that such vast multitudes should assemble "to see an old grey head taken off."

Below Tower Hill, separated from it by a wide moat and ramparts now planted with gardens on the side of the town, is the immense pile of fortifications known as the *Tower of London*. Though one of the most ancient, and quite the most historical, of English fortresses, a great feeling of disappointment will be inevitably felt by those who see it for the first time. Its picturesque points have to be carefully sought for. Its general aspect is poor, mean, and uninteresting, a fault which is entirely owing to the feeble-

ness of our later English architects—to the same utter ignorance of the honour due to light and shadow—and the same sacrifice of general outline to finish, which has ruined Windsor Castle. Here, where an Italian would have used enormous blocks of stone, perfect rocks heaped one upon another, all work of rebuilding or restoration has been done with small stones neatly cut and fitted together like bricks, producing an impression of durable piteousness, which it requires all the romance of history to counteract.

A tradition which ascribes the first building of the Tower to Julius Cæsar has been greatly assisted by Gray through the lines in the Bard—

> "Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

But no existing buildings are of earlier date than the *White Tower* or Keep which was built by William the Conqueror in 1078. Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, the builder of Rochester Castle, was overseer of the work. He was surnamed "the Weeper" and appropriately "laid in tears the foundation of the fortress which was to be the scene of so much suffering." The Tower was much enlarged by William Rufus, of whom Henry of Huntingdon says, "He pilled and shaved the people with tribute, especially to spend about the Tower of London and the great hall of Westminster." By Rufus and Henry I., St. Thomas's Tower was built over the Traitor's Gate,—"they caused a grate castle to be builded under the said Tower, to wit on the south side towards the Thames, and also encastelated the same about." In the reign of Henry I. we read of Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, being imprisoned in the

Tower, but a rope was sent to him, concealed in a cask of wine, and he escaped safely, being let down from the walls.

King Stephen frequently resided in the Tower. The moat was made by Longchamp Bishop of Ely in 1190 when he was intrusted with its defence for Richard I. against John. He "enclosed the castle with an outward wall of stone, thinking to have environed it with the river of Thames." Of all English sovereigns the Tower was most enriched and adorned by Henry III., for he regarded it rather as a palace than a fortress. Griffin, Prince of Wales, was imprisoned here in 1244 and attempted to escape by a rope made of his bedclothes, but it broke, and he met with a frightful death in the moat. Under Edward I. the great prisoners taken in the Scottish wars were immured here. Baliol, after three years, was released on the intercession of the Pope, but William Wallace and Sir Simon Fraser only left their prison to be executed with the most horrible brutality in Smithfield.

Edward II. frequently resided in the Tower, where his eldest daughter, thence called Jane of the Tower, was born. Under Edward III., John, King of France, and David Bruce, King of Scotland, were imprisoned here. In the reign of Richard II. the Tower was continually filled with prisoners who were victims of the jealousy of rival factions, the most illustrious being the young king's tutor, the excellent Sir Simon Burley, of whom Froissart says, "To write of his shameful death right sore displeaseth me; for when I was young I found him a noble knight, sage and wise . . . yet no excuse could be heard, and on a day he was brought out of the Tower and beheaded like a traitor—God have mercy on his soul." For this act, when his own friends

obtained the chief power, King Richard caused his uncle the Duke of Gloucester to be put to death at Calais, and the Earl of Arundel lost his head on Tower Hill.

During the rebellion of Wat Tyler, when the king, who had previously been fortified in the Tower, was induced to go forth to meet the insurgents, the rebels broke into the fortress and pillaged it, beheading Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury (who had abused them as "shoeless ribalds"), Sir Robert Hales the treasurer, and others whom they found there. It was in the upper chamber of the White Tower that Richard II. abdicated in favour of his cousin Henry of Bolingbroke, and hence Henry IV. went to his coronation, a custom which was followed by all after sovereigns of England till James II. Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, the king's brother-in-law, was the first of a long series of victims beheaded in the Tower in the reign of Henry IV., in which Prince James of Scotland, son of Robert III., was imprisoned there. Under Henry V. the prisons were filled with the captives of Agincourt, including Charles, Duke of Orleans,* and his brother John, Count of Angoulême. In this reign also the Tower became the prison of many of the reformers called Lollards, of whom the greatest was Lord Cobham, who was dragged by a chain from the Tower to be burnt in St. Giles's Fields.

In the reign of Henry VI. the fortress was occupied by the prisoners of the Wars of the Roses, and here in June, 1471, King Henry VI. died mysteriously just after the Battle of Tewkesbury—according to Fabian and Hall, by the hand of the Duke of Gloucester, who "murthered the

* The father (by his third wife) of Louis XII. He had previously married Isabella of Valois, widow of Richard II. of England.

said kyng with a dagger." Queen Margaret was imprisoned here till 1475. Two years afterwards George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., was put to death in the Tower. With the death of Edward IV. the darkest page in the annals of the fortress is opened by the execution of Lord Hastings, soon to be followed by the alleged murder of the young King Edward V., and his brother Richard, Duke of York.

Hence Elizabeth of York went to her coronation as wife of Henry VII., and here she died after her confinement in 1503. Her little daughter Katherine was the last princess born in the Tower. The most illustrious victim of this reign was Edward, Earl of Warwick, son of the murdered Duke of Clarence, and the last male Plantagenet, who was beheaded in 1499, his only crime being his royal blood. In the same year Perkin Warbeck, the White Rose of England, who claimed to be the younger son of Edward IV., was imprisoned here before being taken to be hung at Tyburn.

The accession of Henry VIII. witnessed the imprisonment and execution of Empson and Dudley the tax-gatherers of his father, and in 1521 that of Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, whose chief fault was his descent from Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III. The next great executions on Tower Hill were those of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, who suffered for refusing to acknowledge the king's supremacy. These were soon followed by the private execution of Queen Anne Boleyn and her brother Lord Rochford, and by the death on Tower Hill of Henry Norris, William Brereton, Sir Francis Weston, and Mark Smeaton for her

sake. The endless victims of the northern insurrections and of the dissolution of monasteries next succeeded to the prisons of the Tower, followed by those accused of treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole, including his venerable mother, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, niece of the Kings Edward IV. and Richard III., who was brutally beheaded within the walls. In 1540 Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the chief promoter of the dissolution of monasteries, who had offended Henry VIII. by bringing about his marriage with Anne of Cleves, was imprisoned and brought to the block. His execution was soon followed by that of Queen Catherine Howard and her confidante Lady Rochford.

In 1546 Anne Askew was racked in the Tower for the Protestant faith before her burning in Smithfield. And in 1547 the poet Earl of Surrey was executed on Tower Hill, the only ground for the accusation of high treason brought against him being that he quartered (as he had a right to do) the arms of Edward the Confessor, and that he was fond of conversing with foreigners. His father Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, only escaped being added to the victims of Henry VIII.'s jealousies by the tyrant's death.

In the reign of Edward VI., Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, his uncle, and the widower of his stepmother, Queen Katherine Parr, was beheaded on Tower Hill for government intrigues, and for having defrauded the mint to an amount of something like £40,000 and having established cannon foundries where he had twenty-four cannons ready for immediate service.

"As touching the kind of his death, whether he be saved or no, I refer that to God. In the twinkling of an eye He may save a man,

and turn his heart. What He did I cannot tell. And when a man hath two strokes with an axe, who can tell but between two strokes he doth repent? It is hard to judge. But this I will say, if they will ask me what I think of his death, that he died very dangerously, irksomely, and horribly. He was a wicked man, and the realm is well rid of him."—*Latimer's Sermons*, p. 162.

In 1551 the King's other uncle, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, being most unjustly found guilty of felony, was beheaded amid the tears of the people. His execution was followed by those of his friends, Sir Thomas Arundel, Sir Michael Stanhope, Sir Ralph Vane, and Sir Miles Partridge.

The accession of Mary brought Lady Jane Grey and her husband Lord Guildford Dudley to the Tower and the scaffold, with her father-in-law John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and his adherents Sir John Gates and Sir Thomas Palmer. The rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, a principal cause in the execution of Lady Jane Grey, led to his being beheaded, to the execution of the Duke of Suffolk and Lord Thomas Grey, and to the imprisonment in the Tower of the Princess Elizabeth.

The accession of Elizabeth sent a number of Roman Catholic bishops and abbots to the Tower for refusing to acknowledge her supremacy. Lady Katherine Grey, sister of Lady Jane, was also kept in prison till her death in 1567 for the crime of a secret marriage with the Earl of Hertford. Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, son of the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, was imprisoned and executed in 1571, for having aspired to the hand of Mary, Queen of Scots. In the latter part of the queen's reign numbers of Jesuit priests were committed to the Tower and executed, and Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, being imprisoned there,

died by suicide. Sir John Perrot, a natural son of Henry VIII., unjustly imprisoned, died of a broken heart. Through the bitter jealousy of the reigning court favourites, Cecil and Raleigh, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was imprisoned and beheaded privately in the Tower in 1601, his execution being followed by those of Sir Christopher Blunt, Sir Charles Danvers, Sir Gilley Merrick, and Henry Cuffe.

Shortly after James I. came to the throne an alleged plot for the re-establishment of popery and raising of Lady Arabella Stuart to the throne led to that lady's imprisonment for life in the Tower (where she died insane) with Lord Thomas Grey and Lord Cobham, and to the execution of George Brook the brother of the latter. Sir Walter Raleigh, imprisoned at the same time (1603), was released in 1616, but he was reimprisoned in 1618 to gratify the malice of Gondomar the Spanish ambassador, and (though he had been appointed admiral of the fleet with command of an expedition to Guiana, during his short interval of liberty) he was beheaded two months afterwards on his old accusation.

In 1606 the dungeons of the Tower were filled with the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot, who were all hung, cut down, and disembowelled while they were still living. In 1613 Sir Thomas Overbury was poisoned in the Tower by the Earl of Rochester and the Countess of Essex, who obtained a pardon by the favour of King James, though he had prayed that "God's curse might light upon him and his posterity (which it did) if he spared any that were guilty."

In 1630 Sir John Eliot was committed to the Tower, where he wrote his "Monarchie of Man," and continued,

though his lodging was ten times changed, till his death in Nov. 1632.

In 1641 Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, unjustly condemned for high treason against the will of his sovereign Charles I., was beheaded on Tower Hill, having been blessed from a window on his way to execution by Archbishop Laud, who was then himself a prisoner, having been impeached for Romish tendencies, and who was himself beheaded on January 4, 1643. In the wars which followed, Sir John Hotham and his son, the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland and Lord Capel were imprisoned and suffered death for the cause of their king.

With the return of Charles II. came the imprisonment and death of many of the regicides, but the next important executions were those of Algernon Sidney and William Lord Russell; and that of the Duke of Monmouth, who was executed for high treason against his uncle James II. in 1685. In 1688 the Archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops were imprisoned in the Tower for a libel upon the king and his government. Executions were now rare, but numerous prisoners still filled the Tower. Among these in 1722 was Bishop Atterbury, whose imprisonment for Jacobitism is commemorated by Pope—

> "How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour,
> How shone his soul unconquered in the Tower."

In 1715 Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmuir were beheaded on Tower Hill for their devotion to the Stuarts. The Earl of Nithsdale escaped in a cloak and hood provided by his heroic wife. Loyalty to the Stuarts likewise led in 1746 to the execution of Lords Kilmarnock,

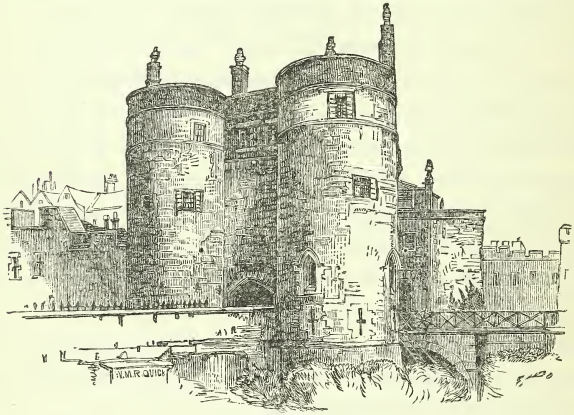
Balmerino, and Lovat, with Charles Ratcliffe, younger brother of Lord Derwentwater.

The parts of the Tower generally exhibited to the public are the Armoury and the Jewel Tower. These, however, are the parts least worth seeing. To visit the rest of the Tower an order should be obtained from the Constable. Visitors are shown over the Tower by *Beefeaters*, as the Wardens of the Tower are called, who still wear the picturesque dress of the Yeomen of the Guard of Henry VIII. established in 1285, a privilege which was obtained for them in perpetuity from Edward VI. by his uncle the Protector Somerset, who had noted their diligence in their office while he was a prisoner in the Tower. It has been well observed that the dress of the Beefeaters in the Tower shows, more than anything else in London, the reverence of England for her past. Their name is supposed to be derived from the fact that the commons of the early Yeomen of the Guard, when on duty, was beef—and the name was probably derisory, beef being then a cheap article of consumption, for when under Henry VIII. butchers were compelled by law to sell their mutton at three farthings, beef was only a half-penny.

Before reaching the moat we pass by what is called "the Spur" beneath the *Middle Gate*, where an ancient arch with a portcullis is now built into modernised bastions. This was the gate where Elizabeth, coming from Canonbury before her coronation, on entering the fortress which had been her prison, alighted from her palfrey, and falling upon her knees "offered up to Almighty God, who had delivered her from a danger so imminent, a solemn and devout thanksgiving for an 'escape so miraculous,' as she ex-

pressed it herself, 'as that of Daniel out of the mouths of the Lions.'" *

Adjoining the Middle Gate was the *Lion Tower*, with a semicircular area, where the kings of England formerly kept their wild beasts. The first of these were three leopards presented to Henry III. by the Emperor Frederick, in allusion to the royal arms. A bear was soon added, for which the



Middle Tower.

sheriffs of London were ordered to provide a muzzle and iron chain to secure him when out of the water, and a strong cord to hold him "when fishing in the Thames." An elephant was procured in the same reign, and a lion in that of Edward II. The wild beasts at the Tower were the most popular sight of London in the last and the beginning of the present century,—"Our first visit was to the lions,"

* See Burnet's "History of the Reformation."

says Addison in the "Freeholder." In 1834 the royal menagerie was used as a foundation for the Zoological Gardens collection. To the right is a terrace along the bank of the Thames, where we should walk to admire the wide reach of the Thames, here called *the Pool*, crowded with shipping, so that one seems to be walking through a gallery of beautiful Vanderveldes. The first steps leading to the river are the Queen's Stairs (once much wider), where the sovereigns embarked for their coronations. The wharf from which we are gazing is the same which—twice destroyed and twice rebuilt during his reign—made Henry III. so excessively unpopular with the Londoners.

"A monk of St. Alban's, who tells the tale, asserts that a priest who was passing near the fortress saw the spirit of an archbishop, dressed in his robes, holding a cross, and attended by the spirit of a clerk, gazing sternly on these new works. As the priest came up, the figure spake to the masons, 'Why build ye these?' As he spoke he struck the walls sharply with the holy cross, on which they reeled and sank into the river, leaving a wreath of smoke behind. The priest was too much scared to accost the more potent spirit; but he turned to the humble clerk and asked him the archbishop's name—'St. Thomas the Martyr,' said the shade. . . . The ghost further informed the priest that the two most popular saints in our calendar, the Confessor and the Martyr, had undertaken to make war upon these walls. 'Had they been built,' said the shade, 'for the defence of London, and in order to find food for masons and joiners, they might have been borne; but they are built against the poor citizens; and if St. Thomas had not destroyed them, the Confessor would have swept them away.'

"The names of these popular saints still cling to the Watergate. One of the rooms, fitted up as an oratory, and having a piscina still perfect, is called the Confessor's Chapel; and the barbican itself, instead of bearing its official name of Watergate, is only known as St. Thomas's tower."—*Hepworth Dixon.*

An arch beneath the terrace forms the approach to the *Traitor's Gate*, through which the water formerly reached to the stairs within the gloomy low-browed arch which we still

see. Here it was that Anne Boleyn was landed, having been hurried hither without warning from a tournament at Greenwich, and fell upon her knees upon the steps, praying God to defend her, as she was innocent of the crime of which she was accused. Here, eighteen years after, her daughter Elizabeth stepped on shore, exclaiming, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before thee, O God, I speak it." Fuller mentions the proverb, "A loyal heart may be landed at Traitor's Gate"—

> "That gate misnamed, through which before,
> Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."
>
> *Rogers' Human Life.*

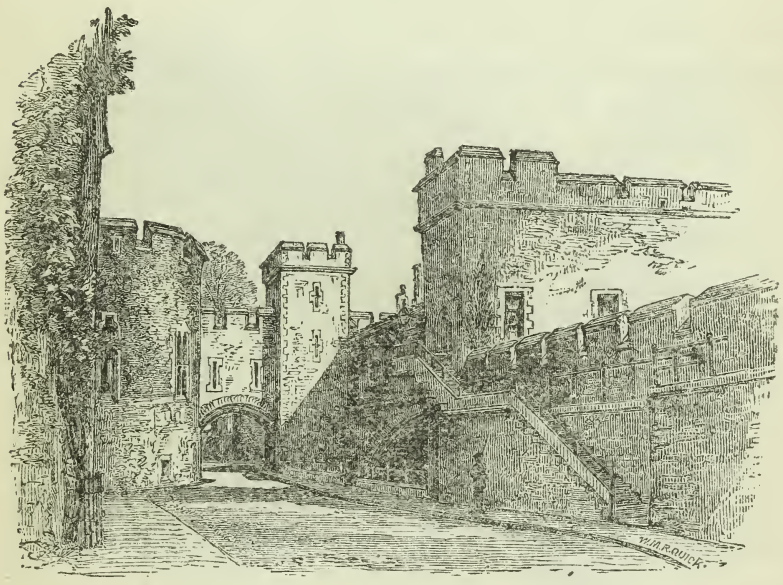
In the room over the gate died the last Lord Grey of Wilton (1614) after eleven years of cruel imprisonment—on accusation of wishing to marry Lady Arabella Stuart without permission of James I.

Beyond the Traitor's Gate, guarding the outer ward towards the river, were the *Cradle Tower*, the *Well Tower*, and the *Galleyman Tower*. Near the last was the approach called the *Iron Gate*.

Returning to the main entrance, we pass into the *Outer Ward* through the *Byward Tower* (so called from the password given on entering it), having on the left the Bell Tower, in which Bishop Fisher and Lady Arabella Stuart were confined. There is a similar "Bell Tower" at Windsor, there almost the only remnant of the ancient castle.

We should examine the Traitor's Gate as we pass it. The walls, both at the sides and in front towards the river, are perforated with little passages, with loopholes from

which the Lieutenant of the Tower could watch, unseen, the arrival of the prisoners. We may linger a moment at the top of its steps also, to recollect that it was here that as Sir Thomas More was being led back to prison, after his condemnation, with the fatal sign of the reversed axe carried before him, his devoted daughter Margaret, who had been watching unrecognised amid the crowd, burst through the



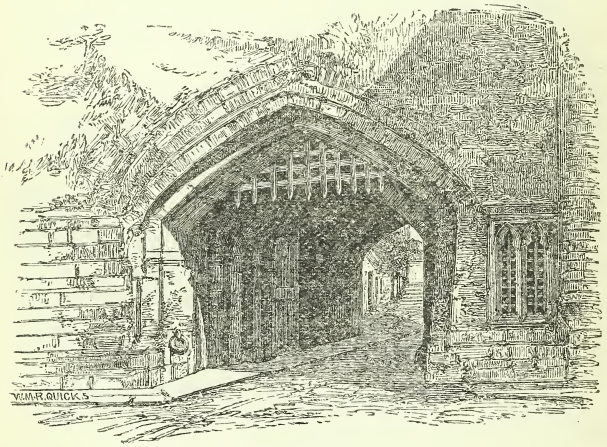
Traitor's Gate.

guards and flinging herself upon his neck, besought his blessing.

"The blushing maid
Who through the streets as through a desert stray'd,
And when her dear, dear father passed along,
Would not be held; but bursting through the throng,
Halberd and axe, kissed him o'er and o'er,
Then turned and wept, then sought him as before,
Believing she should see his face no more."

Rogers' Human Life.

Margaret was forced away from her father, but a second time broke away and threw her arms round his neck, with such piteous cries of "Oh my father, my father!" that the very guards were melted into tears, while he, "remitting nothing of his steady gravity," gave her his solemn blessing and besought her "to resign herself to God's blessed pleasure, and to bear her loss with patience."



The Bloody Gate.

Immediately opposite the Traitor's Gate, another ancient arch with a portcullis admits us to the *Inner Ward*. The old ring on the left of the arch is that to which the rope was fastened, stretched across the roadway, from the boat which brought in the prisoners. This is altogether the most picturesque point in the building. It is called the *Bloody Tower*, from the belief that here the sons of Edward

IV. were murdered by order of their uncle Richard III. There is not, however, any proof that, if the murder was committed, it occurred here, and the present name has only been given to the place since the reign of Elizabeth: it was previously called "the Garden Tower," because it joined the constable's garden, which now forms part of the parade.

Though there is no proof that the princes were murdered here, a very old tradition points out the angle at the foot of the wall, outside the gate on the right, as the place of their hasty burial by their reputed assassins, Dighton and Forrest, before their removal by Richard III. to the foot of the staircase in the White Tower.

The gate looks the same now as it did when Sir Thomas Wyatt passed through it to his prison, when Sir John Bridges seized him and shook him by the collar, calling him names and saying—"but that the law must pass upon thee, I would stick thee with my dagger"—"To the which," says Holinshed, "Wyatt, holding his arms under his side, and looking grievously with a grim look upon the lieutenant, said, 'It is no mastery now,' and so passed on."

It is from the little portico on the right within the Bloody Gate that nightly, at 11 P.M., the sentry of the guard challenges the Chief Warder having the keys of the fortress —"Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." Upon which the Warder exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria." The soldiers respond, the keys pass on, and the guard disperse.

Just within the gate, on the right, some steps lead into the *Wakefield Tower*, where the Regalia is now kept. This tower, which is said to derive its name from the prisoners kept here after the Battle of Wakefield, has a beautiful

vaulted roof. Opening from the raised recess of the window on the south side is the oratory of Henry VI., which tradition points out as the scene of his murder. The centre of the chamber is occupied by a great glass-case containing *the Regalia*, with the magnificent gold plate used at Coronation banquets. The collection of plate and jewels here

The Wakefield Tower.

is valued at three millions. The most important objects are—

The Queen's State Crown, made 1838. It is covered with precious stones. In front, in the centre of a cross of diamonds, is the famous ruby given to the Black Prince by Don Pedro of Castile (1367) after the Battle of Najera. Henry V. wore it in his helmet at the Battle of Agincourt.

St. Edward's Crown, made for the Coronation of Charles II., and used ever since at coronations. It replaced a crown destroyed during the Commonwealth, which tradition ascribed to the Confessor.

The Prince of Wales's Crown, of gold, without jewels.

The Crown used for the Queen's Consort, of gold, set with diamonds and precious stones.

The Queen's Circlet, made for Mary of Modena, wife of James II.

The Orb, a ball of gold, set with jewels and surmounted by a cross, held by the sovereigns in their right hand at coronation, and carried in their left on their return to Westminster Hall. This is a badge of universal authority, borrowed from the Roman emperors.

St. Edward's Staff, a golden sceptre carried before the sovereign at coronation.

The King's Sceptre with the Cross, which is placed in the right hand of the sovereign at coronation by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The King's Sceptre with the Dove, surmounted by a cross, with a dove as the emblem of Mercy.

The Queen's Sceptre with the Cross.

The Queen's Ivory Rod, an ivory sceptre, with a golden cross and dove, made for Mary of Modena.

The Armillæ, or Bracelets, worn by sovereigns at coronations.

The Royal Spurs, carried by ancient custom at coronations by the Lords Grey de Ruthyn, as representatives of the Earls of Hastings.

The Ampulla, or golden eagle, which holds the consecrated oil at coronations. The spoon belonging to the Ampulla is the oldest piece of plate in the collection.

The Curtana, or Sword of Mercy, carried at coronations between the Swords of Temporal and Spiritual Justice.

The Salt-cellar of State—a model of the White Tower.

The Silver Fountain, presented to Charles II. by the town of Plymouth.

The Silver Font, used at the baptisms of the royal children.

The crown jewels have frequently been pledged by the English kings to Flemish and French merchants. A determined attempt to carry them off was made by an Irishman named Thomas Blood in the reign of Charles II. He was a desperate ruffian, who, amongst other wild deeds, had carried off the Duke of Ormond and very nearly succeeded in hanging him at Tyburn to avenge the deaths of some of his associates in a Dublin insurrection, when the Duke was Lord Lieutenant. On the present occasion he came first

with his supposed wife to see the Regalia, and while there the woman pretended to be taken ill, and her being conveyed into the rooms of Talbot Edwards, the Deputy-keeper, then eighty years old, was made the pretext for an acquaintance, which ended in a proposition on the part of Blood to bring about a marriage between his son and the daughter of Edwards. Some days after he returned with the imaginary bridegroom and two other companions, and, while waiting for the lady, begged to show them the crown jewels. Edwards complied, and, as soon as the door, according to custom, was locked on the inside, they gagged the old man, beat him till he was half senseless, and began to pack up the regalia. Fortunately young Edwards returned from Flanders at that moment and arrived to see his father. The old keeper, hearing him, contrived to cry out "Murder," and the conspirators made off, Blood carrying the crown, and one of his companions, Perrot, the orb. They were pursued and seized. The most extraordinary part of the story is, that backed by the reminiscence of his attack on the Duke of Ormond, Blood so contrived to terrify the king by his account of the vengeance which his friends would take in case of his execution, that he was not only released, but allowed a pension of £500 a year! while poor old Edwards, promised a pension which was never paid, was allowed to die almost in destitution.

Before the Regalia were removed hither, the Wakefield Tower was used as a Record office. It was here that Selden, with Sir Robert Cotton, searched for the precedents upon which the Petition of Rights was founded. Here also Prynne forgot the loss of his ears in compiling materials for his books, for when some one asked Charles II. at

the Restoration what should be done to keep Prynne quiet, he said, "Let him amuse himself with writing against the Catholics and poring over the records in the Tower," of which he forthwith gave him the custody, with a salary of £500 a year.

The centre of the Inner Ward is occupied by the mighty *White Tower*, an immense quadrangular building with corner turrets, and pierced with Norman arches and windows. Below it, on the south, under an open roof, are preserved several curious specimens of early guns, chiefly of the time of Henry VIII., the earliest dating from Henry VI. The most interesting pieces are "the Great Harry" of Henry VIII. and a gun inscribed "Thomas Semeur Knyght was Master of the King's Ordynannce when John and Robert Owen Brethren made thys Pece, Anno Domini 1546."

"If there be any truth in the proverb, 'As long as Megg of Westminster,' it relateth to a great gun, lying in the Tower, commonly call'd 'Long Megg,' and in troublesome times (perchance upon Ill May-day in the reign of King Henry the Eighth) brought to Westminster, where for a good time it continued. But this nut (perchance) deserves not the cracking."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

At the south-west angle is the entrance of the *Horse Armoury*, through which visitors are usually hurried full speed by the warders. The gallery is decorated, fantastically and rather absurdly, with weapons. In the centre are twenty-two equestrian figures in suits of armour, illustrating the different reigns from Edward I. to James II. The suits of armour are all ascribed to different kings or knights, but for the most part without authority.

The collection is a fine one, but not to be compared to those of Madrid and Vienna, or even to that of Turin.

Suits which really belonged to those to whom they are assigned, and which therefore especially require notice, are—

Right (in the recess). The glorious suit (of German manufacture) presented to Henry VIII. on his marriage with Katharine of Arragon. There is a similar suit in the Belvidere at Vienna.

"The badges of this king and queen, the rose and the pomegranate, are engraved on various parts of the armour. On the fans of the genouillères is the Sheaf of Arrows, the device adopted by Ferdinand, the father of Katharine, on his conquest of Granada. Henry's badges, the Portcullis, the Fleur-de-lys, and the Red Dragon, also appear; and on the edge of the lambboys or skirts are the initials of the royal pair, 'H. K.,' united by a true lover's knot. The same letters similarly united by a knot, which includes also a curious love-badge, formed of a half rose and half pomegranate, are engraved on the croupière of the horse.

"But the most remarkable part of the embellishment of this suit consists in the saintly legends which are engraved upon it. These consist of ten subjects, full of curious costume, and indicating curious manners."—*Hewitt's Tower Armouries.*

Suit of russet armour, covered with filigree work, of the time of Edward VI. The horse armour is adorned with the badges of Burgundy and Granada. It probably belonged to the Archduke Philip, who married the unfortunate Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. This horse armour is believed to have been presented to Henry VII. when Philip and Joanna were forced by storms to take refuge in England in 1506.

Left. Another suit of Henry VIII.—probably authentic.

Tilting suit which belonged to Robert Dudley, Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester. Observe the initials R. D. on the genouillères, and the Bear and Ragged Staff on the chanfron of the horse, encircled by the collar of the garter. This suit was originally gilt.

Gilt suit of the Earl of Essex (1581), which was worn by the king's champion at George II.'s coronation.

Gilt suit of Charles I. given by the Armourers' Company. This suit was laid on the coffin of the Duke of Marlborough at his funeral.

Gilt suit made for Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., as a child.

Suit made for Charles II. in his fifth year.

Armour attributed to James II. The head is interesting as having been carved by Grinling Gibbons as a portrait of Charles II.

The oldest piece of armour here is an Asiatic suit of the time of the Crusades, brought from Tong Castle, in Shropshire.

In a cabinet in the recess at the end of the armoury (right) are the awful "Headsman's Mask," and the Burgonet of Will Somers, jester to Sir Thomas More and afterwards to Henry VIII.: it is a kind of head-piece, with ram's horns.

A staircase leads (passing through some imitation pillars and a Norman doorway formed out of a window) to Queen Elizabeth's armoury. Here also the old Norman walls are everywhere spoilt by deal panelling and a ridiculous decoration of pistols, sabres, &c., arranged in the forms of feathers or flowers. At the foot of the stairs is a curious suit of armour sent to Charles II. by the Great Mogul.

On the left of *Queen Elizabeth's Armoury* is a dark cell falsely called the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh. At the entrance are inscriptions left by prisoners after Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion—

"He that indvreth to the ende shall be savid M. 10.
R. Hudson. Kent. Ano. 1553."

"Be faithful vnto the deth and I wil give thee a crowne of life. T. Fane. 1554."

"T. Culpeper of Darford."

The Armoury is closed by a ludicrous figure of Elizabeth on horseback, as she is supposed to have appeared at Tilbury Fort. The objects especially to be observed here are—

The Instruments of Torture—thumbscrews; bilboes; the torture-cravat called "Skeffington's daughter" after its inventor; and a Spanish collar of torture taken in the Armada.

The Axe which is said to have beheaded the Earl of Essex.

The Block used at (and made for) the executions of Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat.

Returning to the outside of the Tower, we find a second staircase. On its first landing (as an inscription tells) some

bones were found in the reign of Charles II., and were buried in Westminster Abbey as those of the princes, sons of Edward IV. Edward V. was twelve at the time of his death, his brother Richard eight. Their murder has never been proved and is still one of the mysteries of history: Heywood, by his play of Edward IV., has assisted the belief in it. He thus describes their arrival here with their uncle Gloster.

"*Prince Edward.* Uncle, what gentleman is that?
Gloster. It is, sweet Prince, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Prince Edward. Sir, we are come to be your guests to-night.
I pray you, tell me, did you ever know
Our father, Edward, lodge within this place?
Brackenbury. Never to lodge, my liege, but oftentimes
On other occasions I have seen him here.
Prince Richard. Brother, last night when you did send for me,
My mother told me, hearing we should lodge
Within the Tower, that it was a prison,
And therefore marvell'd that my uncle Gloster,
Of all the houses for a king's receipt
Within this city, had appointed none
Where you might keep your court but only here.
Gloster. Vile brats! how they do descant on the Tower.
My gentle nephew, they were ill-advised
To torture you with such unfitting terms
(Whoe'er they were) against this royal mansion.
What if some part of it hath been reserved
To be a prison for nobility,
Follows it therefore that it cannot serve
To any other use? Cæsar himself,
That built the same, within it kept his court,
And many kings since him; the rooms are large,
The building stately, and for strength beside
It is the safest and the surest hold you have.
Prince Edward. Uncle of Gloster, if you think it so,
'Tis not for me to contradict your will;
We must allow it and are well content.
Gloster. On then, in God's name.
Prince Edward. Yet before we go,

One question more with you, Master Lieutenant:
We like you well; and, but we do perceive
More comfort in your looks than in these walls,
For all our uncle Gloster's friendly speech,
Our hearts would be as heavy still as lead.
I pray you, tell me, at which door or gate
Was it my uncle Clarence did go in
When he was sent a prisoner to this place?
Brackenbury. At this, my liege! Why sighs your Majesty?
Prince Edward. He went in here that ne'er came back again!
But as God hath decreed, so let it be!
Come, brother, shall we go?
Prince Richard. Yes, brother, anywhere with you."

Heywood thus pourtrays the night before the murder:

"*Scene, a Bedroom in the Tower—enter the two young Princes in their bedgowns and caps.*
Richard. How does your lordship?
Edward. Well, good brother Richard.
How does yourself? You told me your head ached.
Richard. Indeed it does; my lord, feel with your hands
How hot it is!
Edward. Indeed you have caught cold
With sitting yesternight to hear me read;
I pray thee go to bed, sweet Dick, poor little heart!
Richard. You'll give me leave to wait upon your lordship.
Edward. I had more need, brother, to wait on you;
For you are sick, and so am not I.
Richard. Oh lord! methinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our grave.
Edward. I pray thee do not speak of graves, sweet heart,
Indeed thou frightest me.
Richard. Why, my lord brother, did not our tutor teach us,
That when at night we went unto our bed
We still should think we went unto our grave.
Edward. Yes, that's true
If we should do as every Christian ought,
To be prepared to die at any hour.
But I am heavy.
Richard. Indeed, so am I.
Edward. Then let us say our prayers and go to bed.
[*They kneel, and solemn music within: it ceases and they rise.*]

Richard. What, bleeds your grace?
Edward. Ay, two drops, and no more.
Richard. God bless us both; and I desire no more.
Edward. Brother, see here what David says, and so say I: Lord, in thee will I trust although I die."

Parts I. and II.

Hence a winding stair leads to *St. John's Chapel* (of 1078), the most perfect Norman chapel in England, encircled by heavy circular pillars with square cornices and bases, and a very wide triforium over the aisles. The stilted horseshoe arches of the apse resemble on a small scale those of St. Bartholomew the Great. The pavement is modern but admirably adapted to the place. Here, while he was kneeling in prayer, Brackenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, received an order to murder the young Edward V. and his brother, and refused to obey it; here Mary attended a mass for her brother Edward VI. at the time of his funeral; and here the Duke of Northumberland, father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey, heard mass and publicly "kneeled down and axed all men forgiveness, and likewise forgave all men," before his execution.

It is on this floor of the White Tower that Flambard, Bishop of Durham, Griffin, Prince of Wales, John Baliol, and the Duke of Orleans were confined. Baliol especially lived here in great state, with an immense household.

Adjoining the chapel was the ancient *Banqueting Hall*, now filled with weapons. The upper floor, also now divided as an armoury, was the *Council Chamber* in which Richard II. abdicated in favour of Henry IV.

"King Richard was released from his prison, and entered the hall which had been prepared for the occasion, royally dressed, the sceptre in his hand and the crown on his head, but without supporters on either side. He addressed the company as follows: 'I have

reigned king of England, duke of Aquitaine, and lord of Ireland about twenty-two years, which royalty, lordship, sceptre, and crown I now freely and willingly resign to my cousin, Henry of Lancaster, and entreat of him, in the presence of you all, to accept this sceptre.' He then tendered the sceptre to the duke of Lancaster, who took it and gave it to the archbishop of Canterbury. King Richard next raised the crown with his two hands from his head, and, placing it before him, said, 'Henry, fair cousin, and duke of Lancaster, I present and give to you this crown, with which I was crowned king of England, and all the rights dependent on it.'

"The duke of Lancaster received it, and delivered it over to the archbishop of Canterbury, who was at hand to take it. These two things being done, and the resignation accepted, the duke of Lancaster called in a public notary, that an authentic act should be drawn up of this proceeding, and witnessed by the lords and prelates then present. Soon after the king was conducted to where he had come from, and the duke and other lords mounted their horses to return home."—*Froissart.*

Shakspeare has introduced the speech of King Richard—

"I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all oaths unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long mayst thou live, in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthen pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!"

Here also occurred that stranger scene in 1483, when the Protector (afterwards Richard III.), coming in amongst the

lords in council, asked the Bishop of Ely to send for some strawberries from his famous garden in Holborn. It is irresistible to quote Sir Thomas More's graphic account of what followed.

"The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon praying them to spare him for a little while, departed thence. And soon after one hour, between 10 and 11, he returned into the chamber among them, all changed, with a wonderful sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and frothing and gnawing on the lips; and so sat him down in his place, all the lords much dismayed and sore marvelling of this manner of sudden change, and what thing should him ail.

"Then, when he had sitten still a while, thus he began: 'What were they worthy to have, that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood unto the king, and protector of his royal person and his realm?' At this question all the lords sate sore astonished, musing much by whom this question should be meant, of which every man wist himself clear. Then the lord-chamberlain,* as he who for the love between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors whoever they were. And all the others affirmed the same. 'That is,' quoth he, 'yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and another with her,' meaning the queen.

* * * * * *

Then said the protector, 'Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceress, and that other witch, of her counsel, Shore's wife, with their affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body.' And therewith he plucked up his doublet-sleeve to his elbow, upon his left arm, when he shewed a werish withered arm and small, as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind sore misgave him, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel. For well they wist that the queen was too wise to go about any such folly. And also, if she would, yet would she, of all folk, least make Shore's wife of counsel, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king her husband had most loved. And also no man was there present but well knew that his arm was ever such since his birth.

"Nevertheless the lord-chamberlain answered and said, 'Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment.'

* Lord Hastings, whose wife, Catherine Neville, was Richard's first cousin.

"'What,' quoth the protector, 'thou servest me ill I ween with ifs and with ands; I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor.' And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board a great rap; at which token given, one cried 'treason' without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in came there rushing men in harness as many as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, 'I arrest thee, traitor.' 'What me, my lord?' quoth he. 'Yea thee, traitor,' quoth the protector. And another let fly at the Lord Stanley, who shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for, as shortly as he shrank, yet the blood ran about his ears.

"Then were they all quickly bestowed in divers chambers; except the lord-chamberlain, whom the protector bad speed and shrive him apace, 'for by S. Paul,' quoth he, 'I will not to dinner till I see thy head off.' It booted him not to ask 'why'; but heavily he took a priest at adventure, and made a short shrift; for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to till this were done, for saving of his oath. So was he brought forth into the green, beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off; and afterward his body with the head interred at Windsor, beside the body of King Edward; both whose souls our Lord pardon!"—*Life of Richard III.*

Having looked out of the window whence Richard beheld the execution on Tower Green, we may enter the broad triforium of St. John's Chapel, whence there was a communication with the royal apartments.

There is a glorious view from the leads on the summit of the White Tower. Greenwich is visible on a fine day. The turrets are restorations. In that by which we enter (N.E.) King John imprisoned the beautiful Maud, daughter of Robert Fitzwalter of Baynard's Castle.

The vaults of the White Tower were used as prisons, though there is no authority for the statement of the Warders that Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More were imprisoned there. As we descend, we may see the remains

of the old staircase on the right: a sword shown as Smith O'Brien's is kept there. The holes in which the rack was fixed upon which Anne Askew was tortured are still to be seen in the floor of the vault. Burnet narrates that the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, throwing off his coat, himself drew it so severely that he almost tore her body asunder. In the prison called *Little Ease* Guy Fawkes was imprisoned, with his companions, and here he was racked, and confessed after thirty minutes of torture. On a wall in one of the vaults is the inscription, "Sacris vestris indutus, dum sacra mysteria servans, captus et in hoc angusto carcere inclusus. T. Fisher"—probably by a Jesuit priest involved in the conspiracy.

The Armouries and the Regalia are the sights usually shown to strangers. Those really interested in the Tower will obtain leave to make the circuit of the smaller towers, of which there were twelve encircling the Inner Ward. Returning to the Bloody Gate, and ascending the steps on the right they will be shown the rooms over the gateway which are full of curious or great reminiscences.

On the wall of a small chamber (left) on the first floor is an inscription by the Bishop of Ross, so long an active partisan of Mary, Queen of Scots, who, while here, confessed the Norfolk and Northumberland plots in her favour, and declared her privy to the death of Darnley: only the name is now legible, the rest of the inscription having been chipped by axes in the time of the Commonwealth. Another room on this floor is that whither Felton, the murderer of Buckingham, was brought to prison, blessed by the people on his way. Here also Colonel Hutchinson was imprisoned after the Restoration—"It was a great dark

room," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "with no window in it, and the portcullis of a gate was drawn up within it, and below there sate every night a court of guard." The same prison was afterwards occupied by a very different character, James II.'s Judge Jeffreys, who was taken at Wapping in the dress of a sailor by a man he had injured, and who died here of drinking, having, during his imprisonment, been insulted by receiving a present of a barrel, apparently containing Colchester oysters, but really a halter.

On the upper floor is the room where the supposed murder of the Princes took place. Its window opens upon a narrow passage by which the assassins are said to have entered from the outside walk upon the walls. The rooms have been subdivided in late times. In one of them Margaret Cheyne was imprisoned, the wild woman who excited the second pilgrim-invasion of Yorkshire in the reign of Henry VIII., its object being to overthrow the power of Cromwell and restore Catherine of Arragon. Here Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey, was imprisoned, and hence he was led to the scaffold. Here was the first prison of Archbishop Cranmer. Henry, Earl of Northumberland, imprisoned for exciting a Catholic crusade against Elizabeth, shot himself here, June 21, 1585, to avoid the confiscation of his estates. In the same room Sir Thomas Overbury, in the reign of James I., underwent slow agonies of poisoning at the hands of the Earl and Countess of Somerset and their minions. Here also Sir Walter Raleigh lived through his second and longest imprisonment of sixteen years, being accused of a plot in favour of Lady Arabella Stuart. His imprisonment was not rendered unnecessarily severe, and his wife and son

were allowed to live near him in the Tower. In the still existing room he wrote his "History of the World," and burnt its second volume as a sacrifice to Truth on being convinced that a murder, which he fancied that he had seen from his prison window, was only an optical delusion.* Here he received the visits of Ben Jonson and other clever men of the time, and of Prince Henry, who said, "No man but my father would keep such a bird in such a cage." In the adjoining garden he used to work, to cultivate rare plants, and distil curious essences from them. The narrow walk upon the wall, connected with these apartments, is still called *Sir Walter Raleigh's Walk.*

We should next visit the *Lieutenant's Lodgings*, where Mrs. Hutchinson was born, being the daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, Lieutenant of the To er. On the ground floor we may see the curious *Axe of Office* of the Chief Warder, which was carried before the Lieutenant when he accompanied prisoners to the House of Lords. As they returned, the axe was carried before the prisoner. If the trial was not finished the face of the axe was away from him; if he was condemned it was turned towards him: thus those watching through the loopholes of the Traitor's Gate knew his fate at once.

To the south room on the upper floor Guy Fawkes and his friends were brought for examination before Cecil, Nottingham, Mountjoy, and Northampton. Cecil wrote of Guy Fawkes, "He is no more dismayed than if he were taken for a poor robbery on the highway." There is a fine bust in wood of James I. over the chimney-piece, and the names of the conspirators are given on one of a set of

* D'Israeli, "Curiosities of Literature."

tablets on the left, which contain curious Latin inscriptions put up by Sir William Waad, Lieutenant of the Tower, to flatter the vainglorious James I., from some of which the following are translated:—

"James the Great, King of Great Britain, illustrious for piety, justice, foresight, learning, hardihood, clemency, and the other royal virtues; champion and patron of the Christian faith, of the public safety, and of universal peace; author most subtle, most august, and most auspicious.

"Queen Anne, the most serene daughter of Frederick the Second, invincible King of the Danes.

"Prince Henry, ornament of nature, strengthened with learning, blest with grace, born and given to us from God.

"Charles, Duke of York, divinely disposed to every virtue.

"Elizabeth, full sister of both, most worthy of her parents.

"DoThou, all-seeing, protect these as the apple of the eye, and guard them without fear from wicked men beneath the shadow of thy wings.

"To Almighty God, the guardian, arrester, and avenger, who has punished this great and incredible conspiracy against our most merciful Lord the King, our most serene Lady the Queen, our divinely disposed Prince, and the rest of our Royal House; and against all persons of quality, our ancient nobility, our soldiers, prelates, and judges; the authors and advocates of which conspiracy, Romanised Jesuits, of perfidious, Catholic, and serpent-like ungodliness, with others equally criminal and insane, were moved by the infamous desire of destroying the true Christian religion, and by the treasonous hope of overthrowing the kingdom, root and branch; and which was suddenly, wonderfully, and divinely detected, at the very moment when the ruin was impending, on the 5th day of November, in the year of grace 1605. William Waad, whom the King has appointed his Lieutenant of the Tower, returns on the ninth of October, in the sixth year of the reign of James the First, 1608, his great and everlasting thanks."

This is the room where Pepys (Feb. 28, 1663-4) "did go to dine with Sir J. Robinson, his ordinary table being very good, and his lady a very high-carriaged, but comely-big woman." James, Duke of Monmouth, taken as a fugitive from Sedgemoor, was imprisoned in the Lieutenant's lodgings (1685) till his execution.

We now reach the *Bell Tower*, so called from being surmounted by a wooden turret, containing the alarm bell of the garrison. At the entrance of the upper room from the walk upon the wall is the inscription—

"Bi . tortvre . stravnge . my . trovth . was . tried . yet . of . my . lybertie . denied : ther . for . reson . hath . me . per waded . that . pasyens . mvst . be . ymbrasyd : thogh . hard . fortvne chasyth . me . wyth . smart . yet . pasyens . shall . prevayl."

The curious vaulted chamber of the Bell Tower is that where John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was imprisoned in his eightieth year. He was condemned for treason because he believed in the prophecies of the Maid of Kent, who said that a judgment would follow Henry VIII.'s divorce of Katherine of Aragon. "You believe the prophecies," said Cromwell, "because you wish them to be true." From the Bell Tower he wrote piteously to Cromwell, "I beseech you to be good master in my necessity ; for I have neither shirt, nor suit, nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me to wear, but that be ragged and rent too shamefully. Notwithstanding, I might easily suffer that, if I could keep my body warm. But my diet also, God knoweth how slender it is at many times. And now in mine age, my stomach may not away but with a few kinds of meats, which, if I want, I decay forthwith." While Fisher was in prison the Pope, to comfort him, sent him a cardinal's hat. "Fore God," said the king, "if he wear it he shall wear it on his shoulders," and his death-warrant was signed, so that "his cardinal's hat and his head never met together."* The old man put on his best suit for what he called his marriage day, and went forth gladly to the scaffold, with his New

* Fuller.

Testament in his hand. It opened at the passage, "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

The Bell Tower is said to have been also the prison of the Princess Elizabeth, but it is more probable that she was confined in the royal apartments. It is certain that after a month's strict confinement she was allowed to walk in the Queen's Garden. Arabella Stuart, however, who had married Sir William Seymour, "with the love which laughs at privy councils,"* certainly languished here for four years after her capture in Calais roads while attempting to escape with her husband to France.

"What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history; but enough is known; that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and if the duration of her imprisonment (four years) was short, it was only terminated by her death. Some loose effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain in the fragments of her papers. In a letter she proposed addressing to Viscount Fenton, to implore for her his majesty's favour again, she says, 'Good my lord, consider the fault cannot be uncommitted; neither can any more be required of any earthly creature but confession and most humble submission.' In a paragraph she had written, but crossed out, it seems that a present of her work had been refused by the King, and that she had no one about her whom she might trust."—*D'Israeli. Curiosities of Literature.*

"Where London's towres theire turrets show
So stately by the Thames's side,
Faire Arabella, childe of woe!
For many a day had sat and sighed.
And as shee heard the waves arise,
And as shee heard the bleak windes roare,
So faste did heave her heartfelte sighes,
And still so faste her teares did poure."
From Evans's Old Ballads (probably by Mickle).

* D'Israeli.

Adjoining the Bell Tower is a room with an ancient chimney-piece inscribed—"Upon the twentieth daie of June in yere of our Lord a thousand five hundred three score and five, was the Right honorable countes of Lennox Grace committede prysoner to thys lodgynge for the marreage of her sonne my Lord Henry Darnle and the Queen of Scotland. Here is their names that do wayte upon her noble Grace in thys plase—M. Elizh. Hussey, M. Jane Baily, M. Elizh. Chamberlen, M. Robarte Partington, Edward Cuffin, Anno Domini 1566." This is a memorial of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, first cousin of Queen Elizabeth, being the daughter of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, by her second marriage with the Earl of Angus. She was imprisoned on the marriage, and released on the murder, of Darnley. She died in great poverty (leaving two grandchildren, James IV., son of Henry, and Arabella, daughter of Charles Stuart), and was buried in state at Westminster at the expense of Elizabeth.

In the centre of the west side of the court is the *Beauchamp Tower*, which probably derived its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, having been imprisoned there by Richard II. before his removal to the Isle of Man, in 1397. The room on the upper story of this tower is one of the most interesting in the fortress. It is surrounded by a number of arched embrasures, and the walls are half covered with inscriptions from the hands of its prisoners, which will be found of the greatest interest by those who see them on the spot, though a description of them here is dull reading. We may notice—

Right of First Recess. In old Italian.—"Dispoi : che : vole : la : fortvna : che : la : mea : speransa : va : al : vento : pianger : ho :

volio : el : tempo : perdvto : e : semper : stel : me : tristo : e : discontèto : Wilim : Tyrrel . 1541."

Over the Fireplace. The autograph of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, eldest son of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded 1572, for the sake of Mary, Queen of Scots. "Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro. Arundell. June 22, 1587.

"Gloria et honore eum coronasti Domine.
In memoria eterna erit justus."

Lord Arundel, having embraced the Catholic faith, had wished to emigrate, but was seized, and imprisoned on an accusation of unlawfully supporting Catholic priests. The joy he expressed on hearing of the Spanish Armada caused his being tried in Westminster Hall and condemned to death, but he was reprieved and languished all his life in prison. Elizabeth vainly offered his restoration to liberty, riches, and honour, if he would renounce his faith. He died Oct. 19, 1595, thus, though not without suspicion of poison, escaping the capital punishment inflicted upon his father, grandfather, and great grandfather.

Right of Fireplace. Sculpture by John Dudley, Earl of Warwick; eldest son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, imprisoned for the cause of Lady Jane Grey, who had married his brother Lord Guildford Dudley. Beneath the lion, bear, and ragged staff, is the sculptor's name, and a border of roses (for Ambrose), oak leaves (for Robert), and two other flowers, the whole being emblematical of the names of his four brothers, imprisoned with him, as we see by the inscription—

"Yow that these beasts do wel behold and se,
May deme with ease wherefore here made they be,
With borders eke wherein——
4 brothers names who list to serche the ground."

Of the five brothers, John died in prison, Guildford was beheaded, the other three were released after six months' imprisonment.

Recess on Right of Fireplace. The inscription "Dolor patientia vincitur. G. Gyfford. August 8, 1586," and another, are probably by George Gyfford, gentleman pensioner to Elizabeth, falsely accused of having sworn to kill the queen.

On the left side of the same recess is a panel adorned with lozenges, inscribed—

"J. H. S.
1571 . die 10ᵐ. Aprilis.

"Wise men ought circumspectly to se what they do; to examine before they speake; to prove before they take in hand; to beware whose company they use; and, above all things, to whom they trust. Charles Bailly."

The writer was a secret agent for Mary, Queen of Scots, arrested at Dover with letters in cipher for her, the Duke of Norfolk, and her other adherents, and harshly imprisoned and tortured on the rack to obtain additional disclosures. Amongst Lord Burghley's State Papers there is a touching letter from him to that statesman—"For God's sake, and for the passion which he suffered for us, take pitie of me; and bend your mercy full eyes towards me, Charles Bailly, a poore prisoner and stranger . . . who have no frend at all to help me with a penny, and am allready naked and torne."

Another inscription by the same hand is—

"Principium sapientie timor Domini. I.H.S. X.P.S. Be frend to one. Be ennemye to none. Anno D. 1571. 10 Sept. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities; For men are not killed with the adversities they have: but with ye impacience which they suffer.

"Tout vient apoient, quy peult attendre. Gli sospiri ne son testimoni veri dell' angoscia mia. æt. 29. Charles Bailly."

A third inscription by the same has simply the name and the date, 1571.

Close to this is—"1570. JHON Store. Doctor." This Store or Story was a member of the House of Commons, who was committed on the accession of Elizabeth, for the vehemence with which he spoke against the Reformation, but escaped to Antwerp. He was, however, ensnared on board an English ship, carried back to the Tower, and condemned and cruelly executed for the Roman Catholic faith, with tortures even more barbarous than those used against Protestants. He was drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, hung, cut down while still alive, and struggled with the executioner while he was being disembowelled!

Passing over inscriptions by persons of whom nothing is known, we find—

Third Recess—

(*Left side.*) "T. C. I leve in hope and I gave credit to mi frinde in time did stande me most in hande. So wovlde I never do againe, excepte I hade hime suer in bande; and to al men wishe I so, unles ye sussteine the leke lose as I do.

"Unhappie is that mane whose actes doth procuer
The miseri of this hous in prison to induer.
1576. Thomas Clarke."

(*Right side.*)

"Hit is the poynt of a wyse man to try and then trvste.
For hapy is he who fyndeth one that is jvste.
T. C."

These are believed to be by Thomas Clarke, a Roman Catholic priest who recanted at St. Paul's Cross, July 1, 1593.

Below the first of these are the lines, by a sufferer on the rack—

"Thomas Miagh which liethe here alone
That fayne wold from hens begon
By tortvre stravnge mi trovth was
Tryed yet of my libertie denied
1581. Thomas Myagh."

Between the last two Recesses are, amongst many other inscriptions, under the name Thomas Rooper, 1570, the figure of a skeleton, and the words, "Per passage penible passons a port plaisant."

Near this is "Geffrye Poole. 1562." Doubtless inscribed by that descendant of George, Duke of Clarence, who was imprisoned in the Tower for life, and on whose evidence his own brother, Lord Montague, with the Marquis of Exeter and others, were beheaded.

Near this is the word JANE, supposed to refer to Lady Jane Grey and to have been cut by her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, imprisoned here with his brothers.

Near this also is "Edmonde Poole," which is several times repeated in the room, commemorating one of the great-grandsons of George, Duke of Clarence, imprisoned here for life on accusation of wishing to supplant the Protestant religion and make Mary of Scotland queen of England. His brother Arthur Pole has left his inscriptions—"Deo. servire . penitentiam . inire . fato . obedire . regnare . est. A. Poole. 1564. I. H. S." and "I. H. S. A passage perillus maketh a port pleasant. Ao. 1568. Arthur Poole. Æt. sue 37. A.P."

Last Recess (*left*). "I hope in th' end to deserve that I would have. Men: Novem: Ao. 1573," with the name "Hugh Longworthe" underneath and the prostrate figure of a man. This is especially curious as probably having been the work of one Peter Burchet of the Middle Temple, who being imprisoned here for wounding Sir John Hawkins, murdered (to "deserve" his punishment?) his fellow-prisoner Hugh Longworth, as he was reading his Bible in this window. Burchet was hung by Temple Bar, Nov. 11, 1573.

After the last Recess. "AS : VT : IS : TAKY . Thomas Fitzgerald," commemorates the eldest son of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl

of Kildare, imprisoned for a rebellion in Ireland, and hung and quartered at Tyburn, with his five uncles, Feb. 3, 1537.

Left of the (original) east window. Under the word "Thomas" is a great A upon a bell, being the rebus of Dr. Thomas Abel, domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon, imprisoned and executed for his fidelity to the cause of his mistress.

Near this is "Doctor Cook," the signature of Laurence Cook, Prior of Doncaster, hung for denying the king's supremacy, and "Thomas Cobham, 1555," commemorating the youngest son of Lord Cobham, who was condemned for Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection.

The last inscription we need notice is a carving of an oak-tree with acorns and the initials "R. D." beneath, the work of Robert Dudley, afterwards Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, who, being already married to Amy Robsart, was imprisoned with his father and brothers for the affair of Lady Jane Grey.

An illustrious prisoner of the Beauchamp Tower, who has left no memorials, is Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, who was sentenced to be burnt to death for the doctrines of Wickliffe. The people broke into the Tower and rescued him, and he remained under their protection in safety for three months. After this, being forced to fly, he wandered for four years through England and Wales, with 1,000 marks set upon his head. At length he was betrayed by a Welsh follower, brought to London, and burnt before his own house in Smithfield.

On the wall at the top of this tower was the touching "Epitaph on a Goldfinch"—

> "Where Raleigh pin'd, within a prison's gloom,
> I cheerful sung, nor murmur'd at my doom;
> Where heroes bold, and patriots firm could dwell,
> A goldfinch in content his note might swell:
> But death, more gentle than the law's decree,
> Hath paid my ransom from captivity.
>
> Buried, June 23, 1794, by a fellow-
> -prisoner in the Tower of London."

Almost opposite the Beauchamp Tower is "the Green within the Tower" (now a gravelled space, where it is said that grass has never consented to grow since the executions) whither Hastings (1483) was brought hastily from the council chamber in the White Tower, and where, "without time for confession or repentance, his head was struck off upon a log of timber."

A stone here marks the spot on which several of the most illustrious of the Tower-victims have suffered death, the greater part of the prisoners having been executed on Tower Hill. Here the beautiful Anne Boleyn walked to her death in the calm of innocence, comforting her attendants, and praying with her last breath for her brutal husband. Here the aged Countess of Salisbury, the last lineal descendant of the Plantagenets, refused to lay her head upon the block, and rushed round and round the platform, her white hair streaming on the wind, till she was hewn down by the executioner. Here a letter from an eye-witness describes the death of Queen Catherine Howard (who had been a wife only one year six months and four days) and Lady Rochford as "the most godly and Christian end that ever was heard tell of since the world's creation." Hither Lady Jane Grey, "the queen of nine days," came to her death "without fear or grief," attended by her faithful women, Mistress Tylney and Mistress Ellen.

"These are the words that the Lady Jane spake upon the scaffold at the hour of her death. First, when she mounted upon the scaffold, she said to the people standing thereabout, 'Good people, I am come hither to die, and by a law I am condemned to the same. The fact against the queen's highness was unlawful, and the consenting thereunto by me: but touching the procurement and desire thereof by me or on my behalf, I do wash my hands thereof in innocency before God,

and the face of you, good Christian people, this day:" and therewith she wrung her hands, wherein she had her book. Then said she, 'I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I do look to be saved by no other mean, but only by the mercy of God, in the blood of his only son Jesus Christ: and I confess, that when I did know the word of God, I neglected the same, loved myself and the world; and therefore this plague and punishment is happily and worthily happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God, that of his goodness he hath thus given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers.' And then, kneeling down, she turned her to Fecknam, saying, 'Shall I say this psalm?' and he said 'Yea.' Then said she the psalm of 'Miserere mei Deus' in English, in most devout manner, throughout to the end; and then she stood up, and gave her maiden, Mistress Ellen, her gloves and handkerchief, and her book to Master Burges. And then she untied her gown, and the hangman pressed upon her to help her off with it; but she, desiring him to let her alone, turned towards her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also with her frowes, paaft and neckerchief, giving to her a fair handkerchief to bind about her eyes.

"Then the hangman kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw; which doing, she saw the block. Then she said, 'I pray you decapitate me quickly.' Then she kneeled down, saying, 'Will you take it off, before I lay me down?' And the hangman said, 'No, Madam.' Then tied she the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block, she said, 'What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?' One of the standers-by guiding her thereunto she laid her head down upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" and so finished her life in the year of our Lord God, 1554, the 12th day of February."—*Foxe. Acts and Monuments.*

Lady Jane had "the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of the middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parent's offences."—*Holy State*, p. 311.

On this same spot, in 1598, suffered Henry Devereux, Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, having obtained his last petition, that his execution might be in private, and coming

to his death "more like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death."

Close by, on the left (having observed the inscription "Nisi Dominus Frustra" over the chaplain's door), we may enter the Prisoner's *Chapel*, aptly dedicated to St. Peter in the Chains, built by Edward I., rebuilt by Edward III., but altered with perpendicular windows and arches in the reign of Henry VIII., and restored under Salvin, 1876-7. The chapel has always been used for the prisoners of the Tower, and it was here that the seven bishops imprisoned for conscience sake, being allowed to attend service, were consoled by the accident of the Lesson being from 2 Cor. vi. 3, 4 —"Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed: but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments," &c.

The chapel contains several interesting monuments. At the N.E. corner of the north aisle is the noble alabaster tomb (originally in front of the chancel) of Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant of the Tower under Henry VII. (*ob.* 1544), and his wife Elizabeth. His effigy is in plate armour with a collar of SS., his head rests on a helmet, his feet on a lion: his wife, who lies on her left side, has a pointed headdress: both the statues were once coloured and gilt. The north wall of the chancel is occupied by the tomb of Sir Richard Blount (1560) and Sir Michael Blount, his son (1592), both Lieutenants of the Tower. On the south wall of the chancel are some quaint monuments to the Carey family and the black marble tablet to Sir Allan Apsley (father of Mrs. Hutchinson), 1630. Other monuments commemorate Valentine Pyne (1677), Master Gunner

of England; Sir Jonas More (1670), Surveyor-General of the Ordnance under Charles II.; and Talbot Edwards (1674), the venerable Keeper of the Regalia at the time of the Blood conspiracy. On the east wall of the chancel are brass tablets to Sir John Fox Burgoyne, Constable of the Tower, 1870; and Lord de Ros, Deputy Lieutenant of the Tower, 1874.

But no monuments mark the graves of the most illustrious of the victims of the Tower, whose bones lie beneath the pavement. When it was taken up in 1876 some bones of a female of 25 or 30 years old were found before the altar at two feet below the ground, and have been almost conclusively identified as those of Queen Anne Boleyn, whose body, says Burnet, was, immediately after her execution, "thrown into a common chest of elm-tree, that was made to put arrows in, and buried in the chapel within the Tower before twelve o'clock." Stow describes how immediately before the altar lie "two Dukes between two Queens"—the Protector Somerset (1552) and Lady Jane Grey's Duke of Northumberland between Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard. Of the girlish Queen Katharine no bones have been found, but some male bones with a skull have been identified as those of the Duke of Northumberland, whose head was buried with him. The Duke of Monmouth, the unfortunate son of Charles II., was buried beneath the altar, where his bones exist still. On the left of Anne Boleyn (north of chancel) lies her brother, Lord Rochford; to the right of Katherine Howard (south) were her friend Lady Rochford, and the venerable Countess of Salisbury, whose bones have been identified. Behind the Queens lie Lord Guildford Dudley, Lady Jane Grey, the Duke of Suffolk,

Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Earl of Essex, and Sir Thomas Overbury.

Under a stone at the west end of the chapel rest Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat. Their coffin-plates are preserved in the vestry, inscribed—

"Willielmus, Comes de Kilmarnock, Decollatus 18°. die Augusti, 1746. Ætatis suæ 42°."

"Arthurus, Dominus de Balmerino, Decollatus 18°. die Augusti, 1746. Ætatis suæ 58°."

"Simon, Dominus Frazer de Lovat, Decollat. April 9, 1747. Ætat. suæ 80." (The inscription upon which Lord Lovat looked upon the scaffold and uttered "Dulce et decorum pro patriâ mori.")

To the north of this, Bishop Fisher was removed from Allhallows, Barking, that he might lie near his friend Sir Thomas More. Prisoners buried in the chapel were—

Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, died in prison, 1534.
John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, beheaded, 1535.
Sir Thomas More, beheaded, 1535.
George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, beheaded, 1536.
Queen Anne Boleyn, beheaded, 1536.
Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, beheaded, 1540.
Margaret Clarence, Countess of Salisbury, beheaded, 1541.
Queen Catherine Howard, beheaded, 1542.
Jane, Viscountess Rochford, beheaded, 1542.
Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, beheaded, 1549.
Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, beheaded, 1551.
Sir Ralph Vane, hanged, 1552.
Sir Thomas Arundel, beheaded, 1552.
John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, beheaded, 1553.
Lord Guildford Dudley, beheaded, 1554.
Lady Jane Grey, beheaded, 1554.
Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, beheaded, 1554.
Arthur and Edmund Pole, grandsons of the Countess of Salisbury, died in the Tower between 1565 and 1578.
Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, beheaded, 1572.
Sir John Perrott, died in the Tower, 1592.
Philip, Earl of Arundel, died in the Tower, 1595.

hall Swift, Keeper of the Crown Jewels, stated that on a Saturday night in October, 1817, he was at supper with his wife, her sister, and his little boy, in the sitting-room of the jewel-house. The room had three doors and two windows: between the windows a chimney-piece projected far into the room. On that evening the doors were closed, the windows curtained, and the only light was given by the candles on the table. Mr. Swift sate at the foot of the table, with his boy on his right, his wife facing the chimney, and her sister opposite. Suddenly the lady exclaimed, "Good God! what is that?" Mr. Swift then saw a cylindrical figure, like a glass tube, seemingly about the thickness of his arm, hovering between the ceiling and the table. Its contents appeared to be a dense fluid, white and pale azure, incessantly rolling within the cylinder. This lasted two minutes, after which the appearance began to move round the table. Mr. Swift saw it pass behind his wife, who shrieked in an agony of terror, "Oh Christ! it has seized me!" Neither the sister nor the boy saw anything. Soon afterwards the sentry at the jewel-house was terrified by "a figure like a bear," fell down in a fit, and died two or three days after.*

At the foot of this tower is preserved the sculpture of the royal arms, by *Gibbons*, which was the principal ornament on the front of the Great Storehouse, burnt October 30th, 1841.

On the east wall (modernised) are the *Constable Tower*, and the *Broad Arrow Tower*, which was used as a prison for Roman Catholic priests in the reign of Elizabeth.

* See Timbs's "Romance of London," vol. ii. The other ghostly appearance in the Tower, the axe, which appears in the shadow of moonlight on the walls of the White Tower, has had many advocates.

At the south-east angle is the picturesque *Salt (Assault) Tower*, with some good gothic windows. The ground floor is a vaulted chamber, with deep recesses. The upper floor, used as a prison, has some curious sculptures, a sphere with the signs of the zodiac, the work of a man imprisoned on accusation of sorcery, with the inscription, "Hew Draper of Brystow made thys spheer the 30 daye of Maye anno 1561." In another part of the room is a globe, probably by the same person. The name "Mychael Moody, May 15. 1587," is that of one imprisoned for conspiring against the life of Elizabeth.

The Royal *Palace* of the Tower occupied the ground between the Salt Tower and the Lanthorn Tower, one of the most ancient parts of the fortress, destroyed in 1788. Its site is now occupied by the hideous *Ordnance Office*. The Tower ceased to be used as a palace after the accession of Elizabeth, to whom it recalled the personal associations of a prison.

Returning through the Outer Ward, by the remains (left) of the *Cradle Tower*, we have one of the most charming views in the fortress, where some trees overshadow the archway, which crosess the ward close to the Wakefield Tower.

A visit to the Tower may be well followed by one to the *Church of Holy Trinity*, in the Minories, the long street which runs north from Tower Hill to Aldgate, for here, in a tin box, is preserved the most ghastly relic connected with the Tower. It is the still perfect *Head of the Duke of Suffolk*, father of Lady Jane Grey, which was found preserved in tannin in a small vault on the south of the altar, and which, in its aquiline nose and arched eyebrows,

corresponds with the portrait engraved by Lodge from a portrait at Hatfield, of which there is a duplicate in the National Portrait Gallery. The features are perfect, but the hair is gone, the skin has become a bright yellow, the cheeks and eyelids are like leather, the teeth rattle in the jaws. The neck shows the false blow of the executioner, which failed to extinguish life, and the fatal blow which cut through veins and cartilage, severing the head from the body. The church contains several curious monuments, including that of William Legge, who attended Charles I. upon the scaffold, and bore thence his message to the Prince of Wales "to remember the faithfullest servant ever prince had." In the same grave rests his son George, first Baron Dartmouth, Counsellor to Charles II. and James II., and Master of the Horse to James II. He was appointed Admiral of the fleet intended to intercept the landing of the Prince of Orange, and, failing, was sent, after the revolution, to the Tower, where he died in 1691. His son, William, first Earl of Dartmouth, is also buried here. The monument erected by Lady Pelham, daughter of a St. John of Bletsoe, to her husband and son has the epitaph—

"Deathe first did strike Sir John, here tomb'd in claye,
And then enforst his son to follow faste;
Of Pelham's line, this kniyghte was chiefe and stay,
By this, behold! all flesh must dye at laste.
But Bletsowe's lord, thy sister most may moane,
Both mate and sonne hathe left her here alone.

Sir John Pelham dyed October 13. 1580.
Oliver Pelham, his sonne, dyed January 19. 1584."

Here Sir Philip Sidney, who received his death-wound at Zutphen, lay in state before his national funeral in St. Paul's.

"Unto the Minories his body was conveyed,
And there, under a martial hearse, three months or more was laid;
But when the day was come he to his grave must go,
A host of heavy men repaired to see the solemn show."

This dismal little church is the only memorial of the convent founded for Minorites, "Poor Clares," who gave a name to the street, by Blanche, Queen of Navarre, wife of Edmond Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III. It was probably on account of this foundation by his sister-in-law, that Edward I. deposited here the heart of his mother, the unpopular Eleanor of Provence, who died in the nunnery of Ambresbury in 1291. The Minorite Convent was granted to the Duke of Suffolk by Edward VI., in 1552. The Convent-farm was leased to one Goodman, from whom "Goodman's Fields," "Goodman's Stile," and "Goodman's Yard" take their names.

"At the which farm I myself in my youth have fetched many a half-pennyworth of milk, and never had less than three ale-pints for a half-penny in the summer, nor less than one ale-quart for a half-penny in the winter, and always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and obtained."—*Stow.*

It was in the Minories that Lord Cobham died, at the house of his laundress, "rather of hunger than any natural disease."* The street was formerly famous for its gun-smiths—

"The mulcibers who in the Minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deform themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Amelia with a shape to kill."

Congreve.

On Tower Hill, facing a garden on the north of the Tower, is the *Trinity House*, built by Samuel Wyatt for the company

* Works of Francis Osborn, ed. 1701, p. 381.

founded by Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy to Henry VIII., for the encouragement of navigation, the regulation of lighthouses, the providing of efficient pilots, and the general control of naval matters not directly under the Admiralty.

A little farther east is the *Royal Mint*, built by Johnson and Sir R. Smirke. Here the gold and silver of the realm are melted and coined. Sir Isaac Newton and Sir John Herschel were Masters of the Mint, an office abolished in 1870.

The streets east of the Tower are the Sailors' Town. The shops are devoted to the sale of sailors' clothing, nautical instruments, and naval stores; the population is made up of sailors, shipbuilders, and fishermen.

The *Docks* connected with the Thames occupy a space of 900 acres. The principal Docks are *St. Katherine's Docks*, opened 1828; the *London Docks*, opened 1805; the *West India Docks*, opened 1802; the *East India Docks*, opened 1808; the *Commercial Docks*, opened 1809; and the *Victoria Docks*, opened 1856.

> "Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
> Whole forests send to reign upon the sea."—*Waller.*

Near St. Katherine's, a place which latterly bore the strangely corrupted name of Hangman's Gains, long marked the street which was the asylum of the refugees from Hammes et Guynes, near Calais, after that town was recaptured from the English!

Below the London Docks is *Wapping*, where Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, attempting to escape after the abdication of James II., was taken while he was drinking at the Red Cow, in Hope and Anchor Alley, King Edward's Stairs; he was identified by a scrivener of Wapping, whom

he had insulted from the bench, and who recognised the terrible face as he was lolling out of a window, in the dress of a common sailor, and in fancied security. *Execution Dock* is the place where pirates were hung in chains. Beyond Wapping are the miserable thickly inhabited districts of *Shadwell* and *Limehouse.*

At Wapping is the entrance of the *Thames Tunnel*, formed 1825—1843, by Sir Isambard K. Brunel, at an expense of £614,000. This long useless passage under the river, to Rotherhithe, was sold to the East London Railway Company in 1865, and is now a railway tunnel.

A number of taverns with riverside landing-places retain their quaint original names, but they are little worth visiting. The "Waterman's Arms" in Limehouse has some remains (1877) of an old brick front towards the street, and the view from its river balcony, with the ancient boat-building yards, and timbers green with salt weeds in the foreground, has often been painted.

The main thoroughfare of this part of London, which will always be known by its old name of *Ratcliffe Highway*, though it has been foolishly changed to St. George's Street, obtained unpleasant notoriety from the murders of the Marr family and the Williamsons in 1811, after which, as Macaulay says, "Many can remember the terror which was on every face, the careful barring of doors, the providing of blunderbusses and watchmen's rattles." But those who visit it now will find Ratcliffe Highway a cheerful airy street, without any especial evidence of poverty or crime. No. 179 is the famous "Wild Beast Shop," called Jamrach's, an extraordinary place, where almost any animal may be purchased, from an elephant to a mouse.

CHAPTER XI.

THAMES STREET.

WE may return from the Tower by the long thoroughfare of Upper and Lower Thames Street, which follows the line of the river, with a history as old as that of the City itself. Narrow and dark, Industry has made it one of the most important streets of London. Here—

> "Commerce brought into the public walk
> The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
> Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
> With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
> Large, gentle, deep, majestic, King of Floods!
> Chose for his grand resort."
>
> *Thomson.*

Thames Street is the very centre of turmoil. From the huge warehouses along the sides, with their chasm-like windows and the enormous cranes which are so great a feature of this part of the City, the rattling of the chains and the creaking of the cords, by which enormous packages are constantly ascending and descending, mingles with uproar from the roadway beneath. Here the hugest waggons, drawn by Titanic dray-horses, and attended by waggoners in smockfrocks, are always lading or discharging their enormous burthens of boxes, barrels, crates, timber,

iron, or cork. Wine, fish, and cheese are the chief articles of street traffic—

> "Thames Street gives cheeses, Covent Garden fruits,
> Moorfields old books, and Monmouth Street old suits."

There are no buildings which recall the days of Chaucer, who, the son of a Thames Street vintner, certainly lived here from 1379 to 1385, but now and then an old brick church breaks the line of warehouses, with the round-headed windows of Charles the Second's time and the stiff garlands of Gibbons, and ever and anon, through a narrow slit in the houses, we have a glimpse of the glistening river and its shipping. But one cannot linger in Thames Street—every one is in a hurry.

On the left is *The Custom House*, built from designs of *David Laing*, 1814—17, but altered by Sir Robert Smirke. The most productive duties are those on tea, tobacco, wine, and brandy.

"There is no Prince in Christendom but is directly a tradesman, though in another way than an ordinary tradesman. For the purpose, I have a man; I bid him lay out twenty shillings in such and such commodities; but I tell him for every shilling he lays out I will have a penny. I trade as well as he. This every Prince does in his Customs."—*Selden.*

There is a delightful walk on the quay in front of the Custom House, with a beautiful view up the river to London Bridge. From hence the peculiarly picturesque boats called Dutch Crawls may be seen to the greatest advantage: they do not go higher than London Bridge. Hither, in one of his fits of despondency, came Cowper the poet, intending to drown himself.

"Not knowing where to poison myself, I resolved upon drowning. For that purpose I took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to Tower-wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom-house quay. I left the coach upon the Tower-wharf, intending never to return to it; but upon coming to the quay, I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned back to the coach."—*Southey's Cowper*, i. 124.

Close to the Custom House is the famous fish-market of *Billingsgate*, rebuilt 1876, but picturesque and worth seeing,

London Bridge from Billingsgate.

though ladies will not wish to linger there, the language of Billingsgate having long been notorious.

> "There stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
> Her blunted arms by sophistry are borne,
> And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn."
>
> *Pope. The Dunciad.*

> "One may term Billingsgate the Esculine gate of London."
>
> *Fuller.*

Geoffry of Monmouth says that the name Billingsgate was derived from Belin, king of the Britons, A.C. 400, having

built a water-gate here, and that when he was dead his ashes were placed in a vessel of brass upon a high pinnacle of stone over the said gate. The place has been a market for fish ever since 1351; all fish is sold by the tale, except salmon, which is sold by weight, and oysters and shell-fish, which are sold by measure. A fish dinner (price 2s.) may be obtained at the *Three Tuns Tavern* at Billingsgate.

Opposite Billingsgate is *The Coal Exchange*, by J. B. Bunning, opened 1849. *Botolph Lane* and *Wharf* commemorate the Church of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, not rebuilt after the Fire.

On St. Dunstan's Hill, between Tower Street and Little Thames Street, is the *Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-East*, one of Wren's restorations. The spire rests on four flying buttresses, in feeble caricature of the grand steeple of St. Nicholas at Newcastle. It was Wren's first attempt at placing a steeple upon quadrangular columns, and was at first regarded by him with great anxiety. Afterwards he was very proud of this miserable work, and when told that a dreadful hurricane had ruined all the steeples in the City, said, "Not St. Dunstan's, I am sure." On the south of the church is a large tomb, with an effigy of Sir William Russell, 1705, a benefactor to the parish. On the north wall of the chancel is a monument to Sir John Moore (1702), whose loyalty as Lord Mayor (1681-2) is commemorated in the "Ziloah" of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel."

Archbishop Morton, the tutor of Sir Thomas More, was rector of St. Dunstan-in-the-East. Rooks, till recently, built their nests in the trees in the churchyard.*

* See "Chronicles of St. Dunstan-in-the-East," by the Rev. T. Boyles Murray.

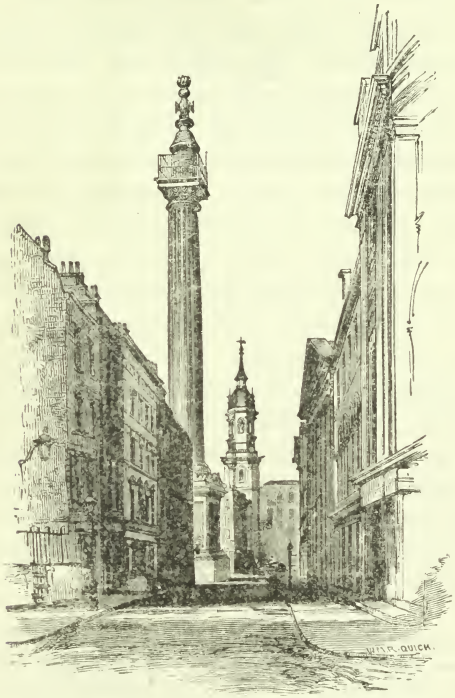
Mincing Lane, which leads northwards from hence, was "Mincheon Lane," so called from tenements in it which belonged to the Mincheons, or nuns of St. Helen's.

The *Church of St. Mary-at-Hill* was partially rebuilt by *Wren* after the Great Fire, but only the east end remains from his work. John Brand, author of "The Popular Antiquities," was rector, and was buried in the church, 1806. Dr. Young, author of "Night Thoughts," was married here, May, 1731.

On *Fish Street Hill* the Black Prince had a palace. Here, and as we emerge into King William Street, the great feature on the right is the *Monument*, finished 1680, by desire of Charles II., from designs of Wren, to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666. It is a fluted Doric column 202 feet in height, this being the exact number of feet by which it is distant from the site of the house in Pudding Lane, where the Fire began. The dragons on the pedestal are by Edward Pierce. The large and comical relief by Caius Gabriel Cibber commemorates the destruction and restoration of the City.

"The last figure on the left is intended to express London lying disconsolately upon her ruins, with the insignia of her civic grandeur partly buried beneath them. Behind her is Time gradually raising her up again, by whose side stands a female figure, typical of Providence, pointing with a sceptre formed of a winged hand enclosing an eye to the angels of peace and plenty seated on the descending clouds. Opposite the City, on an elevated pavement, stands the effigy of Charles II. in a Roman habit, advancing to her aid attended by the Sciences holding a terminal figure of Nature, Liberty waving a hat, and Architecture bearing the instruments of design and the plan of the new City. Behind the king stands his brother the Duke of York, attended by Fortitude leading a lion, and Justice bearing a laurel coronet. Under an arch beneath the raised pavement on which these figures stand appears Envy looking upward, emitting pestiferous flames,

and gnawing a heart. Eleven of the preceding figures are sculptured in alto-relievo; whilst the background represents in basso-relievo the Fire of London, with the consternation of the citizens on the left-hand, and the rebuilding of it upon the right, with labourers at work upon unfinished houses."—*Wilkinson's Londina Illustrata.*



Fish Street Hill.

The pillar is surmounted by a metal vase of flames. The original design was to have a plain column, with flames bursting from holes all the way up, and a phœnix at the top.

The Fire began early in the morning of Sunday the 3rd of September, 1666, in the house of one Farryner, the King's Baker, in Pudding Lane. This man, when cross-examined before the Committee of the House of Commons, proved that he had left his house perfectly safe at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and was convinced that it had been purposely fired. The rapidity with which the flames spread, chiefly owing to the number of houses built of timber, defied all measures for arresting them, though on the afternoon of the first day the King sent Pepys from Whitehall to the Lord Mayor, commanding him to "spare no houses, but pull down before the fire every way." By the first night Pepys could "endure no more upon the water, and from Bankside (Southwark) saw the fire grow, and as it grew darker, appear more and more, and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the flame of an ordinary fire. We staid," he says, "till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long." Evelyn describes the dreadful scene of the same night—

"I saw the whole south part of the City burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation

there was upon them, so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances from one to the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to receive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round about for many nights: God grant mine eyes may never see the like! who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length."

At noon on Tuesday the 5th the Fire first began to be checked, at the Temple Church in Fleet Street, and Pie Corner in Smithfield, gunpowder being then used in destroying the houses, and producing gaps too wide to be overleaped by the flames, but by that time the destruction had included eighty-nine churches, the City gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, four hundred streets; out of twenty-six wards it had utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the City covered four hundred and thirty-six acres, the part left standing occupied seventy-five acres: the loss was eleven

millions, but—London has never since suffered from the Plague.

A committee was immediately formed to inquire into the causes of the Fire, before which one Robert Hubert, a French priest of Rouen, 25 years of age, declared that he had set fire intentionally to the house of Farryner, the baker in Pudding Lane, by putting a lighted fire-ball in at a window at the end of a long pole. He pointed out the exact spot where this occurred, and stated that he had been suborned at Paris for this deed, and that he had three accomplices. No one believed his story, yet the jury who tried him found him guilty, and he was hung. *Afterwards* it was shown that he was insane, and the master of the ship which brought him over from France proved that he did not land till two days after the Fire. Still the confession of Hubert, in those times of bitter religious animosity, when Titus Oates and his plot had excited additional horror of Papists, was considered sufficient to authorise the inscription on the pedestal of the Monument.

"This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant city, begun and carried on by ye treachery and malice of ye popish factiō, in ye beginning of Septem, in ye year of our Lord 1666, in order to ye carrying on of their horrid plott for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty, and the introducing popery and slavery.

"Sed furor papisticus qui tam dira patravit nondum restinguitur."

This inscription was obliterated in the time of James II., recut deeper than before under William III., and finally effaced Jan. 26, 1831. It is this inscription which makes Pope say—

> "Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
> Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies."
>
> *Moral Essays, Ep.* iii. 337.

The house on the site in Pudding Lane where the Fire began (No. 25) bore, till the middle of the last century, when it was removed because the crowds who stopped to read it intercepted the traffic, the inscription—

"Here, by the permission of Heaven, Hell brake loose upon this Protestant city, from the malicious hearts of barbarous Papists, by the hand of their agent Hubert, who confessed, and on the ruins of this place declared the fact, for which he was hanged—viz., that here began the dreadful Fire, which is described and perpetuated on and by the neighbouring pillar, erected Anno 1680, in the mayoralty of Sir Patience Ward, Knight."

The Monument, which may be wearily ascended for the sake of the view, which is very fine, when visible, is caged at the top in consequence of the mania for committing suicide from it.

Close by is the *Church of St. Magnus*, a Norwegian jarl, killed in the 12th century in Orkney, where the Cathedral of Kirkwall is dedicated to him. It was rebuilt by *Wren* after the Fire, in 1676, and is one of his best churches. The tower has an octagonal lantern, crowned by a cupola and short spire, picturesque and effective. The roadway beneath it was made in 1760, when it was found necessary to widen the approach to Old London Bridge. This possibility had been foreseen by Wren, so that it was effected without difficulty, but has injured the solid effect of an otherwise beautiful building. The carved and gilt dial on the tower, erected in 1709, at a cost of £485, was given in fulfilment of a vow by Sir Charles Duncomb, who when a poor boy, waiting for his master on London Bridge, lost him from not knowing the hour, and promised he would give a clock to St. Magnus, if he ever became rich.

On the destruction of the Church of St. Bartholomew by the Exchange, the remains of Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, were removed to this church, of which he once was rector. A monument has been raised to his memory, and records how "On the 4th of October, 1535, the first complete English version of the Bible was published under his direction."

Passing under the approach to London Bridge and the Fishmongers' Hall, we enter *Upper Thames Street*. On the right is *St. Lawrence Poultney Hill*, so called from Sir John Poultney, Lord Mayor in 1333 and 1336, who founded a chapel there to St. Laurence: it was destroyed in the Fire; but its burial-ground remains. Poultney's Inn, the "right fair and stately house" of Sir John Poultney in Cold-Harbour (Cole-Harbour) on the other side of Thames Street, was given by Henry VIII. to Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, in exchange for Durham House, but, on his deprivation, was bestowed by Edward VI. on the fifth Earl of Shrewsbury. It was afterwards let out in poor tenements, inhabited by beggars, and as such is mentioned by Ben Jonson, and by Heywood and Rowley.

On the right is *Suffolk Lane*, commemorating the house of the De la Poles, Dukes of Suffolk, and afterwards of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk (brother-in-law of Henry VIII.), as *Duck's Foot Alley* is Duke's foot-lane—the private road from his garden to the river. Suffolk House was built on part of the Manor of the Rose, originally called Poultney's Inn. In 1447 it was the scene of the alleged treason of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk. Being afterwards in the hands of the Dukes of Buckingham, Charles Knevet, a surveyor who had been dismissed by Edward Stafford,

Duke of Buckingham, in consequence of his tenants' complaints, was moved by revenge and the hope of reward to accuse his late master of treason. The answer of the surveyor when questioned by the King as to the Duke's design upon the succession is given by Shakspeare almost in the words of Holinshed—

> "Not long before your highness sped to France,
> The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
> Saint Laurence Poultney, did of me demand
> What was the speech amongst the Londoners
> Concerning the French journey: I replied,
> Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
> To the king's danger."—*Henry VIII., Act I., sc.* **2.**

After the attainder of Buckingham, the Manor of the Rose, being forfeited, was granted to Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter. He was beheaded in 1539, and the manor, being again forfeited to the crown, was granted to Robert Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex, in whose family it continued till it was sold in 1651 to Richard Hill, Master of the Merchant Tailors' Company, who founded the Merchant Tailors' School, which stood in Suffolk Lane from the reign of Elizabeth till it was removed to the Charterhouse in 1873. The school buildings, of 1675, were pulled down when the school departed.

On the right is the *Church of Allhallows the Great*, also called Allhallows *ad foenum*, from its position in the rope-making district, an ugly work of Wren, finished 1683, with a very handsome chancel screen, probably by Gibbons. The altar screen was presented by the Hanse merchants in the last century, and all the carving in the church executed at their expense, as a recognition of the connection of

their ancestors, merchants of the neighbouring Steel Yard, with this church: the eagle of the Hanse merchants surmounts the pulpit. This, according to Pepys, was one of the first churches which set up the royal arms before the Restoration. It contains one of the curious metrical monuments to Elizabeth—

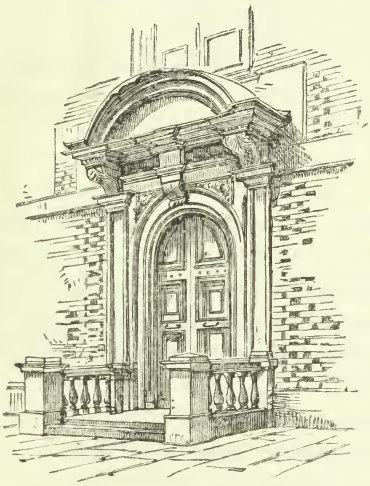
"Spain's rod, Rome's ruin, Netherland's relief,
Heaven's gem, Earth's joy, World's wonder, Nature's chief,
Britain's blessing, England's splendour,
Religion's nurse, and Faith's defender."

Passing under the Cannon Street Railway Terminus, occupying the site of the Stilliard, where the Hanse merchants settled in 1250 and remained till they were expelled in the reign of Elizabeth, 1597—8, we find an ancient water-gate—sometimes believed to have been the western as Billingsgate the eastern gate of Roman London—commemorated in *Dowgate* or *Downegate Hill*, where, says Strype, "the water comes down from other streets with that swiftness that it ofttimes causeth a flood in the lower part." Ben Jonson says—

"Thy canvass giant at some channel aims,
Or Dowgate torrents falling into Thames."

On the west side of Dowgate Hill is the *Hall of the Dyers' Company*, and, adjoining it, the *Hall of the Skinners' Company*, incorporated in 1327. The front towards the street was rebuilt in 1790, but that facing the Courtyard, of red and black bricks alternately with a characteristic wooden porch, was built immediately after the Fire. In the Court Room is an admirable portrait of Sir Andrew

Judde (a skinner), the founder of Tunbridge School, whose tomb is in Great St. Helen's. A fine old staircase, adorned with a portrait of Sir T. Pilkington, Lord Mayor 1689, 1690, and 1691 (satirised in "The Triennial Mayor"), leads to the *Cedar Drawing Room*, one of the noblest old rooms



At Skinners' Hall.

in London, entirely panelled with cedar, relieved by gilding, with a far-projecting fireplace.

In *Cloak Lane*, Dowgate Hill, is the *Cutlers' Hall*, rebuilt 1854. An old house near it bears the arms of the Company, an elephant with a castle on its back.

On *College Hill* (right) was the College of St. Spirit and

St. Mary, founded by Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. Here now is the *Mercers' School*, founded for 70 children by the Mercers' Company. The Collegiate Church of *St. Michael, Paternoster Royal*, also built from funds left by Whittington. Stow says—

"Richard Whittington was in this church three times buried: first by his executors under a fair monument; then, in the reign of Edward VI., the parson of that church, thinking some great riches (as he said) to be buried with him, caused his monument to be broken, his body to be spoiled of his leaden sheet, and again the second time to be buried; and, in the reign of Queen Mary, the parishioners were forced to take him up, to lap him in lead as before, to bury him the third time, and to place his monument, or the like, over him again, and so he resteth."—p. 91.

He did not, however, even "so rest," for his monument was destroyed in the Great Fire, and the present church is one of Wren's rebuildings. The altar-piece is *Hilton's* picture of the Magdalen anointing the feet of Christ. John Cleveland, the poetical champion of Charles I., whose works had such an enormous sale at the time, was buried in this church in 1659.

Three Cranes Lane, on the left, is so called from the machines so common here, used by the merchants of Bordeaux in landing their wines. It was in a warehouse near "the Three Cranes in the Vintry" that the Protectress, Oliver Cromwell's widow, secreted "seventeen cart-loads of rich stuff," which she had taken away from Whitehall.

Queen Street leads to *Southwark Bridge*, of cast-iron on stone piers, built by John Rennie, 1815—19. Just beyond, on the left, is the open court-yard of the *Hall of the Vintners' Company*, incorporated, under the name of "the

Wine Tonners," in the reign of Edward III. The flat-roofed hall is surrounded by good oak panelling, and has modern stained windows. The life-size swans at the end commemorate the right which this Company, with the Queen, and the Dyers' Company, alone hold to all the swans on the Thames. The Company annually go "swan-upping" * to Henley-on-Thames, and mark their cygnets with two nicks, whence the popular sign of "the Swan with two necks." The patron saint of the Company is St. Martin,† who is commemorated here by some very curious old tapestry, and in a picture by *Rubens*. The Court-Room has the usual royal portraits. The old staircase, with garlands on the bannisters, is admirable in design.

Behind the houses on the right of Thames Street is another wretched work of Wren, *St. James Garlickhithe*, so called because "of old time, on the bank of the river of Thames, near to this church, garlick was usually sold." It was in this church that Steele first "discovered the excellency of the Common Prayer," when he "heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive."‡

In Little Trinity Lane (right) is the *Painter-stainers' Hall*, rebuilt after the Great Fire on the site of the Hall where the Relief Commission met during the Great Plague of 1664. The Hall contains a number of good royal portraits from Charles I. downwards.

We now reach *Queenhithe*, a name derived from the

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‡ *Spectator*, No. 147.

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"quern" or mill for the corn landed there: in some documents of the twelfth century it is spelt Corn-hithe. The place, however, was early known as "Ripa Reginæ," being given by John to his mother Eleanor of Aquitaine. Tolls of this port, paid according to the value of the lading of vessels, were afterwards part of the revenue of the Queen's Consort. It was the attempt of Eleanor of Provence to force every vessel laden with corn, wool, or other cargo of value to land here which was a leading cause of her unpopularity. In Peele's "Chronicle-play of King Edward I." (1593) Eleanor, being accused of her crimes, replies—

> "If that upon so vile a thing
> Her heart did ever think
> She wish'd the ground might open wide,
> And therein she might sink!
>
> With that at Charing-cross she sunk
> Into the ground alive;
> And after rose with life again,
> In London at Queenhithe."

The *Church of St. Michael, Queenhithe*, lately destroyed, one of Wren's rebuildings, had a vane with a ship made to contain a bushel of grain, the great article of Queenhithe traffic.

At *Brokenwharf* (left) on the river was the stone palace of the Bigods and Mowbrays, Earls and Dukes of Norfolk, after their removal from the site of Norfolk Row in Lambeth.

Passing the *Tower of St. Mary Somerset*, which belonged to one of Wren's churches, and which groups so well with later buildings—the only tower of a destroyed Wren church which the City has respected, and, what an orna-

ment it is ! and glancing into the *Churchyard of St. Peter, Paul's Wharf*, destroyed in the Great Fire, and never rebuilt, we reach *St. Benet, Paul's Wharf* (on the right), another of Wren's feeble churches. It is strange that he should not have had the grace to restore the tomb of Inigo Jones, who was buried in the old church, June 26, 1652, aged 80, having been much persecuted for his Roman Catholic opinions. Sir William Le Neve, John Philpott, and William Oldys, also buried here, were all heralds from the college close by. In St. Benet's churchyard was the punning epitaph—

> "Here lies one More, and no more than he.
> One More and no more ! how can that be ?
> One More and no more may well lie here alone ;
> But here lies one More, and that's more than one."

Castle Baynard Dock commemorates the feudal house called Baynard's Castle, destroyed in the Great Fire, and "so called of Baynard, a nobleman that came in with William the Conqueror."* It was to Maud Fitzwalter, daughter of "the Lord of Castle Baynard," that King John paid his unwelcome addresses. The palace built on this site by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was the place where the crown was offered to Richard III. Those who have seen Shakspeare's play acted will remember Richard's appearance in the upper gallery here, between two bishops, and Catesby and Buckingham, in the hall beneath, with the mayor and aldermen, endeavouring to overcome his hypocritical reluctance to accept the kingdom. Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed here in 1553. Anne, "Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery," afterwards lived here while

* Stow, p. 136.

her husband was residing at the Cockpit in Whitehall. Baynard's Castle had ten narrow gloomy towers towards the river, and, in the centre, an arched water-gate and broad staircase.

Thames Street ends at *Blackfriars Bridge*, an ugly erection of Joseph Cubitt (1867) supplanting the fine work of Robert Mylne, executed in 1760—69. The older bridge was at first called Pitt Bridge, in honour of the great minister, who is still commemorated in William Street, Earl Street, and Chatham Place. Mylne's work was so appreciated at the time that he was buried in state near Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's, but his bridge was demolished within a hundred years of its erection, and even his house has been swept away by the erection of the Ludgate Hill Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

Near this, but invisible, is the point—

> "Where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls its large tribute of dead dogs to Thames."
>
> *Pope. Dunciad.*

Blackfriars takes its name from the Dominican monks who came to England in 1221, and first settled in Holborn on land now occupied by Lincoln's Inn. In 1276 they moved to the banks of the Thames, where their monastery and church rose to great splendour through the constant favour of Edward I., who deposited the heart of his beloved Eleanor at Blackfriars, when her body was taken to Westminster. The belief that "to be buried in the habit of the Order was a sure preservative against the attacks of the devil" afterwards led to the interment of many great and wealthy personages in the monastic church,

including Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and his wife Margaret of Scotland; Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, beheaded in the Wars of the Roses; and Sir Thomas and Dame Maude Parr, father and mother of Queen Katherine Parr. Several Parliaments met in the monastery. The "Black Parliament," which took its name from hence, with Sir Thomas More as its Speaker, here received the exorbitant demands of Henry VIII. for a subsidy for his French wars, insolently conveyed through Wolsey. Charles V. insisted upon lodging at the Prior's house when he came to London in 1522, though Bridewell Palace was proposed for him. But Blackfriars Monastery will always be best remembered as the place, made familiar by Shakspeare (who knew it well), where (June 21, 1529) the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeggio, sate in judgment upon the divorce of Catherine of Arragon, and where the queen, as "a poor weak woman, fallen from favour," flinging herself at her husband's feet, made that touching speech, which has been scarcely altered by Shakspeare. On the same spot, only a few months later, Parliament pronounced its sentence of *præmunire* against Wolsey himself.

Blackfriars was granted by Edward VI. to Sir Thomas Cawarden, "Master of the King's Revels," who pulled down its church of many associations and that of St. Anne, which adjoined it. Both, however, would have perished in the Fire. Sir William More, who was Cawarden's executor, granted part of the monastic buildings to James Burbage, who, in 1596, converted them into the first regular Theatre erected in Blackfriars, though plays had already been acted within the precincts. In this theatre Shakspeare, who

bought a house in Blackfriars, was himself an actor in 1598 in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. The theatre was pulled down in 1655.

Blackfriars has many other associations. Ben Jonson dates the dedication of his *Volpone* from "my house at Blackfriars this 11th day of February, 1607." Nat Field the player and dramatist; Dick Robinson the player; Vandyke (whom Charles I. came by water to visit here), Cornelius Jansen, and Isaac Oliver the painters; and Faithorne the engraver, resided here. The wicked Earl and Countess of Somerset were also inhabitants of Blackfriars, and were here at the time of Sir Thomas Overbury's murder.*

In order to visit in a group the interesting points in Blackfriars, we may turn up *Water Lane*, the last side street on the right before reaching New Bridge Street. Here (right) is the *Apothecaries' Hall*, belonging to one of the busiest and most useful of the City Companies, which was founded in the reign of James I. Except the Stationers' it is the only Company whose members are strictly what its name implies, and it has five hundred members. The laboratories connected with this Hall result from the association of the Apothecaries and Druggists. For till 1687 apothecaries were only what druggists are now, and it was their presuming to prescribe which gave such offence to the College of Physicians in the seventeenth century and led to the verses of Garth—

> "Nigh where Fleet Ditch descends in sable streams,
> To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames,
> There stands a structure on a rising hill,
> Where tyros take their freedom out to kill."

* See *The Builder*, Aug. 12, 1876.

But in 1703 a decision of the House of Lords permitted apothecaries to advise as well as to dispense medicines, and no less than one hundred and ten examinations are now held annually at the Hall for students seeking a licence. The long black oak *Gallery* facing the court is called by the students the "Funking Room" because there they are kept waiting before being ushered into the presence of their examiners. It is lined with immensely deep cupboards (many of them concealed) used as bookcases. Its curiosities include a Catalogue of Plants of 1662, with the Latin MS. notes of John Ray (1627—1704), the eminent botanist and "founder of modern zoology,"* written during his travels. The stained windows bear the mottoes—"Beare with one another; Love as Brethren: Et bene dum vivis, post mortem vivere si vis." The *Hall*, lined with black oak, was built just after the Fire. A contemporary bust of Gideon de Laune here commemorates the physician of Anne of Denmark, who obtained their charter for the Apothecaries. Beneath it is a magnificent old iron-bound chest, with a lock guarded by four apes. In the *Court Room* is a picture of De Laune with many other portraits, including that of the famous Dr. Richard Mead, 1717, and a sketch by *Sir Joshua Reynolds* for his portrait of Dr. Hunter (1728—83) now in the College of Surgeons. A slight canopy on the left of the Court Room marks the spot where the Master formerly sate upon a dais, and formally admitted the student candidates, who bowed before him on the step.

At the back of the Hall are the *Chemical Laboratories*, established 1671, from which the Army is still supplied with

* Cuvier. "Biog. Univ."

medicines, and which formerly supplied the Navy also. We may visit the "Mortar Room," "Test Room," and "Magnesia Room." Jalap, Seidlitz Powders, Lozenges, and many other medicines are here in a constant state of preparation by machinery; and there are vaults for the formation and conserving of tinctures, with warehouses and dispensaries. The preparation of some of the drugs, especially those containing mercury, is so deleterious to the workmen that, though they work in helmets with glass eyes, they are constantly obliged to be allowed a few days' leave of absence.

Turning left we reach *Carter Lane*. The names of the side arteries of this Lane—Friar Street, Creed Lane, Holiday Yard, and Pilgrim Street—bear record of the great religious house in their neighbourhood, and of the ancient pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Erkenwald. On the right is the entrance of *Wardrobe Place*, a quiet court, with dark-red brick houses and young trees, which marks the site of the building known as "the Kings' Wardrobe," erected by Sir J. Beauchamp (whose tomb, in the centre of the nave of St. Paul's, was mistaken for that of Duke Humphrey), and sold to Edward III. It was a sort of Museum of the robes worn by the kings on different state occasions, and became, as Fuller describes, "a library for antiquaries therein to read the mode and fashion of garments of all ages."

Retracing our steps a little, *Church Entry* (on the left of Carter Lane as we return) contains, against the wall of Blackfriars School, a monument to Dr. William Gouge, who was minister of the old Church of St. Anne when Shakspeare was residing here, and who, being of like prin-

ciples, was probably of his personal acquaintance. Church Entry leads into *Ireland Yard*, which takes its name from the William Ireland whose name appears in a deed of conveyance to Shakspeare of a house on that site. Hence, turning to the right, through *Glass House Yard* (of which the name is the memorial of an attempt by a Venetian in Elizabeth's reign, to introduce one of his native glass manufactories, to the great disgust of London glass-workers) we come to *Play House Yard*, commemorating the old Theatre where Shakspeare acted. The yard now resounds with the roar of machinery in the *Times Printing Office*, which has a great new front towards Queen Victoria Street. The principal entrance, however, is in the retired court called *Printing House Square*, so called from the office of the King's Printer which existed here 1770, in the old building marked by the royal arms over its entrance. In the square are two rare old trees of much interest to botanists.

The *Times* Newspaper, the leading journal of Europe, was commenced by John Walter, its first number, of January 1, 1788, being a continuation of the *Daily Universal Register*. The *Times* of November 29, 1814, was the first newspaper printed by steam.

"No description can give any adequate idea of one of the *Times* machines in full work,—the maze of wheels and rollers, the intricate lines of swift-moving tapes, the flight of sheets, and the din of machinery. The central drum moves at the rate of six feet per second, or one revolution in three seconds; the impression cylinder makes five revolutions in the same time. The layer-on delivers two sheets every five seconds, consequently fifteen sheets are printed in that brief space. The *Times* employs two of these eight-cylinder machines, each of which averages 12,000 impressions per hour; and one nine-cylinder, which prints 16,000" (Ency. Brit.). In addition to these, Howe's American machine, with ten horizontal cylinders, prints 20,000 copies in an hour.

A charming drive along the new *Thames Embankment* leads from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster. Its great feature is *Waterloo Bridge*, the noble work of George Rennie, built 1811—1817 and opened on the second anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. It is built of granite, and has nine arches, one hundred and twenty inches span and thirty-five high. Canova considered it "the noblest bridge in the world—worth a visit from the remotest corners of the earth;" and Dupin describes it as "a colossal monument worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars."

CHAPTER XII.

LONDON BRIDGE AND SOUTHWARK.

AT the entrance of London Bridge, upon the right, is the *Fishmongers' Hall*, rebuilt by *H. Roberts* in 1831, in the place of a Hall of which Jarnan was the architect after the Great Fire. It is one of those huge palaces of dignified repose which are such a feature of the City. On the landing of the stairs is a statue of Sir William Walworth, 1698, painted, but carved in wood by Edward Peirce the statuary, who died in 1698.* On the pedestal is inscribed—

> "Brave Walworth, Knight, Lord Major yt slew
> Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes.
> The King, therefore, did give in liew
> The Dagger in the cityes armes.
> In the 4th yeare of Richard II. Anno Domini. 1381."

The dagger of Walworth is preserved in the Hall, in a glass-case, and is certainly of the fourteenth century, but unfortunately the so-called "dagger" was borne in the city-arms centuries before the time of Wat Tyler, and represents the sword of St. Paul, the patron of the corporation.

On the *Staircase* are portraits of—

* Horace Walpole.

William III. and Mary II. *Murray.*
George II. and Caroline of Anspach. *Shackleton.*

In the *Court Dining Room* are—

Romney. Frederick Christian, Margrave of Anspach, nephew of Caroline, Queen of George II., who sold his principalities to the King of Prussia and came to live in England. Ob. 1806.

Elizabeth, Margravine of Anspach, 1750—1820, daughter of the fourth Earl of Berkeley, married in 1767 to William, sixth Lord Craven, and in 1791 to the Margrave of Anspach. The existence of the pictures here commemorates a fête she gave to the Fishmongers' Company at her residence of Brandenburg House on the Thames.

The *Great Banqueting Hall* contains portraits of

Queen Victoria, 1840. *Herbert Smith.*
The Duke of Kent. *Beechey.*
The Duke of Sussex.

In the *Small Meeting Room* is a fine portrait of

Earl St. Vincent, by *Beechey.* The flag presented to him by the crew of the *Ville de Paris* is preserved here.

In the *Waiting Room* are some curious old pictures, including a representation of the Pageant of the Fishmongers' Company on October 29, 1616, when Sir J. Leman, Fishmonger, became Lord Mayor. The relics here include—

The magnificent *Pall*, worked by nuns, used at the funeral of Sir William Walworth in 1381.* Its principal subject is our Saviour giving the keys to St. Peter, at the ends are representations of the Deity and Angels.

The *Master's Chair*, made of oak from the piles of Old London Bridge, with the seat formed from the foundation-stone laid in 1176, and fished up in 1832.

* The palls preserved in many of the old City Halls are relics of the time when the Halls were let out for ceremonies of lying in state.

The Fishmongers' Company were formidable neighbours to Billingsgate, as they had power "to enter and seize bad fish," and they still employ inspectors, who bring in a report of the quantity of unwholesome fish destroyed. A member of the company named Thomas Dogget, who died in 1821, being a determined Whig, left a sum for an orange coat and silver Hanoverian badge to be contended for on the Thames every 1st of August by six young watermen.

London Bridge was built 1825—31 from designs of John Rennie (son of a farmer in East Lothian) and his sons John and George, at a cost of nearly two millions, but is already found insufficient, and will soon (1877) be widened, and probably spoilt.

There was a bridge here in Saxon times, defended by towers and bulwarks, where, in 1008, was fought "the Battle of London Bridge," in which Olaf * the king and saint of Norway assisted Ethelred the Unready in defeating the Danes. In 1176 the first stone bridge was built by Peter, priest of St. Mary Colechurch, in which Thomas a Becket had been baptized. Hence, on the central pier, Colechurch erected a chapel in honour of the sainted archbishop, where, when he died in 1205, he was himself buried. This chapel was of great beauty, having a crypt, connected by a flight of stairs with the river. All the other piers were covered with houses, and towards the Southwark side from the end of the sixteenth century stood "Nonsuch House," a fantastic building of wood, said to have been constructed in Holland, with four towers, crowned by domes with gilded vanes. The last building on the Southwark side was "the

* Commemorated in the singular corrupted name of Tooley (Olaf) Street, on the south bank of the river, where he is patron of the parish.

Traitors' Gate." The heads exposed here included those of William Wallace, 1305; the Earl of Northumberland, 1408; and Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, 1535. Hall says that at the end of a fortnight Fisher's head had to be thrown into the Thames, because the bridge was choked up with people coming to see it, "for it could not be perceived to waste nor consume . . . but daily grew fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them." Sir Thomas More's head was removed after a time to make room for others, and would also have been thrown into the Thames, but this opportunity had been watched for by his loving daughter Margaret Roper, who bought it and conveyed it safely away to Canterbury. After the Restoration the heads of some of the regicides were exposed here.

On St. George's Day in 1390 the famous passage at arms in the presence of Richard II. was fought on London Bridge between Lord Welles and the chivalrous Sir David Lindsay of Gleneck, in which the Scottish knight was completely triumphant.*

In the sixth picture of Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" the appearance of the houses on old London Bridge may be seen. At one time the booksellers' shops on London Bridge had the reputation which those of Paternoster Row have now. The infant daughter of Sir William Hewett, a famous clock-maker on the bridge, Lord Mayor of London in 1559, fell from one of the overhanging windows and was saved from drowning by the gallantry of his apprentice

* See the picturesque account in "The Lives of the Lindsays."

Edward Osborne, who was eventually rewarded with her hand and a large dowry. Osborne himself was Lord Mayor in 1582, and his great-grandson became Duke of Leeds. Pennant describes the street on London Bridge shortly before its fall—"narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers from the multitude of carriages: frequent arches of strong timbers crossing the street from the tops of the houses, to keep them together and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches." The narrowness of the arches beneath the bridge, and the consequent compression of the river, made "shooting the bridge" very dangerous. Ray's proverb, "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over, and fools to go under," shows the popular feeling about its rapids. Cowley describes the river as—

> "Stopp'd by the houses of that wondrous street,
> Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet."

In its later existence most of the houses on the bridge were inhabited by pin-makers, and it was a fashionable amusement with west-end ladies to drive to buy their pins there. In the last century the old houses, in one of which Hans Holbein had lived, were removed one after the other. Fuller says of Old London Bridge—

> "The middle thereof is properly in none, the two ends in two counties, Middlesex and Surrey. Such who only see it *beneath*, where it is a bridge, cannot suspect it should be a street; and such who behold it *above*, where it is a street, cannot believe it is a bridge."

Immediately beyond London Bridge, on the left, now half-buried amongst raised streets and railways, is the fine

cruciform *Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark.* It has been sadly mutilated in the present century, but its Lady Chapel and choir are still amongst our best specimens of Early English architecture. They are surrounded by a flower and vegetable market, and a churchyard, in which the great dramatic poet Massinger was originally buried. The entry in the register is "March 20, 1639—40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger." This was formerly the church belonging to the priory of *St. Mary Overy*, which Stow on the authority of Linsted, the last prior, says was originally founded by Mary Overy, a ferry woman, who, long before the Conquest or the existence of any bridge over the river, devoted her earnings to this purpose. She was buried within the walls of the church, and, by some, its dedication has been supposed to refer to her, as the Virgin Mother is not the St. Mary referred to, having her own chapel—the "Lady Chapel"—annexed to the building. The foundation of Mary Overy was for a House of Sisters, but this was afterwards turned into a College of Priests by Swithin, a noble lady, who is said to have built the first timber bridge over the river; and, in 1106, it was refounded for canons regular by William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy, two Norman knights. At the dissolution the church was made parochial. It had already become known as St. Saviour's, for in 1510 it was brought as a charge against one Joane Baker that she said she was "sorry she had gone on so many pilgrimages, as to St. Saviour's, and divers other pilgrimages."

The Choir, of the most exquisite and unspoilt Early English architecture, retains its beautiful altar-screen, erected by Fox, Bishop of Winchester, in 1528, and adorned

with his device, the pelican. Here Edmund Holland, last Earl of Kent, grandson of the Fair Maid of Kent, was married in 1406 to Lucia, eldest daughter of Bernabo Visconti, tyrant of Milan, Henry IV. giving away the bride. In the pavement an inscription marks the grave to which Philip Massinger has been removed from the churchyard. Near it is that of John Fletcher (Beaumont and Fletcher), 1625, of whom Aubrey says that, during the great Plague, he was invited by a Knight in Suffolk or Norfolk to take refuge with him till the danger should be over, but lingered while his tailor made him a suit of new clothes, fell sick, and died.

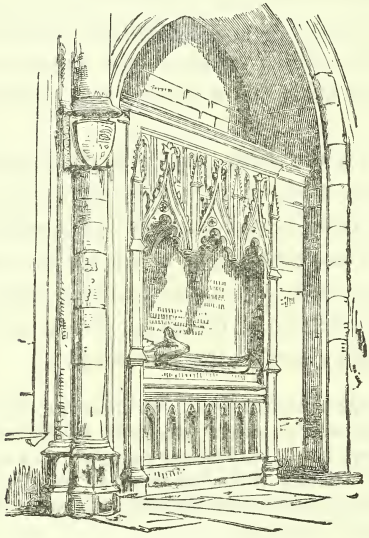
On the left of the north transept is the beautiful tomb of John Gower the Poet, *ob.* 1402, removed from the Chantrey of St. John, where he had been buried in accordance with his will. He had contributed largely to the restoration of the church, in which, in 1399, he had been married to Alice Groundolf by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. Stow accurately describes the monument.

"He lieth under a tomb of stone, with his image also of stone over him: the hair of his head, auburn, long to his shoulders but curling up, and a small forked beard; on his head a chaplet like a coronet of four roses; a habit of purple, damasked down to his feet; * a collar of esses gold about his neck; under his head the likeness of three books which he compiled."—P. 152.

The three works of Gower upon which his head reposes are—1. The *Speculum Meditantis*, a work upon connubial chastity, written in French after the fashion of the time, which prescribed either French or Latin as the language of poetry, a rule first violated by Chaucer. 2. The *Vox*

* Now repainted.

Clamantis, written in Latin. 3. The *Confessio Amantis*, written in English, after Chaucer had published his other works, but before the Canterbury Tales. It is on this poem, which represents a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, that the reputation of Gower is founded. It was finished in 1393, and is said to have been written in answer



Gower's Tomb.

to the desire of Richard II., who, meeting the poet one day upon the Thames, called him into his barge, and desired him to "booke some new thing." The first edition contained many passages flattering to King Richard, but the time-serving poet afterwards either omitted these altogether or converted them to the praise of his rival and successor

Henry IV. Gower was educated for the law at the Middle Temple and is believed there to have contracted a friendship with Chaucer. Their tastes were the same, and Gower was especially attached to the patronage of Thomas of Woodstock, one of the uncles of Richard III., as Chaucer was to that of another, John of Gaunt. It is believed, however, that the friendship of the poets was turned to enmity

Sleeping Sifter, St. Mary Overy.

before the death of Chaucer. Gower became blind in the first year of Henry IV. and died in 1402. A tablet used to hang by his tomb inscribed, "Whosoever prayeth for the soul of John Gower, he shall, so oft as he doth, have an M and a D dayes of pardon."

Against the pillar on the left, adjoining the tomb, are the arms of Cardinal Henry Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt,

who was consecrated Bishop of Winchester and came to Winchester House close to this church in the year of Gower's death. Against the same pillar is a curious miniature tomb to William Emerson, 1575, "who lived and died an honest man." He is represented in his shroud.

Opposite that of Gower is the tomb, with curious coloured half-figures, of John Bingham, 1625, saddler to Queen Elizabeth and King James I.

In the south transept is the strange allegorical tomb of William Austen, 1626, author of "Certain Devout, Learned, and Godly Meditations." There is much grandeur in the figures of the sifters sleeping deeply with their prongs over their shoulders, while waiting for the great final harvest.

Next is the tomb of Dr. Lockyer the pill-inventor, with his figure in the costume of Charles II.'s time, reclining upon it, and the inscription—

> "Here Lockyer lies interr'd; enough, his name
> Speakes, which hath few competitors in fame.
> A name, soe great, soe generalle, may scorne
> Inscriptions which doe vulgar tombs adorne.
> A diminution 'tis, to write in verse
> His eulogies, which most men's mouth's rehearse.
> His virtues and his PILLS are soe well knowne,
> That envy can't confine them under stone,
> But they'll survive his dust, and not expire,
> Till all things else at th' universal fire.
> This verse is lost, his PILL embalm's him safe
> To future times, without an epitaph."

Alas, however, the pills have not survived the dust, and Lockyer is unembalmed.

Passing the tomb of Richard Blisse, 1703, and a weird nameless figure in a shroud ascribed by tradition to "Audery,"

father of Mary Overy,* we enter the south aisle of the choir, containing the tomb of John Trehearne, Gentleman Porter to James I., and his wife, with coloured half-figures, and the epitaph—

> "In the king's court-yard place to thee is given,
> Whence thou shalt go to the king's court of heaven."

An epitaph surpassed by that on Miss Barford, which narrates how—

> "Such grace the King of Kings bestow'd upon her,
> That now she lives with Him a Maid of Honour."

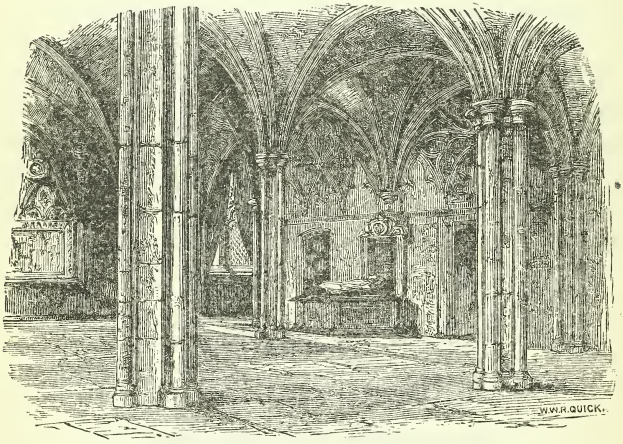
Close by are two niches, supposed to be the tombs of Pont de Arche and Dauncy, the second founders of the church; in one of them is a cross-legged effigy. Opposite, between the pillars of the choir, is the alabaster tomb of Alderman Richard Humble (1616) and his two wives. The inscription is attributed to Francis Quarles—

> "Like to the damask rose you see,
> Or like the blossom on the tree,
> Or like the dainty flower of May,
> Or like the morning of the day,
> Or like the sun, or like the shade,
> Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
>
> "E'en so is Man, whose thread is spun,
> Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
>
> "The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
> The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
> The sun sets, the shadow flies,
> The gourd consumes, and Man he dies."

* There is a curious tract called "The true History of the Life and sudden Death of old John Overs, the rich Ferryman of London, showing how he lost his life by his own covetousness; and of his daughter Mary, who caused the church of S. Mary Overs in Southwark to be built, and of the building of London Bridge." It narrates how John Overs counterfeited death, thinking to economise by making his household fast for a day, but they feasted instead, whereat he arose in a fury and killed an apprentice, for which he was executed.

Other persons buried here without a monument are Sir Edward Dyer, the Elizabethan pastoral poet, 1607, who lived and died in Winchester House; and Edmond Shakspeare, the poet's younger brother; the register merely says, "Edmond Shakspeare, a player, in the church."

The beautiful Lady Chapel was used in the time of Mary I. as the consistorial court of Gardiner, Bishop of



Lady Chapel, St. Mary Overy.

Winchester, and here Bishop Hooper and John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, were condemned to be burnt—the popular feeling in favour of the latter being so strong at the time that he had to be conveyed from hence by night in secrecy to Newgate.*

Here is the black and white marble tomb of Bishop

* Milman's "Annals of St. Paul's."

Lancelot Andrews, 1628, with the inscription "September 21. Die lunæ hora matutina fere quarta Lancelotus Andrewes, episcopus Wintonensis, meritissimum lumen orbis Christiani mortuus est (ephemeris laudiana) anno Domini, 1626, ætatis suæ 71." The tomb was brought hither from a chapel called the Bishop's Chapel, which formerly existed to the east of the Lady Chapel, where it had a canopy inscribed, "Reader, if thou art a Christian, stay; it will be worth thy tarrying to know how great a man lies here." Queen Elizabeth, who delighted in the preaching of Andrews, raised him from the Mastership of Pembroke Hall to the Deanery of Westminster, but he refused to accept any bishopric in her reign, because he would not submit to an alienation of the ecclesiastical revenue. James I. preferred him to any other divine as a preacher, and selected him to answer Cardinal Bellarmine, who had attacked his "Defence of the rights of Kings." In 1605 he was made Bishop of Chichester, in 1609 Bishop of Ely, in 1618 Bishop of Winchester. Endless stories are preserved of the kindness, charity, and the unfailing humility of Bishop Andrews, whom all honoured but himself. He is chiefly remembered now by his "Manual of Private Devotions," composed in his latter years, and of which the manuscript was constantly wet with his tears. His death was received as a public calamity. Archbishop Laud* lamented him as "the great light of the Christian world;" and Milton wrote a Latin elegy upon him, which has been translated by Cowper.

Near the tomb are kept a number of bosses, from the roof of the nave, preserved when it was pulled down. Their

* Diary.

ornaments comprise the arms of Southwark, and those of Henry de Briton, Prior, 1462—1486, but the most curious is that of a painted head, with a man half-eaten. The present nave, on a different level to the rest of the church, is wholly uninteresting; the grand nave of 1469 was wantonly destroyed in 1831. The church tower contains twelve bells, of which nine are upwards of four hundred years old.

Between St. Saviour's and the river stood Winchester House, the old palace of the Bishops of Winchester, built in 1107—being, says Stow, "a very fair house, well repaired, with a large wharf, and a landing-place, called the Bishop of Winchester's stairs." Here Cardinal Beaufort (half-brother of Henry IV.) celebrated the marriage of his niece, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, with James I. of Scotland, the royal poet, who had first seen and loved her from his prison window at Windsor, and doubted whether she was

> —"a worldly creature
> Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature."

Bishop Gardiner—"politick Gardiner, who spared all the weeds, and spoiled all the good flowers and herbs,"*—lived here in state, with a number of pages of good family, whose education he superintended. It was the last household of the kind, for, after the Reformation, the bishops' houses were filled with their wives and children. Here, out of devotion to his patron the Duke of Norfolk, he arranged little banquets, at which it was arranged that Henry VIII. should meet the Duke's niece, Katherine Howard, then a lovely girl in her teens.

* Fuller.

In 1642 Winchester House was turned into a prison for Royalists by the Presbyterians, and amongst others Sir Kenelm Digby was confined there. Selden says*—

"Sir Kenelm Digby was several times taken and let go again; at last imprisoned at Winchester House. I can compare him to nothing but a great fish that we catch and let go again, but still he will come to the bait; at last therefore we put him into some great pond for store."

The old Gothic hall was standing in the present century, but there is nothing left of the house now. It was Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, who, in 1215, founded for canons regular the religious house which at the dissolution became St. Thomas's Hospital, now removed to Lambeth.

Adjoining Winchester House was Rochester House, a residence of the Bishops of Rochester, destroyed in 1604.

On *Bankside*, the district between the Bishop of Winchester's park and the spot called Paris Garden, were several little amphitheatres for bear-baiting and bull-baiting, with other popular places of amusement. Most important of these was the Globe Theatre, built in the reign of Elizabeth, where James I. granted a patent to Shakspeare and his associates to play plays, "as within theire then usuall house, called the Globe, in the countie of Surry, as elsewhere." The theatre was burnt during a performance of *Henry VIII.* in 1613, and was rebuilt in the following year. Ben Jonson calls it "the glory of the Bank, and the fort of the whole parish."† An old print represents it as like a high martello tower with little slits for windows, and a turret and flag at the top.

* Table Talk. † See Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata."

Paris Garden took its name from Robert de Paris, who leased a house and garden there from the Abbot of Bermondsey, in the reign of Richard II. It had always an immoral reputation, and in the time of Charles I. obtained the name of "Holland's Leaguer," from an ill-working house established in the old manor by a woman named Holland, who contrived to keep the constables at bay by the help of the moat, which existed till 1660. The "Paris Garden Theatre" was in existence in the time of Henry VIII. Here also were "His Majesty's Bear Garden and Bull Ring" of "The Hope" and "The Swan."

Guy's Hospital, on the left of the Borough High Street, with an entrance in St. Thomas's Street, was built by Dance (*ob.* 1773). It owes its foundation to Thomas Guy (born 1645), son of a coal-merchant at Horsleydown, who became a Lombard Street bookseller. The hospital had a narrow escape of losing the wealth of the rich tradesman. He promised to marry his pretty maid, Sally, and had ordered various repairs to his house previous to his nuptials. Seeing that these were incompletely carried out, Sally, in her capacity of bride elect, ordered them to be properly finished; an assumption of authority which gave such offence to her betrothed that he broke off his marriage, and determining to remain a bachelor, built and endowed the hospital at a cost of £238,292. There is a blackened brass statue of the founder in the courtyard, and another in marble, in the chapel.

We are now in *Southwark*, the town on the south side of the Thames, "called by the Saxons," says Pennant, "Southverke, or the South Work." It is intersected by the great street called *the Borough High Street*, which was the

highway between the metropolis and the southern counties, and by which the Canterbury pilgrimages passed out towards the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. A memorial of these pilgrimages may be seen in a succession of ancient taverns, retaining their picturesque wooden galleries around their courtyards, with the chambers opening from them, like the old inns in the French towns. Of these, *The White Hart*, on the left, a little beyond Guy's Hospital, has a court surrounded by old balustraded galleries. It is mentioned by Shakspeare in his *Henry VI.*, when Jack Cade remonstrates with his peasant followers, who are forsaking him and accepting the pardon offered by Buckingham and Clifford, saying—

"Will ye needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark?"—*Pt. II. Act IV. Sc.* 8.

The "Grey Friars Chronicle," describing Jack Cade's rebellion, says, "At the Whyte Harte in Southwarke, one Hawaydine, of Sent Martins, was beheddyd." A servant of Sir John Fastolf, named Payne, was only saved from the same fate by the intercession of one Robert Poynings, when he was sent from his master's house at Horsleydown to obtain the articles of the rebels' demands. The inn where Cade staid was burnt in 1669 and again in 1676, but was rebuilt in the same style, with the wooden balconies used in watching the open-air theatrical performances in the courts below, by which the taverns were made popular. Shakspeare's plays were probably acted in the courtyards of such inns, he himself being an actor. The White Hart is described by Charles Dickens in the "Pickwick Papers."

The next inn, *The George*, has double tiers of wooden

galleries. It is described by Stow as existing in his time, and is mentioned as early as 1554—35th Henry VIII., when its name was the St. George. The original inn was burnt in 1676, but it was rebuilt in the same style.

But the most interesting of old hostelries was the Tabard, mentioned even in 1598 by Stow as "the most

The George Inn, Southwark.

ancient of the inns of Southwark," and which had become for ever celebrated, when

> "Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
> At sixty, wrote the Canterbury tales." *

Up to a few years before its destruction it was marked by an inscription, which said, "This is the Inne where Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the nine and twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." It was an old

* Longfellow.

house worthy of Nüremberg, and such as we shall never see again in London, with high roofs and balustraded wooden galleries supported upon stone pillars. A worn faded picture of the Canterbury Pilgrimage hung from the gallery in front of "the Pilgrim's Room." The front towards the street was comparatively modern, having perished in the fire of 1676, after which, says Aubrey, "the

In the Courtyard of the Tabard, Southwark.

ignorant landlord or tenant, instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot or Dog." The ancient sign of the Tabard, says Stow, is "a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders; a stately garment of old time, commonly worn by noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars, but then (to wit, in the wars) their

arms embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others."

There was such a completely old-world character in the courtyard of the Tabard that, though Chaucer certainly never saw the inn which has been lately destroyed,* those who visited it in 1873, imbued with the poem, would feel that the balustraded galleries, with the little rooms opening

The Tabard, Southwark.

out of them, and the bustling courtyard filled with waggons and wares, represented at least the ghost of the Gothic inn, built by the Abbot of Hyde in 1300 on the same site. They would share the sensation of Dryden, who wrote, "I see all the Pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their humours, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if I had

* The original inn was standing in 1602.

supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark," and would picture the meeting which the poet describes—

> "Befel, that in that season, on a day
> In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,
> Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage,
> To Canterbury with devout courage,
> At night was come into that hostelry
> Well nine and twenty in a company
> Of sundry folk, by adventure yfall
> In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,
> That toward Canterbury woulden ride."

On the left, between King Street and Mermaid Court, was the prison of the Marshalsea—used for persons guilty of offences on the high seas or within the precincts of the court. The Marshal of this prison was seized and beheaded by the rebels under Wat Tyler in 1381. Bonner, Bishop of London, was imprisoned for ten years in the Marshalsea for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Elizabeth, and died there Sept. 5, 1569. His repartee as he was being led to prison is recorded: "Good-morning, Bishop *quondam*," said a wag. "Farewell, knave *semper*," replied Bonner. At the instigation (as he asserted) of Horne, Bishop of Winchester, the mob gathered round him as he went and returned from the prison to the court. One said to him, "The Lord confound thee, or else turn thy heart." "The Lord," he replied, "send thee to keep thy breath to cook thy porridge." To another, saying "The Lord overthrow thee," he said, "The Lord make thee wise as a woodcock." A woman kneeled down and said, "The Lord save thy life. I trust to see thee Bishop of London again." To which he said, "Gad a mercy, good wife," and so passed on to his lodging.*

* See Strype.

George Wither the poet, who had been a general in Cromwell's army, was imprisoned at the Restoration in the Marshalsea for having written the satire "Abuses stript and whipt," and while here wrote his best poem, "The Shepheard's Hunting." He was released some years before his death. Dickens, in the Preface to "Little Dorrit," describes his search for relics of the Marshalsea—

"I found the outer front courtyard metamorphosed into a butter-shop; and then I almost gave up every brick of the jail for lost. Wandering, however, down a certain Angel Court,* leading to Bermondsey, I came to Marshalsea Place, the houses in which I recognised, not only as the great block of the former prison, but as preserving the rooms that arose to my mind's eyes when I became Little Dorrit's biographer. . . . Whoever goes into Marshalsea Place, turning out of Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey, will find his feet on the very paving-stones of the extinct Marshalsea jail; will see its narrow yard to the right and to the left, very little altered if at all, except that the walls were lowered when the place got free; will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived; and will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years."

Connected with the prison was the Marshalsea Court—the seat (siége) of the Marshal of the King's Household "to decide differences and to punish criminals within the royal palace, or on the verge thereof, which extended to twelve miles around it." This court was united with that of Queen's Bench in 1842.

St. George's Church, Southwark, was built by John Price (1733-36) upon the site of an old church where General Monk was married to Anne Clarges, and where Bonner, the bloody bishop of London, who died in the Marshalsea, and Rushworth, author of the "Collections," who died in the King's Bench Prison, were buried. Opposite the church

Angel *Court* is now Angel *Place*. It is close to St. George's Church.

was a palace of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary, daughter of Henry VII. A Quakers' Meeting House in St. George's, Southwark, is connected with the story of the Quaker persecution in the reign of Charles II. It is here that George Fox, the Founder of the Society, was attacked by soldiers with their muskets while he was preaching; and here that, when (1682) a justice of the peace commanded him in the King's name to come down, he replied, "I proceed, for I am commanded by a higher, the King of Kings."

Southwark *Town Hall* stands on the site of St. Margaret's Church, and on the open space in front—"St. Margaret's Hill"—the famous fair was held which was granted by Edward VI., and was annually opened on Sept. 7 by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs riding in procession. Southwark Fair, which was suppressed in 1763, is commemorated by Hogarth.

To the west of High Street, in Park Street, Southwark, is the great *Brewery of Barclay, Perkins & Co.*, founded by Henry Thrale, the friend of Dr. Johnson, who was his executor and sold the business to Messrs. Barclay and Perkins for £135,000. "We are not here," said Johnson, on the day of the sale, "to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Thrale's Brewery was built on the site of the oldest Independent or Congregational church in England, founded in 1616 by Henry Jacob, who migrated to Virginia in 1624. During the Long Parliament the Meeting House ventured to open its doors (January 18, 1640-1), the congregation having hitherto been "shifting from place to place."

The streets to the east lead into *Bermondsey* (Beor mond's-Eye—from the island property of some Saxor or Danish noble in the marshes of the Thames), now a poor crowded district chiefly inhabited by tanners. There was a royal country-palace here, where Henry II. resided with Eleanor of Aquitaine, when she first came to England, and where she gave birth to her second son. But no remains exist now either of it or of the Cluniac abbey founded by Aylwin Child in 1082, which became celebrated from its connection with a number of royal ladies. Of these, the first was Mary, daughter of Malcolm III. of Scotland, sister of Maud, wife of Henry I., and wife of Eustace, Earl of Boulogne. She died April 18, 1115, and was buried here with the inscription—

> "Nobilis hic tumulata jacet Comitissa Maria.
> Actibus hæc nituit; larga benigna fuit.
> Regum sanguis erat; morum probitate vigebat,
> Compatiens inopi; vivit in arce poli." *

The body of Queen Joanna, widow of Henry IV., who died at Havering-atte-Bower in 1437, rested here in state, on its way to the tomb which she had erected for her husband in Canterbury Cathedral. Katherine de Valois, widow of Henry V., and then wife of Owen Tudor, died here in her thirty-fifth year; and here Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward IV., was imprisoned by her son-in-law, Henry VII., in 1486, and languished till her death in 1492.† By her touching will, made in the abbey, she says that she leaves

* See Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata."

† Katherine was buried in the tomb of Henry V. in Westminster Abbey; Elizabeth Woodville in that of Edward IV. at Windsor, in a stone coffin, in accordance with the terms of her will—"I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, according to the will of my said lord and mine, without pomps entering or costly expenses done thereabout."

her blessing to Elizabeth of York and her other children, "having no worldly goods to do the queen's grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children according to my heart and mind." The abbey was surrendered in 1537 and the last abbot rewarded with the bishopric of St. Asaph *in commendam*. The greater part of the abbey buildings were pulled down by Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College at Oxford, and the palace of the Ratcliffes, Earls of Sussex, rose upon their ruins. The only relics still remaining of the abbey are a silver alms-dish, preserved in the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, and the names of "Long Walk," "Grange Walk," &c., reminiscences of the monastic gardens and farm, now applied to streets of leather-dressers, leather dyers, horse-hair manufacturers, &c.

Battle Bridge Wharf, on the river between Bermondsey and London Bridge, commemorates the town-house of the Abbots of Battle, and the intricacies of the wretched streets called the *Maze* mark the labyrinth in their gardens.

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END OF VOL. I.

WALKS IN LONDON

VOL. II

"Out of monuments, names, wordes, proverbs, traditions, private recordes and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of bookes, and the like, we doe save and recover somewhat from the deluge of Time."

Lord Bacon. Advance of Learning.

"They who make researches into Antiquity, may be said to passe often through many dark lobbies and dusky places, before they come to the *Aula lucis*, the great hall of light; they must repair to old archives, and peruse many moulded and moth-eaten records, and so bring light as it were out of darkness, to inform the present world what the former did, and make us see truth through our ancestors' eyes.

J. Howel. Londinopolis.

"I'll see these things!—They're rare and passing curious—
But thus 'tis ever; what's within our ken,
Owl-like, we blink at, and direct our search
To farthest Inde in quest of novelties;
Whilst here, at home, upon our very thresholds,
Ten thousand objects hurtle into view,
Of Int'rest wonderful."

Old Play.

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CHAPTER I.

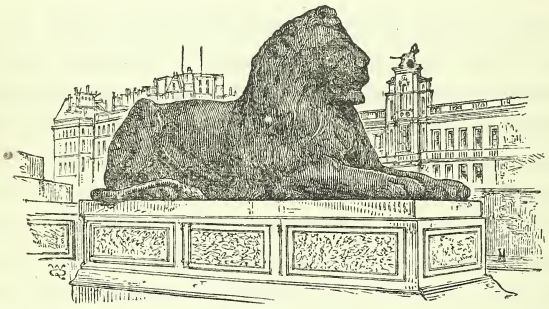
TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LET us find ourselves again at Charing Cross, which forms the south-eastern angle of *Trafalgar Square*, a dreary expanse of granite with two granite fountains, intended to commemorate the last victory of Nelson. Its northern side is occupied by the miserable buildings of the National Gallery; its eastern and western sides by a hideous hotel and a frightful club. Where the noble Jacobian screen of Northumberland House (which was so admirably adapted for a National Portrait Gallery) once drew the eye away from these abominations by its dignity and beauty, a view of the funnel-roof of Charing Cross Railway Station forms a poor substitute for the time-honoured palace of the Percy's! In the centre of the square is a Corinthian pillar of Devonshire granite, 145 feet in height, by *W. Railton*, erected in 1843. It supports a statue of Nelson by *E. H. Baily, R.A.*, a very poor work, which, however, does not much signify, as it can only be properly seen from the top of the Duke of York's column, which no one ascends. The pedestal of the column is decorated by reliefs.

North. The Battle of Nile by *Woodington.*
South. The Death of Nelson by *Carew.*
West. The Battle of St. Vincent by *Watson* and *Woodington.*
East. The Bombardment of Copenhagen by *Ternouth.*

The noble lions at the foot of the column were added by *Sir E. Landseer* in 1867. Only one of them was modelled: a slight variation in the treatment adapted the others to their pedestals. Their chief grandeur lies in their mighty simplicity.

At the south-west angle of the square is a statue of Sir



One of Landseer's Lions.

C. S. Napier by *Adams;* at the south-east angle a statue of Sir Henry Havelock by *Behnes.* On a pedestal at the north-west corner is an equestrian statue of George IV. by *Chantrey,* intended to surmount the Marble Arch when it stood in front of Buckingham Palace. The corresponding pedestal is vacant, and likely to remain so: there has never been a pendant to George IV.

On the east side of Trafalgar Square is its one ornament. Here, on a noble basement, approached by a broad flight of steps, rises the beautiful portico of the *Church of St.*

Martin in the Fields. It is the masterpiece of *Gibbs* (1721—26), and is the only perfect example of a Grecian portico in London. The regular rectangular plan on which Trafalgar Square was first laid out was abandoned simply to bring it into view; yet, in 1877, the Metropolitan Board of Works, for the sake of giving uniformity to a new street, seriously contemplated the destruction of the well-graded basement to which it owes all its beauty of proportion, and which is one of the chief features of a Greek portico. However, Parliament happily interfered, and the portico survives.

"Beautiful for situation, elegant in proportion, and perfect in construction, it is precisely the kind of building that the angle of Trafalgar Square requires. It is thoroughly in its place, is in harmony with all its surroundings, and lends more grace than it receives to 'the finest site in Europe.' From whatever point it is seen, it impresses the beholder as a work of art, impelling him to draw nearer and examine it in detail, and unlike many other architectural structures it does not disappoint upon examination."—*Morning Post, Feb.*, 1877.

The building of St. Martin's is commemorated in the lines of Savage—

> "O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise,
> Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise."

But its portico is its best feature, and the effect even of this is injured by the tower, which seems to rise out of it. The sides of the church are poor; "in all," as Walpole says, "is wanting that harmonious simplicity which bespeaks a genius." The vane on the handsome steeple bears a crown, to show that this is the royal parish. In its upper story is preserved a "sanctus bell" from the earlier church on this

site; it was rung at the point when the priest said "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth," that the Catholic population outside might share in the feeling of the service.

The existence of a church here is mentioned as early as 1222. Henry VIII. was induced to rebuild it by the annoyance which he felt at the funerals constantly passing his windows of Whitehall on their way to St. Margaret's, and his church, still really "in the Fields," to which a chancel was added by Prince Henry in 1607, became a favourite burial-place in the time of the Stuarts. It may be called the artists' church, for amongst those interred here were Nicholas Hiliard, miniature-painter to Elizabeth, 1619; Paul Vansomer, painter to James I., 1621; Sir John Davies the poet, author of "Nosce teipsum," so much extolled by Hallam and Southey, 1626; Nicholas Laniere the musician, 1646; Dobson, the first eminent portrait-painter of English birth, called "the English Vandyke," 1646; Nicholas Stone the sculptor, 1647; and Louis Laguerre, 1721. The Hon. Robert Boyle (1691), the religious philosopher, author of many theological works, was buried here, and his funeral sermon was preached by Bishop Burnet, who was his intimate friend. Two of the tombs from the ancient church, those of Sir Thomas Mayerne, physician to James I. and Charles I., 1655—56, and of Secretary Coventry, 1686, are preserved in the vaults of the present edifice. The register of the church records the baptism of the great Lord Bacon, born hard by at York House, in 1561. It has been said that Prince Charles Edward renounced the religion of his forefathers here.*

* Walpo'e's Letters to Sir Hórace Mann.

Amongst those who were buried in the churchyard was (Nov. 15, 1615) the beautiful Mrs. Anne Turner, who was hanged at Tyburn for her part in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and who, "having been the first person to bring yellow starched ruffs into popularity, was condemned by Coke to be hang'd in her yellow Tiffiny ruff and cuffs," the hangman also having his bands and cuffs of the same, "which made many to forbear the use of that horrid starch, till it at last grew generally to be detested and disused." After he had lain in state, the murdered body of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey* was buried in this churchyard in 1679, with an immense public funeral, at the head of which walked seventy-two clergymen of the Church of England, in full canonicals; John Lacy, the dramatist, was buried here in 1681; Sir Winston Churchill, father of the great Duke of Marlborough, in 1688; George Farquhar, the comedy-writer and friend of Wilkes, in 1707; and Lord Mohun, killed in duel with the Duke of Hamilton, in 1711. In 1762 Hogarth and Reynolds here followed Roubiliac to his grave, which was near that of Nell Gwynne, who died of an apoplexy in her house in Pall Mall in 1687, being only in her thirty-eighth year. She left an annual sum of money to the bell-ringers which they still enjoy. Archbishop Tenison, who had attended her death-bed, preached her funeral sermon here with great extolling of her virtues,

* Macaulay and others write the name Edmundsbury. But in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey there is a monument to a brother of Sir Edmund, where he is designated as Edmundus Berry Godfrey. The best authority, however, is Sir Edmund's father. The Diary of Thomas Godfrey of Lidd, in Kent, says, "My wife was delivered of another son the 23rd of December, 1621, who was christened the 13th January, being Sunday. His godfather was my cousin John Berrie, his other godfather my faithful loving friend and my neighbour sometime in Greek Street, Mr. Edmund Harrison, the king's embroiderer. They named my son Edmund Berrie, the one's name, and the other's Christian name."

a fact which, repeated to Queen Mary II. by the desire of his enemies to bring him into discredit, only drew from her the answer, "I have heard as much. It is a sign that the unfortunate woman died penitent; for if I can read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a pious and Christian end, the doctor would never have been induced to speak well of her."

The parish of St. Martin's, now much subdivided, was formerly the largest in London. Burnet speaks of it in 1680 as "the greatest cure in England," and Baxter tells how its population consisted of 40,000 persons more than could find room in the church. The labyrinthine alleys near the church, destroyed in the formation of Trafalgar Square, were known as "the Bermudas;" hence the reference in Ben Jonson—

> "Pirates here at land
> Have their Bermudas and their Streights in the Strand."
> *Ep. to E. of Dorset.*

In the time of the Commonwealth St. Martin's Lane was a shady lane with a hedge on either side. It was open country as far as the village of St. Giles's. In a proclamation of 1546, Henry VIII. desires to have "the games of Hare, Partridge, Pheasant and Heron," preserved from the Palace of Westminster to St. Giles's in the Fields. In Faithorne's Map of London, 1658, St. Martin's Lane is the western boundary of the town. At one time the Lane was the especial resort of artists, and in one of its entries, *St. Peter's Court*, was the first house of the Royal Academy. Sir James Thornhill lived in the Lane, at No. 104; Sir J. Reynolds lived opposite May's Buildings, before he moved to Leicester Square; Roubiliac lived in Peter's

Court in 1756; Fuseli at No. 100 in 1784; and the interior of a room in No. 96 is introduced by Hogarth in the "Rake's Progress." * *Cecil Court*, on the left of St. Martin's Lane, commemorates the old house of the Cecils, created Earls of Salisbury in 1605, and *Cranbourne Alley* took its name from their second title.

The ambition of London tradesmen might justly feel encouraged by the almost European reputation which was obtained in his own day by Thomas Chippendale, a cabinet-maker of St. Martin's Lane, and which has not diminished, but increased, since his death. He published here, in 1752, that exceedingly rare work, the "Gentleman and Cabinet Makers' Director."

The north of what is now Trafalgar Square is the place where the king's hawks were kept in the time of Richard II. Sir Simon Burley is mentioned as keeper of the falcons "at the meuse† near Charing Cross." The site was occupied by the Royal Stables from the time of Henry VIII. to that of George IV., when they gave place to the *National Gallery*, built 1832—38 from designs of *W. Wilkins, R.A.* The handsome portico of the Prince Regent's palace of Carlton House has been removed hither, and in spite of the wretched dome above it, if it were approached by steps like those of St. Martin's, it would be effective: as it is, it is miserable.‡ The, till lately, fine view from the

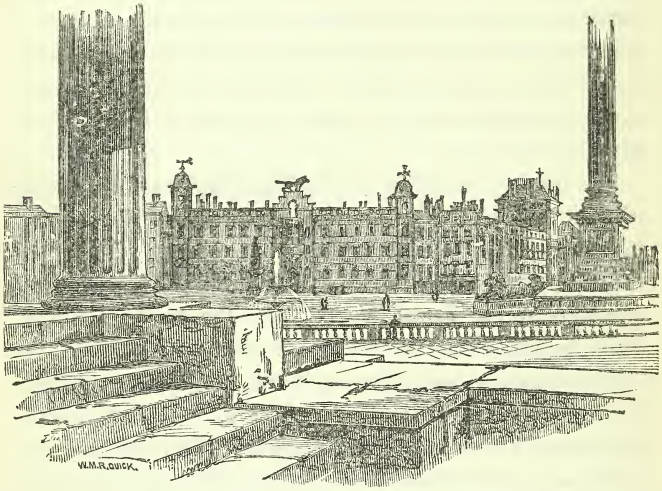
* See Rev. W. G. Humphry's "History of the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields."

† The word *mew* was applied by falconers to the moulting of birds: it is the French word *mue*, derived from the Latin *mutare*, to change.

‡ The National Gallery is open to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays: on Thursdays and Fridays it is open to students only. The hours of admission are from 10 to 5 from November to April, and from 10 to 6 in May, June, July, August, and the first fortnight in September. During the last two weeks of September and the whole of October the Gallery is closed.

portico has been utterly ruined by the destruction of Northumberland House.

"This unhappy structure may be said to have everything it ought not to have, and nothing which it ought to have. It possesses windows without glass, a cupola without size, a portico without height, pepper-boxes without pepper, and the finest site in Europe without anything to show upon it."—*All the Year Round.* 1862.



Northumberland House—from the National Gallery.

The National Collection of pictures originated in the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's Gallery on the urgent advice of Sir George Beaumont, who added to it his own collection of pictures, in 1824. It has since then been enormously increased by donations and purchases. A sum of £10,000 is annually allotted to the purchase of pictures. The contents of the gallery were rehung in

1876, when many new rooms were opened, which allow an advantageous arrangement of the pictures, but are full of meretricious taste in their upper decorations, and of tawdry colour injurious to the effect of the precious works of art they contain. The collection (according to the numbers attached to the Rooms) begins with the specimens of the British school; but alas! the curators are only beginning to realise the truth of Ruskin's advice that—

"It is of the highest importance that the works of each master should be kept together; no great master can be thoroughly enjoyed but by getting into his humour, and remaining long enough under his influence to understand his whole mode and cast of thought."

It is impossible to notice all the pictures here: they will be found described in the admirable catalogues of Mr. Wornum which are sold at the door. But "in a picture gallery," as Shelley says, "you see three hundred pictures you forget for one you remember," and the object of the following catalogue is to notice only the best specimens of each master deserving attention, or pictures which are important as portraits, as constant popular favourites, or for some story with which they are connected. Such works as may be considered *chefs-d'œuvre*, even when compared with foreign collections, are marked with an asterisk. When the painters are first mentioned the dates of their birth and death are given.

"A fine gallery of pictures is like a palace of thought."—*Hazlitt.*

"The duration and stability of the fame of the old masters of painting is sufficient to evince that it has not been suspended upon the slender thread of fashion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every chord of sympathetic approbation."—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

"Painting is an intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing."—*Coleridge.*

At the foot of the Staircase on the left are—

Statue of Sir David Wilkie, 1785—1841, by *S. Joseph*—his pallet is inserted in the pedestal.

Bust of Thomas Stothard, 1755—1834, *Weekes.*

Bust of W. Mulready, 1796—1863, *Weekes.*

Relief of Thetis issuing from the sea to console Achilles for the loss of Patroclus—*T. Banks.*

Troilus and Cressida, painted in 1806 by *John Opie*, 1761—1807.

Manto and Tiresias, painted by *Henry Singleton*, 1766—1839.

The Collection is supposed to begin in the room farthest from the head of the Staircase. We may notice (beginning on the left) in—

Room I.

430. *E. M. Ward.* Dr. Johnson waiting neglected for an audience in the ante-room of Lord Chesterfield.

* 604. *Sir E. Landseer*, 1802—1873. "Dignity and Impudence"—a bloodhound and a Scotch terrier looking out of the same kennel.

449. *Alexander Johnston.* Tillotson administering the sacrament to Lord and Lady William Russell at the Tower on the day before his execution.

432. *E. M. Ward.* The South Sea Bubble, a Scene in Change Alley in 1720—a picture full of excitement and movement.

* 621. *Rosa Bonheur.* The Horse Fair—a repetition from a larger picture.

810. *Charles Poussin* (Modern French School). Pardon Day on the fête of Notre Dame de Bon Secours at Guingamp in Brittany—a multitude of peasants in costume, in a sunlit wood.

616. *E. M. Ward.* James II. receiving the news of the landing of William of Orange in the palace of Whitehall, 1688.

425. *J. R. Herbert.* Sir Thomas More with Margaret Roper watching the monks of the Charterhouse led to execution from his prison window.

620. *Frederick R. Lee.* A River with low-lying banks: the cattle by *T. S. Cooper.*

427. *Thomas Webster.* A Dame's School—full of nature and charm.

410. *Sir E. Landseer.* "Low Life" and "High Life"—two dogs.

615. *W. P. Frith.* The Derby Day, 1856—a gaudy and ugly, but popular picture.

411. *Sir E. Landseer.* "Highland Music"—an old piper interrupting five dogs at their supper with his bagpipes.

609. *Sir E. Landseer.* "The Maid and the Magpie"—the story which was made the subject of Rossini's Opera, the "Gazza Ladra."

447. *E. W. Cooke.* Dutch Boats in a Calm.

422. *Daniel Maclise*, 1811—1870. The Play-Scene in Hamlet.

* 608. *Sir E. Landseer.* "Alexander and Diogenes"—a group of dogs.

* 606. *Sir E. Landseer.* "Shoeing."

Room II. (turning left).

369. *Joseph Mallord William Turner*, 1775—1851. The Prince of Orange landing at Torbay, 1688.

407. *Clarkson Stanfield*, 1793—1867. Canal of the Giudecca, Venice.

397. *Sir Charles Eastlake*, 1793—1865. Christ lamenting over Jerusalem.

688. *James Ward*, 1769—1859. A Landscape with Cattle—painted in emulation of the Bull of Paul Potter at the Hague, at the suggestion of Benjamin West.

374. *R. P. Bonington*, 1801—1828. The Piazzetta of St. Mark's at Venice.

394. *William Mulready*, 1786—1863. Tipsy Men returning from a Fair.

452. *John Frederick Herring*, 1794—1865. "The Frugal Meal"—an admirable specimen of this great horse-painter.

898. *Sir Charles Eastlake.* Lord Byron's Dream—a beautiful Greek landscape.

388. *Thomas Unwins*, 1782—1857. "Le Chapeau de Brigand"—a little girl who has dressed herself up in a costume found in a painter's studio during his absence.

* 600. *Joseph Laurens Dyckmans* (Flemish School). The Blind Beggar—bequeathed by Miss Jane Clarke, a milliner in Regent Street.

404. *C. Stanfield.* Entrance to the Zuyder Zee, Texel Island.

412. *Sir E. Landseer.* The Hunted Stag.

Room III.

340. *Sir Augustus Callcott*, 1779—1844. Dutch Peasants returning from Market.

689. *John Crome*, "Old Crome," the Norwich Painter, 1769—1821. Mousehold Heath, near Norwich.

338. *William Hilton*, 1786—1839. The meeting of Eleazar and Rebekah—beautiful in colour, but without expression.

897. *J. Crome.* The Chapel Fields at Norwich.

327. *John Constable*, 1776—1837. The Valley Farm.

121. *Benjamin West*, 1738—1820. Cleombrotus banished by his father-in-law, Leonidas II. of Sparta.

"How do you like West?" said I to Canova. "*Comme ça.*" "*Au moins*," said I, "*il compose bien.*" "*Non, monsieur*," said Canova, "*il met des modèles en groupes.*"—*Haydon's Autobiography.*

130. *J. Constable.* The Corn Field.

300. *John Hoppner*, 1759—1810. Portrait of William Pitt the Prime Minister.

894. *Sir David Wilkie*, 1785—1841. The Preaching of John Knox before the Lords of the Congregation, June 10, 1559.

345. *Sir A. Callcott.* The Old Pier at Littlehampton.

813. *Turner.* Fishing Boats in a stiff breeze, off the coast.

* 99. *D. Wilkie.* The Blind Fiddler—a charmingly dramatic picture, painted for Sir G. Beaumont.

126. *Benjamin West.* Pylades and Orestes brought as victims before Iphigenia—one of the earliest and best pictures of the master.

122. *D. Wilkie.* The Village Festival.

922. *Sir Thomas Lawrence*, 1769—1830. A Child with a Kid.

241. *Sir D. Wilkie.* The Parish Beadle.

785. *Sir T. Lawrence.* Portrait of Mrs. Siddons, bequeathed by her daughter.

119. *Sir George Beaumont*, 1753—1827. A Landscape in the Ardennes, with Jacques and the Wounded Stag, from "As You Like It."

120. *Sir William Beechey*, 1753—1839. Portrait of Joseph Nollekens the Sculptor.

317. *Thomas Stothard*, 1755—1834. A Greek Vintage.

171. *John Jackson*, 1778—1831. Portrait of Sir John Soane, the architect of the Bank of England. Jackson was the son of a tailor, whose genius for art was awakened by seeing the pictures at Castle Howard.

370. *Turner.* Venice, from the sea.

371. *Turner.* "Lake Avernus"—quite imaginary.

372. *Turner.* The Canal of the Giudecca, Venice.

183. *Thomas Phillips*, 1770—1845. Portrait of Sir David Wilkie in his 44th year.

Room IV.

Is entirely devoted to *Sketches by Turner.* Here are all the sketches in brown for the "Liber Studiorum," executed in 1807 in imitation of

the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude. Norham Castle, and the Devil's Bridge, near Andermatt, are perhaps the best. The other sketches are often mere indications of form, or splashes of colour, but in both the most salient points are given. Those of Venice will bring its sun-illumined towers and glistening water most vividly to the mind: those of Rome are heavier, and less characteristic.

* 41. The Battle of Fort Rock, in the Val d'Aosta, painted in 1815—a tremendous struggle of the elements above harmonizes with the battle below.

* 35. Edinburgh from the Calton Hill—a noble drawing; the castle and town are seen in the golden haze of a summer sunset.

560. Chichester Canal—a very powerful though unfinished sketch in oils.

Room V.

682. *Benjamin Robert Haydon*, 1786—1846. Punch and Judy, or Life in London. The scene is in the New Road, near Marylebone Church.

229. *Gilbert Stuart*, 1755—1828. Portrait of Benjamin West.

792. *Thomas Barker*, the Bath painter, 1769—1847. A Woodman and his Dog in a storm.

131. *Benjamin West.* Christ healing the sick in the Temple. Greatly admired when first exhibited.

188. *Sir T. Lawrence.* Portrait of Mrs. Siddons—presented by her friend Mrs. Fitzhugh.

217. *Gilbert Stuart.* Portrait of William Woollett the engraver.

793. *John Martin*, 1789—1854. The Destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Passing, in the entrance, a group of "Hylas and the Water Nymphs," by *John Gibson*, we reach—

Room VI., entirely devoted to the great works of Turner, which he bequeathed to the nation. Amongst so many, attention may be especially directed to—

* 524. The Fighting Temeraire tugged to her Last Berth. She was an old 98, captured at the battle of the Nile, and, commanded by Captain Harvey, was the second ship in Lord Nelson's division at the battle of Trafalgar, 1805. She was broken up at Deptford in 1838.

516. "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," an imaginary Italian Landscape—the bridge is that of Narni; second period of the master.

505. The Bay of Baiæ.

511. The Distant View of Orvieto, 1830.

508. Ulysses deriding Polyphemus (1829)—a gorgeous golden and crimson sunrise. The sky is perhaps the finest Turner ever painted: the picture is a grand specimen of his second manner.

* 492. Sunrise on a Frosty Morning.

483. London from Greenwich.

* 497. Crossing the Brook—the valley of the Tamar looking towards Mount Edgecumbe.

496. Bligh Sand, near Sheerness.

458. Portrait of Himself, c. 1802.

* 472. Calais Pier, 1803. In point of date this is the earliest masterpiece of the artist. It is a grand picture, but the shadows are exaggerated in order to render the lights more powerful.

501. The Meuse, an Orange-Merchantman going to pieces on the bar.

480. The Death of Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar, Oct. 21, 1805.

476. The Shipwreck—fishing boats coming to the rescue. 1805.

470. The Tenth Plague of Egypt.

495. Apuleia in search of Apuleius—a beautiful hilly landscape.

528. The Burial of Wilkie. Sir David Wilkie died June 1, 1841, on board the Oriental Steamer off Gibraltar, and was buried at sea.

Room VII.

* 112. *William Hogarth*, 1697—1764. His own portrait.

The feigned oval canvas which contains this characteristic portrait rests on volumes of Shakspeare, Milton, and Swift, the favourite authors of the artist: by the side is his dog Trump. The picture, executed in 1749, remained in the hands of Hogarth's widow till her death in 1789, when it was bought by Mr. Angerstein.

* 307. *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, 1723—1792. The Age of Innocence.

129. *Sir T. Lawrence.* Portrait of John Julius Angerstein the Banker, and the collector of the Angerstein Gallery, which was the foundation of the National Gallery.

162. *Sir J. Reynolds.* The Infant Samuel—a picture frequently repeated by the artist.

79. *Sir J. Reynolds.* The Graces decorating a terminal figure of Hymen. The "Graces" are Lady Townshend, Mrs. Gardener, and Mrs. Beresford, daughters of Sir William Montgomery.

754. *Sir J. Reynolds.* Portraits of the Rev. George Huddesford and Mr. John Codrington Warwick Bampfylde: the latter holds a violin.

684. *Thomas Gainsborough*, 1727 — 1788. Portrait of Ralph Schomberg, Esq.

* 113—118. *W. Hogarth.* The "Marriage à la Mode," or Profligacy in High Life.

Hogarth was "a writer of comedy with a pencil, rather than a painter. If catching the manners and follies of an age *living as they rise*, if general satire on vices and ridicules, familiarised by strokes of nature, and heightened by wit, and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Molière; in his Marriage à la Mode there is even an intrigue carried on throughout the piece. . . . Hogarth had no model to follow and improve upon. He created his art; and used colours instead of language. He resembles Butler, but his subjects are more universal, and amidst all his pleasantry, he observes the true end of comedy, reformation; there is always a moral to his pictures. Sometimes he rose to tragedy, not in the catastrophe of kings and heroes, but in marking how vice conducts insensibly and incidentally to misery and shame. He warns against encouraging cruelty and idleness in young minds, and discerns how the different vices of the great and the vulgar lead by various paths to the same unhappiness."—*Walpole, Anecdotes of Painting.*

No. 113. "The Marriage Contract." The gouty father of the noble bridegroom points to his pedigree, as his share of the dowry, while the rich merchant who is father of the bride is engrossed by the money part. The betrothed couple sit side by side on a sofa, utterly indifferent to one another, and two pointers chained together against their will are emblematic of the ceremony they have been engaged in. The attentions which young Counsellor *Silvertongue* is bestowing upon the bride already indicate the catastrophe.

114. "Shortly after Marriage." The young wife, who has spent the night in playing cards, is seated at the breakfast table. Beyond is seen the card-room with neglected candles still burning. The husband comes in, and flings himself down listlessly after a night's debauch: a little dog sniffs at a lady's cap in his pocket. The old steward leaves the room disconsolate, with a packet of bills.

"The Visit to the Quack Doctor." The young libertine quarrels with a quack and a procuress for having deceived him. The girl, who is the cause of the dispute, stands by with indifference.

116. "The Countess's Dressing-Room." By the death of her father-in-law the wife has become a countess, and the child's coral on the back of her chair shows that she is a mother. But she is still plunged in the most frivolous dissipation. Her morning reception is crowded, and amongst those present we recognise Silvertongue, the young lawyer, lounging on a sofa. He presents her with a ticket for a masquerade, where the assignation is made which leads to the last two scenes.

117. "The Duel and Death of the Earl." The Earl discovers the infidelity of his wife, and, attempting to avenge it, is mortally wounded by her lover. The Countess implores forgiveness from her dying husband; while the lover tries to escape by the window, but is arrested by the watch. The scene, a bedroom, is illuminated from a wood-fire.

118. "The Death of the Countess." The guilty wife takes poison in the house of her father, the London Alderman, upon learning that her lover has been executed by "Counsellor Silvertongue's last dying speech," which lies upon the floor by the empty bottle of laudanum. The old nurse holds up the child to its dying mother. The apothecary scolds the servant who has procured the poison; the doctor retires, as the case is hopeless. The father, with a mixture of comedy and tragedy, draws off the rings of the dying lady. A half-starved hound takes advantage of the confusion to steal a "brawn's head" from the table.

78. *Sir J. Reynolds.* The Holy Family—a graceful but most earthly group. Charles Lamb says, "For a Madonna Sir Joshua has here substituted a sleepy, insensible, unmotherly girl."

789. *T. Gainsborough.* Mr. J. Baillie of Ealing Grove, with his wife and four children.

80. *Gainsborough.* The Market Cart.

681. *Sir J. Reynolds.* Portrait of Captain Orme, standing leaning on his horse.

311. *Gainsborough.* Rustic Children.

* 760. *Gainsborough.* Portrait of Edward Orpin, the parish clerk of Bradford in Wiltshire.

182. *Sir J. Reynolds.* Heads of Angels—being studies from the head of Frances Isabella Ker Gordon, daughter of Lord and Lady William Gordon.

107. *Sir J. Reynolds.* The Banished Lord—a head.

312. *George Romney*, 1734—1802. Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante. "The male heads of Romney were decided and grand, the female lovely; his figures resembled the antique; the limbs were elegant and finely formed; the drapery was well understood. Few artists since the fifteenth century have been able to do so much in so many different branches."—*Flaxman.*

* 111. *Sir J. Reynolds.* Portrait of Lord Heathfield, ob. 1790. One of the noblest portraits of the master. The gallant defender of Gibraltar stands before the rock, which is shrouded in the smoke of the siege. He is represented grasping the key of the fortress, "than which imagination cannot conceive anything more ingenious and heroically characteristic." *

* Barry.

This portrait carries out to the full the theory of the master—"A single figure must be *single*, and not look like a part of a composition with other figures, but must be a composition of itself."

"We cannot look at this picture without thinking of the lines given by Burns to his heroic beggar—

> 'Yet let my country need me, with Elliott to lead me,
> I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum'—

lines that may have been written while Reynolds was painting the picture."—*Leslie and Taylor's Life of Sir J. Reynolds.*

188. *Richard Wilson*, 1713–1782. The Villa of Mæcenas at Tivoli.

128. *Sir J. Reynolds.* Portrait of the Rt. Hon. W. Wyndham, Secretary at War during Fox's administration.

Room VIII.

725. *Joseph Wright of Derby*, 1734—1797. An Experiment with an Air Pump—upon a Parrot.

306. *Sir J. Reynolds.* Portrait of Himself.

133. *John Hoppner*, 1759—1810. Portrait of "Gentleman Smith" the actor.

325. *Sir T. Lawrence.* Portrait of John Fawcett the Comedian.

144. *Sir T. Lawrence.* Portrait of Benjamin West the Painter, in his 71st year—executed for George IV.

675. *W. Hogarth.* Portrait of his sister, Mary Hogarth, 1746.

302, 303. *R. Wilson.* Scenes in Italy.

* 723. *J. S. Copley*, 1737—1815.* The Death of Major Peirson, killed in an engagement with the French at St. Helier, Jersey, Jan. 6, 1781. The figures introduced in the picture, which represents the carrying the body of Major Peirson out of the fight, are all portraits.

143. *Sir J. Reynolds.* Equestrian portrait of Field Marshal Lord Ligonier, who fought at the Battle of Dettingen, and is buried in Westminster Abbey. Sir Joshua could not paint a horse.

100. *J. S. Copley.* The Fatal Seizure of the great Lord Chatham in the House of Lords, April 7, 1778. The fifty-five peers represented are all portraits.

Outside, on the stairs.

786. *B. R. Haydon*, 1786—1846. The Raising of Lazarus. Most spectators will feel this, intended to rival the Lazarus of Sebastian del Piombo, to be a hideous picture; yet who that has read in "Haydon's Autobiography" the story of the hopes, and struggles, and faith in which

* The father of the Chancellor Lord Lyndhurst.

it was painted, can look on it without the deepest interest? After it was finished he wrote, "If God in his mercy spare that picture, my posthumous reputation is secured."

795. *G. Cruikshank.* "The Worship of Bacchus," or the Results of Drunkenness.

We now turn to the *Foreign School* of Painting.

Room IX. (beginning on the left), chiefly devoted to the works of Claude and Poussin.

62. *Nicolas Poussin*, 1594—1665. A Bacchanalian Dance.

N. Poussin was a native of Normandy, Court Painter to Louis XIV. "No works of any modern have so much the air of antique painting as those of Poussin. Like Polidoro, he studied the ancients so much that he acquired a habit of thinking in their way, and seemed to know perfectly the actions and gestures they would use on every occasion." —*Sir. J. Reynolds.*

* 31. *Gaspar Poussin*, 1613—1675. A Landscape—from the Colonna Palace at Rome. The (entirely subservient) figures introduced represent Abraham and Isaac going to the sacrifice. One of the best works of the artist.

164. *Nicolas Poussin.* The Plague at Ashdod.

42. *N. Poussin.* A Bacchanalian Festival—painted for the Duc de Montmorenci.

"The forms and characters of the figures introduced are purely ideal, borrowed from the finest Greek sculptures, more particularly from the antique vases and sarcophagi; the costumes and quality of the draperies are of an equally remote period; the very hues and swarthy complexions of these fabled beings, together with the instruments of sacrifice and music—even the surrounding scenery—are altogether so unlike what any modern eye ever beheld, that in contemplating them the mind is thrown back at once, and wholly, into the remotest antiquity."—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

* 61. *Claude Gelée de Lorraine*, 1600—1682. A Landscape of exquisite finish. This little picture belonged to Sir George Beaumont, and was so much valued by him that, after his magnificent gift of his pictures to the nation, he requested to be allowed to keep it for life, and always carried it about with him.

161. *G. Poussin.* An Italian Landscape—from the Colonna Palace.

6. *Claude.* Landscape with figures, supposed to represent David and his companions at the Cave of Adullam. One of the soldiers has just brought the water from the well of Bethlehem. The figures are

stiff, the quiet landscape glorious. This picture, painted for Agostino Chigi in 1658, is called the "Chigi Claude."

12. *Claude.* Landscape with figures—shown, by the inscription on the picture, to be intended to represent the marriage festival of Isaac and Rebekah, painted 1648. It is an inferior repetition, with some differences, from "Claude's Mill" in the Palazzo Doria at Rome.

* 479. *J. M. W. Turner*, 1775—1851. The Sun rising in a Mist. The position of this beautiful picture results from a conceit in the will of the artist, who bequeathed it, with its companion, to the Nation, on condition of their being permitted to occupy their present position between the two great Claudes.

478. *Turner.* Dido building Carthage—painted in the style of, and in rivalry with, the Claude by its side.

* 14. *Claude.* The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba—a glorious effect of morning sunlight on quivering sea-waves. This picture, painted for the Duc de Bouillon in 1648, is known as "the Bouillon Claude." No one can compare it with the picture by its side without feeling that the English painter has failed in his rivalry.

198. *Philippe de Champagne*, 1602—1674. Three portraits of Cardinal Richelieu, painted for the sculptor Mochi to make a bust from. Over the profile on the right are the words—*De ces deux profiles ce cy est le meilleur.*

36. *Gaspar Poussin.* The Land-Storm.

2. *Claude.* Pastoral Landscape. The figures represent the reconciliation of Cephalus and Procris—painted in 1645.

30. *Claude.* A Seaport, with the Embarkation of St. Ursula—painted for Cardinal Barberini in 1646—a lifeless specimen of the master.

903. *Hyacinthe Rigaud*, 1657—1743. Portrait of Cardinal Fleury.

206. *Jean Baptiste Greuze*, 1725—1805. Head of a Girl.

Room X.

200. *Giovanni Battista Salvi*, called, from his birthplace, *Sassoferrato*, 1605—1685. The Madonna in Prayer.

93, 94. *Annibale Carracci.* Silenus gathering Grapes, and Pan teaching Bacchus to play on the Pipes. These pictures are thoroughly Greek in character. Lanzi speaks of the Pan and Bacchus as rivalling the designs of Herculaneum.

22. *Giovanni Francesco Barbiere*, called, from his squint, *Guercino*, 1592—1666. Angels bewailing the dead Christ—from the Borghese Gallery.

127, 163.—*Antonio Canal*, called *Canaletto*, 1697—1768. Views in Venice.

174. *Carlo Maratti*, 1625—1713. Portrait of Cardinal Cerri.

271. *Guido Reni*, 1575—1642. "Ecce Homo."

88. *Annibale Carracci.* Erminia taking refuge with the Shepherds —from the story in Tasso.

21. *Cristoforo Allori*, commonly called *Bronzino*, 1577—1621. Portrait of a Lady.

246. *Jacopo Pacchiarotto*, b. 1474. Madonna and Child.

84. *Salvator Rosa*, 1615—1673. Landscape, with Mercury and the Dishonest Woodman.

"Salvator delights in ideas of desolation, solitude, and danger; impenetrable forests, rocky or storm-lashed shores; in lonely dells leading to dens and caverns of banditti, alpine ridges, trees blasted by lightning or sapped by time, or stretching their extravagant arms athwart a murky sky, lowering or thundering clouds, and suns shorn of their beams. His figures are wandering shepherds, forlorn travellers, wrecked mariners, banditti lurking for their prey, or dividing the spoils."—*Fuseli.*

214. *Guido Reni.* The Coronation of the Virgin—the hard outlines indicate an early period of the master.

645. *Mariotto Albertinelli*, 1471—1515. Madonna and Child.

177. *Guido Reni.* The Magdalen—often repeated by the master.

704. *Bronzino.* Portrait of Cosimo I., Duke of Tuscany.

193. *Guido Reni.* Lot and his Daughters leaving Sodom.

29. *Federigo Barocci*, 1528—1612. A Holy Family called "La Madonna del Gatto," from the cat which is introduced in the picture.

268. *Paul Veronese.* The Adoration of the Magi—painted in 1573 for the Church of San Silvestro at Venice, where it remained till 1855.

740. *Sassoferrato.* Madonna and Child—a picture interesting as having been presented by Pope Gregory XVI. to the town of Sassoferrato, at once his own native place and that of the artist, *G. B. Salvi.*

196. *Guido Reni.* Susannah and the Elders—from the Palazzo Lancellotti at Rome.

228. *Jacopo da Ponte*, commonly called *Bassano* from his native place, 1510—1592. Christ expelling the Money-Changers.

Room XI. (the Wynn Ellis Gift).

978. *Vandevelde.* Sea Piece—artists will observe the invariable lowness of the horizon in the works of this admirable master.

974. *Quintin Matsys*, the "Smith of Antwerp," 1466—1530. The Misers—a theme often repeated by the master; this edition is unpleasant, but full of power.

970. *Metsu*, b. 1615. The Drowsy Landlady.

930. *School of Giorgione*. The Garden of Love.

966. *Vander Cappelle*, c. 1650. Shipping.

990. *Ruysdael*. A Wooded Landscape, very fine.

937. *Canaletto and Tiepolo*. The Scuola di San Rocco at Venice, with the procession on Maundy Thursday.

1005. *Paul Potter*, 1625—1654. An old Grey Hunter.

952. *David Teniers*, 1610—1694. A Village Fête.

950. *Teniers the Elder*, 1582—1649. Conversation.

1019. *Greuze*. Head of a Girl.

1010. *Dirk Van Deelen*, c. 1670. An "Apotheosis of Renaissance Architecture."

1020. *Greuze*. Head of a Girl.

959. *Jan Both*. Landscape.

951. *Teniers the Elder*. Playing at Bowls.

940. *Canaletto*. Ducal Palace, Venice.

986. *Vandevelde*. A Calm at Sea, with a vessel saluting.

957. *Jan Both*, 1610—1656. Landscape and Cattle.

* 961. *Albert Cuyp*, 1605—1691. Milking-time at Dort—a most beautiful work of the master. The contrasts between Cuyp and Hobbema prove with what different eyes artists can behold the same type of scenery.

965. *Vander Cappelle*. River Scene with a State Barge.

1001. *Van Huysum*. Flowers.

"Jan Van Huysum's bright and sunny treatment entitles him to the name of the Correggio of flowers and fruits."—*Kugler*.

928. *A. Pollajuolo*. Apollo and Daphne—a small picture, full of quaint conceit and richness of colour.

929. *Raffaelle* (?) Madonna and Child.

943. *Memling*, c. 1439—1495. His own Portrait.

Room XII. The Dutch School.

"It was the subjects of common life around him, and the widely-spread demand for such pictures which arose from all classes, which furnished the chief occupation of the Dutch painter, and that to such an extent that, considering the limited dimensions of the land itself, and the comparatively short time in which those works were produced, we are equally astonished with their number as with their surpassing excellence. . . . In all these pictures, whatever their class of subjects, two qualities invariably prevail; the most refined perception of the picturesque, and the utmost mastery of technical skill. Animated, also, by the instinctively right feeling which told the painter that a

small scale of size was best adapted to the subordinate moral interest of such subjects, we find them almost exclusively of limited dimensions. These, again, were best suited to the limited accommodation which the houses of amateurs afforded, and thus we trace the two principal causes which created in Holland what may be called the Cabinet School of painting."—*Kugler.*

805. *D. Teniers.* An old Woman in her cottage peeling a pear.

* 896. *Gerard Terburg*, 1608—1681. The Congress of Münster, assembled May 15, 1648, in the Rathhaus of Münster, to ratify the treaty of peace between the Spaniards and the Dutch, after the war which had lasted 80 years. The chef-d'œuvre of the master.

797. *Cuyp.* A Male Portrait, 1649.

175. *Vanderplaas*, 1647—1704. Portrait called, without foundation, "John Milton."

155. *D. Teniers.* The Money-Changers.

207. *Nicholas Maas*, 1632—1693. The Idle Servant, painted in 1655—a cat is going to steal a duck ready for the spit, while the cook is asleep.

50. *Antony Vandyck*, 1599—1641. The Emperor Theodosius refused admission by St. Ambrose to the Church of San Vittore at Milan—a copy of the picture by Rubens at Vienna.

242. *D. Teniers.* Players at Tric-trac—a Dutch interior.

291. *Lucas Cranach*, 1472—1552. Portrait of a Young Lady in a red dress—from the Alton Towers Collection.

51. *Rembrandt.* Portrait of a Jew Merchant.

71. *Jan Both.* Landscape, with mules and muleteers.

140. *Vander Helst*, 1613—1670. Portrait of a Lady.

59. *Rubens.* The Brazen Serpent—a frightful picture, from the Marana Palace at Genoa; a duplicate exists at Madrid.

46. *Rubens.* Peace and War. This picture is interesting as having been presented to Charles I. by the painter as typical of the pacific measures he recommended when he was sent to England as accredited ambassador in 1630. In the king's catalogue it is called "Peace and Plenty."

53. *A. Cuyp.* Cattle in the sunset.

757. *Rembrandt (?).* Christ blessing Little Children—the children of Dutch peasants.

209. *J. Both.* A Landscape, with figures, representing the Judgment of Paris, by *Cornelius Poelenburg.*

166. *Rembrandt.* Portrait of a Capuchin Friar.

737. *Jacob Ruysdael*, 1625—1681. A Waterfa

264. *Gerard Vander Meire*, 1410—1480. A Count of Hanegau, with St. Ambrose, his patron saint.

654. *Roger Vander Weyden the Younger*, 1450—1529. The Magdalen.

747. *Memling*. St. John Baptist and St. Lawrence.

710. *Joachim de Patinir*, c. 1480—1524. St. Christopher carrying the Infant Christ.

* 664. *Roger Vander Weyden the Elder*, c. 1390 — 1464. The Entombment—a wonderful picture, with all the spirit and feeling of the best Italian art.

774. *Hugo Vander Goes*, c. 1440—1482. Madonna and Child enthroned.

686. *Memling*. Madonna and Child enthroned in a garden.

709. *Memling*. Madonna, with the Child on a white cushion.

653. *Roger Vander Weyden the Younger*. Portraits of the Painter and his Wife.

783. *Dierick Bouts*, c. 1391—1475. The Exhumation of St. Hubert, Bishop of Liege—from the Fonthill Collection. A picture of wonderful expression and exquisite finish.

295. *Quintin Matsys*. Salvator Mundi and the Virgin.

710. *H. Vander Goes*. Portrait of a Dominican Monk.

656. *Jan Gossaert*, called, from his birthplace, *Mabuse*, c. 1470—1532. Portrait of a man dressed in black.

245. *A. Dürer* (*?*), 1471—1528. Portrait of a Senator.

278. *Rubens*. The Triumph of Julius Cæsar.

49. *Vandyck*. Portrait of Rubens—from the collection of Sir J. Reynolds.

* 243. *Rembrandt*. Male Portrait.

45. *Rembrandt*. The Woman taken in Adultery—one of the finest of Rembrandt's cabinet pictures. The sorrow and repentance of the woman are vividly expressed, though she is a great lady repenting in a train. Painted for Jan Six, Heer van Vromade, in 1644.

* 52. *Vandyke*. Portrait of Cornelius Vander Geest—a vigorous decided portrait with tender eyes, the outlines drawn in red, from the Angerstein Collection.

66. *Rubens*. The Château of Stein, near Malines—from the Palazzo Balbi, at Genoa—the residence of the painter in the rich wooded scenery of Brabant.

"Seldom as he practised it, Rubens was never greater than in landscape. The tumble of his rocks and trees, the deep shadows in his shades and glooms, the watery sunshine and the dewy verdure, show a variety of genius which are not to be found in the inimitable but uniform productions of Claude."—*Horace Walpole*.

194. *Rubens*. The Judgment of Paris—a picture greatly studied by artists. In allusion to the evils which resulted from the Judgment, the figure of Discord appears in the air.

* 672. *Rembrandt.* Portrait of the Artist at the age of thirty-two.

158. *D. Teniers.* Boors merry-making.

192. *Gerard Dow,* 1613—1675. His own Portrait.

154. *D. Teniers.* A Music-Party.

* 190. *Rembrandt.* A Jewish Rabbi—remarkable for its golden tones of light. The anatomy of the head may be easily traced.

221. *Rembrandt.* Portrait of the Artist as an old man—painted in a full light, very unusual with the master.

817. *D. Teniers.* Château of the Artist at Perck.

775. *Rembrandt.* Portrait of a Lady of eighty-three—painted in 1634.

47. *Rembrandt.* The Adoration of the Shepherds—the light, as in the "Notte" of Correggio, proceeds from the infant Saviour: the lantern of the shepherds fades before the Divine light.

239. *A. Vander Noer,* 1613—1691. Moonlight scene, with shipping.

159. *Nicholas Maas.* The Dutch Housewife, 1655.

212. *Theodore de Keyser,* 1595—c. 1660. A Merchant with his Clerk.

794. *Peter de Hooghe,* seventeenth century. Courtyard of a Dutch House.

685. *Vandyke.* Sketch for the Miraculous Draught of Fishes.

Room XIII. Italian School.

* 908. *Pietro della Francesca* of Borgo San Sepolcro, 1415—c. 1495. The Nativity. Five angels are singing and playing vigorously on guitars in honour of the Holy Child, who is lying on the Virgin's mantle in the front of the picture. The angels have *no shadows.* In the ruined shed behind are an ox and an ass. Joseph is seated on the ass's saddle, with two shepherds near him. The picture is unfinished, but exceedingly characteristic of the all-powerful artist, who was the master of Perugino and Luca Signorelli. It belonged to the family of Marini-Franceschi at Borgo San Sepolcro, the native town of the artist.

668. *Carlo Crivelli* of Venice, c. 1440—1493. The Beato Ferretti (an ancestor of Pope Pius IX.—Mastai Ferretti) at prayer beholds the Virgin and Child in a vision. The rustic details are given with wonderful care.

275. *Sandro Botticelli* of Florence, 1447—1510. The Virgin and Child, with St. John Baptist and an angel. A circular picture which once belonged to the famous architect, Giuliano di San Gallo.

286. *Francesco Tacconi* of Cremona. The Virgin Enthroned, 1489—a very simple and beautiful picture in the style of G. Bellini.

* 667. *Fra Filippo Lippi* of Florence, *ob.* 1469. St. John the Bap-

tist seated on a marble bench, between SS. Cosmo and Damian—beyond these, on the right, are SS. Francis and Lawrence; on the left SS. Anthony and Peter Martyr.

911. *Bernardino di Betto* of Perugia, commonly called *Pinturicchio*, 1454—1513. The Return of Ulysses to Penelope. She is seated at her loom, with a maid winding thread on shuttles; a cat is playing with it, and four suitors are in attendance. To her enters Ulysses from the ship which is seen in the distance. This picture, so curious in costume and movement, came from the Palazzo Pandolfo-Petrucci at Siena.

589. *Fra Angelico da Fiesole* (*Giovanni Guido*), 1387—1447.

703. *Pinturicchio.* Madonna and Child.

598. *Filippino Lippi* of Florence (son of Fra Filippo), 1460—1505. St. Francis in Glory.

771. *Bono da Ferrara*, fifteenth century. St. Jerome in the Desert.

904. *Gregorio Schiavone*, fifteenth century (School of Padua). Madonna and Child enthroned, with saints. One of the best pictures of the master.

736. *Francesco Bonsignori* of Verona, 1455—1519. Portrait of a Venetian Senator, 1487.

916. *Sandro Botticelli.* Venus Reclining—Cupids sport around with fruit and flowers.

776. *Vittore Pisano* of Verona, early fifteenth century. St. Anthony—marvellous for expression—with his staff and bell and his attendant pig, and St. George in silver armour, with a large Tuscan hat upon his head. The wood of bays behind is thoroughly Veronese. This curious picture, from the Conestabili Collection at Ferrara, was presented in memory of Sir Charles Eastlake, Director of the National Gallery (*ob.* 1865) by his widow. Inserted in the frame are casts from the medals by Pisano.

770. *Giovanni Oriolo* of Ferrara, fifteenth century. Portrait of Leonello d'Este, Marquis of Ferrara—signed.

673. *Antonello da Messina*, c. 1414—c. 1495—who first introduced the Flemish system of oil-painting into Italy. Salvator Mundi—signed in a *cartellino.*

591. *Benozzo Gozzoli* of Florence, 1420—1478. The Rape of Helen—from the Palazzo Albergotti at Arezzo.

* 666. *Fra Filippo Lippi.* The Annunciation. An angel with glorious peacock wings ("They were full of eyes within") kneels to a Virgin of exquisite humility, and follows with his eyes the Holy Dove which is floating towards her: the lights are heightened with gold. Painted for Cosimo de' Medici, and long in the Medici Palace. An exquisitely beautiful lily between the Virgin and the angel springs from a vase strangely out of drawing.

910. *Luca Signorelli* of Cortona, fifteenth century. The Triumph of Chastity (maidens cutting the wings and breaking the bow of Cupid) —a fresco, from the Palazzo Petrucci at Siena, not a worthy representation of this glorious master.

*663. *Fra Angelico.* Christ adored by the Heavenly Host. This is that predella of the altar-piece in St. Domenico at Fiesole, of which Vasari * wrote that "its numberless figures truly breathed of Paradise, and that one could never be satisfied with gazing upon it."

727. *Francesco Pesellino* of Florence, 1422—1457. A "Trinità" from the Church of the Santissima Trinità at Pistoja.

737. *Carlo Crivelli.* The Annunciation—from the Church of the SS. Annunziata at Ascoli. St. Emidius, the patron of Ascoli, attends the angel.

292. *Antonio Pollajuolo* of Florence, more celebrated as a sculptor than a painter—c. 1429 — 1498. The Martydom of St. Sebastian. This picture, considered by Vasari as the masterpiece of the artist, was painted in 1475 as an altar-piece for the Pucci Chapel in the Church of the SS. Annunziata at Florence: Gino di Ludovico Capponi is immortalised as the saint.

* 902. *Andrea Mantegna* (School of Mantua), 1431—1506. The Triumph of Publius Cornelius Scipio—*i.e.* his being chosen, in accordance with the Delphic Oracle as the worthiest Roman citizen, to receive the image of the Phrygian Mother of the Gods when brought to Rome c. B.C. 204. Painted in monochrome for the Venetian, Francesco Cornaro, who claimed descent from the *Gens Cornelia* —from the Palazzo Cornaro at Venice. The drapery is nobly painted, and the figures full of varied expression.

807. *Carlo Crivelli.* The Virgin and Chilld enthroned, with St. Francis and St. Sebastian: the donor, a Dominican Nun, kneels by St. Francis—signed, 1491. Observe, in this and all subsequent pictures of Carlo, the apples and pears constantly introduced by this fruit-loving master.

909. *Benvenuto da Siena,* 1436—c. 1510. Madonna and Child enthroned, with two angels.

766. *Domenico Veneziano,* fifteenth century, Florentine School. Head of a Monk—fresco.

631. *Francesco Bissolo* of Venice, early sixteenth century. Portrait of a Lady—a poor specimen of this delightful artist.

781. *Poilajuolo.* The Archangel Raphael and Tobias.

692. *Lodovico da Parma,* early sixteenth century. Head of St. Hugh of Grenoble.

762. *Domenico Veneziano.* Head of a Saint.

* Vite dei Pittori, iv. 29.

* 698. *Piero di Cosimo*, 1462—c. 1521. The Death of Procris. A Satyr has discovered the maiden lying dead near the shore of an estuary like the upper part of the Bristol Channel. The hound Lelaps, the gift of Diana, sits near her. An admirable example of this great master of mythological subjects.

*726. *Giovanni Bellini* (*?*) of Venice, 1427—1516. The Agony in the Garden. An angel bearing the cup of the Passion appears to our Lord; in the foreground are the disciples deeply sleeping (St. John's is the sleep of suffering); in the background Judas is guiding the Jews to the garden. The sunset sky is glorious.

597. *Marco Zoppo*, fifteenth century, School of Padua. St. Dominic, Institutor of the Rosary.

181. *Pietro Vanucci*, called, from his city, *Il Perugino*, c. 1446—1524. The Virgin and Child, with St. John—signed on the hem of the Virgin's mantle.

906. *Carlo Crivelli.* The Madonna in Ecstasy—from the Malatesta Chapel at Rimini.

*788. *C. Crivelli.* An altar-piece, which belonged to the Church of St. Domenico at Ascoli. In the lowest stage are the Virgin, St. Peter, St. John Baptist, St. Catherine, and St. Dominic. In the second stage are St. Francis, St. Andrew, St. Stephen, and St. Thomas Aquinas. In the third stage are St. Michael and St. Lucy, with St. Jerome on the right, and St. Peter Martyr on the left—a rich specimen of the master: the ornaments are raised and studded with jewels.

758. *Pietro della Francesca.* Portrait of a Lady, supposed to be a Contessa Palma of Urbino.

592. *Filippino Lippi.* The Adoration of the Magi.

724. *Carlo Crivelli.* Madonna and Child enthroned, with St. Jerome and St. Sebastian. The swallow which is introduced has given this picture the name of "La Madonna della Rondine"—from the Franciscan Church of Matelica.

773. *Cosimo Tura* of Ferrara, fifteenth century. St. Jerome in the Wilderness beating his breast with a stone.

802. *Bartolommeo Montagna* of Vicenza, c. 1480—1523. Madonna and Child—an unworthy example of a most interesting master.

* 812. *Giovanni Bellini.* The Death of St. Peter Martyr, 1252, in a wood of bay-trees (at which the woodmen, disregarding the murder, continue to cut)—such as one still sees in some of the old Italian villas. Peter, regarded as a martyr by the Roman Catholic Church, was really murdered, to avenge his fiendish cruelties through the Inquisition as General of the Dominicans, and to prevent their continuance.

915. *Sandro Botticelli.* Mars and Venus. Mars is sleeping deeply,

one little satyr is shouting through a shell to wake him, others are playing with his armour.

247. *Niccolo Alunno* of Foligno, late fifteenth century. Ecce Homo.

585. *Pietro della Francesca.* Portrait believed to represent the famous Isotta da Rimini, wife of Sigismondo Malatesta. Her costume is very curious, especially the jewelled head-dress and jewel-edged veil.

602. *Carlo Crivelli.* Pietà.

665. *Pietro della Francesca.* The Baptism of Christ. The dreary character of his native limestone Apennines is portrayed by the artist—from St. Giovanni Evangelista at Borgo San Sepolcro.

Room XIV.

779, 780. *Ambrogio Borgognone*, sometimes called *Ambrogio da Fossano* from his birthplace, late fifteenth century. Family groups, kneeling (their faces much alike), probably at a tomb—fragments of a standard in the Certosa at Pavia.

751. *Giovanni Santi*, the poet painter of Urbino, father of Raffaelle, late fifteenth century. Madonna and Child—the view from Urbino forms the background.

* 298. *Borgognone.* The Virgin and Child enthroned. The Child presents a ring to St. Catherine of Alexandria, whose wheel lies at her feet: St. Catherine of Siena—a noble figure—stands on the other side with her lily—from the Chapel of Rebecchino near Pavia.

* 179. *Francesco Raibolini* of Bologna, commonly called *Francia*, 1450—1517. The Virgin and St. Anne are enthroned. The Child, on its mother's knee, stretches to take an apple from St. Anne, the very type of a grandmother, whose aged face—the noblest in the picture—is full of playful affection: on the left are St. Sebastian and St. Paul, on the right St. Lawrence and St. Romualdo. Beneath the pedestal is inscribed "Francia Aurifex Bononensis P." A lovely little St. John is bounding with the scroll of "Ecce Agnus Dei."

* 180. *F. Francia.* A Pieta. The Madonna, of most touching expression, holds the dead body of Christ upon her knees. At the sides are two (greatly inferior) angels. This was the lunette of the preceding picture, which was painted for the Cappella Buonvisi in the Church of St. Frediano at Lucca.

623. *Girolamo Pennachi*, commonly called, from his birthplace, *Girolamo da Treviso*, 1497—1544. The Virgin and Child enthroned. The donor is presented by St. Paul: St. Joseph and St. James stand by. Painted for the Cappella Boccaferri in St. Domenico at Bologna.

* 288. *Pietro Perugino.* An altar-piece in three parts. The Virgin, full of reverential awe, kneels as if in thanksgiving *for* the Holy Child,

an innocent babe supported by an angel. Three angels float tranquilly in the deep blue sky above, with scrolls from which they will probably sing. Daylight is sinking behind the distant sea and a still beautiful Umbrian landscape. On the left is a noble triumphant St. Michael, with wings half scaly, half feathered: the scales with which he weighs souls hang on a tree beside him. On the right, St. Raphael leads the young beautiful Tobias, who carries his fish, through a flowery meadow. This picture belonged to an altar-piece in three parts painted for the Certosa of Pavia. One of the upper parts remains there still, the other compartments are supplied by copies. The portions here were purchased for the comparatively small sum of £3,571.

753. *Altobello Melone* of Cremona, late fifteenth century. Christ and the two Disciples on the way to Emmaus—painted for the Church of St. Bartolommeo at Cremona. Christ is a pilgrim with his staff, and a cockle-shell in his hat.

* 274. *Andrea Montegna.* The Virgin, a peasant maid, is enthroned with the Child under a red canopy backed by orange and citron trees of wondrous execution. The Magdalen and St. John Baptist stand at the sides: the latter is a noble figure with floating hair and drapery, and a speaking face which says, "Ecce Agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccata mundi." On the inner side of his scroll is the artist's signature —"Andreas Mantinia, C.P.F." Nothing can exceed the exquisite finish of the plants and stones in the foreground.

* 296. *Pollajuolo.* The Madonna, such a figure as Isotta da Rimini, adores the Child, who looks innocently up at her as it lies across her knee eating a raspberry. Of two angels, one looks indifferently out of the picture: the other gazes in rapturous awe at something beyond the group. Such strange rocks as are introduced here may be frequently seen in the Apennines at La Vernia. The ethereal glories here are peculiar to Florentine masters of this period. The profession of Pollajuolo as a goldsmith comes out in the beautiful old jewelled ornaments worn by the Virgin and one of the angels.

629. *Lorenzo Costa* of Ferrara, 1460—1535. Madonna and Child enthroned, with saints and angels—a beautiful picture hung too high for study. From the Oratorio delle Grazie at Faenza.

806. *Boccaccio Boccaccino* of Cremona, c. 1496—1518. The Procession to Calvary—a coarse but powerful picture. From the Church of St. Domenico de' Osservanti at Cremona.

282. *Giovanni di Pietro* of Spoleto, commonly called *Lo Spagna* (the Spaniard), early sixteenth century. The Virgin enthroned. The Holy Child upon her knees looks down to a human child beneath, who is about to serenade Him. From the Palazzo Ercolani at Bologna.

293. *Filippino Lippi.* A grand weird picture. The Virgin and

Child are in a wild Apennine landscape between St. Jerome and St. Anthony—a noble figure with his book and lily. Behind St. Anthony the simple hermit life of the mountain is portrayed. Behind St. Jerome, his lion defends his lair against the pig (a wild boar) of St. Anthony. This picture, in its marvellous finish, introduces the peculiar flowers of the high mountains in Tuscany. In the predella is St. Joseph of Arimathea supporting the dead Christ between St. Francis and the Magdalen. The arms of the family indicate the picture having been painted for the Ruccellai Chapel at Florence, where it long remained in the Church of St. Pancrazio.

735. *Paolo Morando* of Verona, commonly called *Cavazzola*, 1484—1522. St. Roch and the Angel—splendid in colour. St. Roch is always represented with the ulcer in his leg, which resulted from his devotion to those sick of the plague at Piacenza, but which caused him to be exiled from the haunts of men for fear of infection: in his solitude he was supported by his little dog, which brought him bread from the city. From the Cagnoli altar in Santa Maria della Scala at Verona.

* 18. *Bernardino Luini.* Christ disputing with the Doctors—a very beautiful picture injured by restoration. The Saviour is twenty-four, not twelve.

748. *Girolamo dai Libri* of Verona, 1472—1555. St. Anne with the Virgin and Child seated under a lemon-tree (the especial characteristic of the master), and three angels serenading. Behind is the wattled fence of reeds so common in Italy still, entwined with roses. From the Church of Santa Maria della Scala at Verona.

734. *Andrea da Solario* (Milanese School), 1458—1516. A noble Portrait of Giovanni Cristoforo Longorio, painted in 1505. The background is most beautiful.

728. *Giovanni Antonio Beltraffio* of Milan, 1467—1516. Madonna and Child—the Virgin is no peasant, but a noble Milanese lady backed by a rich green curtain wrought with gold.

700. *Bernardino Lanini* of Vercelli, sixteenth century. Madonna and Child—the child playfully shrinks from the smiling St. Catherine. St. Paul gives it an apple; St. Gregory and St. Joseph stand in the background.

* 27. *Raffaelle.* Pope Julius II.—a repetition of the well-known picture at Florence.

24. *Sebastiano Luciani* of Venice, generally called *Sebastian del Piombo*, from his being keeper of the Leaden Seals, 1485—1547. The Portrait of a Lady, supposed to be Giulia Gonzaga, painted as St. Apollonia (as is indicated by the pincers). Called "a divine picture" by Vasari.

* 10. *Antonio Allegri* (commonly called *Il Correggio* from his birthplace), the great artist of Parma, 1493—1534. Mercury teaching Cupid his letters, while Venus holds his bow. Purchased by Charles I. from the Duke of Mantua in 1630, but sold with the rest of the royal collection and purchased by the Duke of Alva, from whom it passed into the collection of Godoy, Prince of the Peace. When his collection was sold at Madrid during the French invasion, it was bought by Murat and taken to the royal palace at Naples. Queen Caroline carried it off with her to Vienna, and it was bought from her collection by the Marquis of Londonderry.

"The figure of Venus is of slender, fine proportions; the attitude of the beautiful limbs of the most graceful flow of lines, with all the parts at the same time so modelled in the clearest and most blooming colours, that Correggio may here be called a sculptor on a flat surface."—*Dr. Waagen.*

"Those who may not perfectly understand what artists and critics mean when they dwell with rapture on Correggio's wonderful chiaro-oscuro should look well into this picture; they will perceive that in the painting of the limbs they can look through the shadows into the substance, as it might be into the flesh and blood; the shadows seem mutable, accidental, and aërial, as if between the eye and the colour, and not incorporated with them; in this lies the inimitable excellence of this master."—*Mrs. Jameson.*

1024. *Giambattista Moroni* of Bergamo, 1510—1578. Portrait of a Lawyer—a most astute man.

650. *Angelo Bronzino* (School of Florence), 1502—1572. Portrait of a Lady.

15. *Correggio.* Christ presented by Pilate to the People—a picture full of intensest anguish of expression: once in the Colonna Gallery at Rome.

"The expression and attitude of Christ are extremely grand; even the deepest grief does not disfigure his features. The manner in which he holds forward his hands, which are tied together, is in itself sufficient to express the depth of suffering. On the left is a Roman soldier of rude, but not otherwise than noble aspect, and evidently touched by pity: on the right, Pilate looking with indifference over a parapet. The Virgin, in front, is fainting, overpowered by her grief, in the arms of the Magdalen: her head is of the highest beauty. The drawing in this picture is more severe than is usual with Correggio."—*Kugler.*

670. *Bronzino.* A Knight of St. Stefano.

17. *Andrea Vannucchi* of Florence, commonly called *Andrea del Sarto,* from his being the son of a tailor, 1487—1531. The Holy

Family—a dark powerful picture. The Virgin holds the laughing Child, to whom St. Anne turns, her face in deep shadow. St. John Baptist leans against St. Anne and watches the Holy Child, his scroll and staff thrown on the ground.

* 287. *Bartolommeo Veneziano.* Portrait of Lodovico Martinengo (1530), in the picturesque costume of the Compagnia della Calza. One of the only three known pictures of the artist. Bought from the heir of Count Girolamo Martinengo.

624. *Giulio de' Gianuzzi,* called *Giulio Romano,* 1492—1546. The Infancy of Jupiter. The landscape, with its quaint vine wreaths and flowers heightened with gold, is supposed to be by *Giambattista Dossi.*

669. *Giovanni Battista Benvenuti* of Ferrara, called *L'Ortolano,* from his father's occupation as a gardener. St. Sebastian, St. Roch, and St. Demetrius.

651. *Bronzino.* Venus, Cupid, Folly, and Time—a foolish, ugly, inexplicable picture.

272. *Giov. Antonio Licinio,* called *Il Pordenone,* from his birthplace, 1483—1539. An Apostle.

649. *Jacopo Carucci,* called, from his birthplace, *Jacopo da Pontormo,* 1494—1556. Portrait of a Boy in a crimson and black dress.

674. *Paris Bordone* of Treviso, 1500—1571. Portrait of a Contessa Brignole of Genoa—part of the palace at Genoa is seen in the background.

41. *Giorgio Barbarelli* of Venice, called, from his beauty, *Giorgione,* 1477—1511. The Death of St. Peter Martyr—a doubtful picture in a hideous English frame.

* 294. *Paul Veronese.* The Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander after the Battle of the Issus, B.C. 333. This, long one of the most celebrated pictures at Venice, was painted for Count Pisani, and contains many portraits of the Pisani family. It was purchased in 1857 for £13,650.

255. *Giulio Romano.* Assumption of the Magdalen.

299. *Alessandro Bonvicino.* Portrait of Count Sciarra Martinengo of Brescia. While still a boy, the services of his father to Francis I. caused him to be received into the household of Henry II. as page, and in his eighteenth year he was made knight of the Order of St. Michael, the most coveted of French honours. "There gleamed in his eyes," says Rossi,* "an indomitable desire for glory, and on his brow might be read a soul unmindful of death or danger." While at the French Court, he received the news that his father was murdered by a vendetta of Count Alovisio Avogadro. He flew to Brescia and

* Elogi Historici dei Bresciani Illustri, 1620.

fell upon Avogadro as he came out of church: the murderer escaped in the scuffle, but one of his kinsmen was slain. The adventures of Martinengo's later life and his numerous duels are recounted by Brantôme, who describes him as the "sweetest-tempered and most gracious gentleman whom it was possible to meet with, and a sure friend when he gave his promise." In 1569 he was killed under the walls of La Charité on the Upper Loire, whilst reconnoitring the place for an assault. In his portrait we see on the brim of his hat an inscription in Greek characters "through excessive desire," his father's last words, which he always wore to remind himself that his vengeance was still incomplete.

* 742. *Moroni.* Portrait of a Lawyer—beautiful at once in colour and quietude, on a simple grey background.

3. *Titian.* The Music Lesson. Purchased by Charles I. from Mantua.

16. *Tintoretto.* St. George and the Dragon. The whole story is told, but the horse of St. George will inevitably plunge over the precipice and be lost in the lake, on the edge of which the Dragon is waiting.

218. *Baldassare Peruzzi*, the architect of Siena (?), 1481—1536. The Adoration of the Magi—a very doubtful picture.

26. *Paul Veronese.* The Consecration of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra. This picture, which shows the master's thorough knowledge of chiaro-oscuro, is from the Church of San Niccolo de' Frari at Venice.

* 697. *Moroni.* Portrait of a Tailor.

699. *Lorenzo Lotto* of Treviso, 1480—1558. Portraits of Agostino and Niccolo della Torre.

* 34. *Titian (?)* Venus and Adonis. Venus vainly endeavours to hold back Adonis from the chase, for Love is asleep in the background. From the Colonna Palace at Rome, a copy of the picture at Madrid.

32. *Titian.* The Rape of Ganymede. An octagonal picture, probably intended for a ceiling, from the Palazzo Colonna.

"The effect of the handsome boy, coloured in the fullest golden tone, every part being carefully rounded, contrasted with the powerful black eagle which is flying away with him, is admirable."—*Waagen.*

1023. *Moroni.* Lady in a red dress.

224. *Titian.* The Tribute Money.

* 625. *Alessandro Bonvicino.* St. Bernardino of Siena with St. Jerome, St. Joseph, St. Francis, and St. Nicholas of Bari. The Virgin and Child appear above, with St. Catherine and St. Clara. At the feet of St. Bernardino are the mitres of the three bishoprics which he refused—Urbino, Siena, and Ferrara. He holds the monogram of I.H.S., which appears over all the gates of his native Siena.

"When preaching St. Bernardino was accustomed to hold in his hand a tablet, on which was carved, within a circle of golden rays, the name of Jesus. A certain man who had gained his living by the manufacture of cards and dice went to him, and represented to him that in consequence of the reformation of manners, gambling was gone out of fashion, and he was reduced to beggary. The saint desired him to exercise his ingenuity in carving tablets of the same kind as that which he held in his hand, and to sell them to the people. A peculiar sanctity was soon attached to these memorials; the desire to possess them became general; and the man who by the manufacture of gaming-tools could scarcely keep himself above want, by the fabrication of these tablets realised a fortune. Hence in the figure of St. Bernardino he is usually holding one of these tablets, the I.H.S. encircled with rays, in his hand."—*Jameson's Monastic Orders.*

1025. *Il Moretto.* One of the noblest and simplest Portraits of the master.

4. *Titian.* A Holy Family, with a Shepherd (a shepherd of Friuli) in adoration.

637. *Paris Bordone.* Daphnis and Chloe.

* 1. *Sebastian del Piombo.* The Resurrection of Lazarus—the master-piece of the artist, and one of the most important pictures in England. It is especially interesting as having been executed by Sebastian for Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, afterwards Pope Clement VII., as an altar-piece to the Cathedral of Narbonne, of which he was then Archbishop. It was to be the rival and companion of the "Transfiguration" of Raffaelle, which was ordered by the same patron for the same cathedral. Sebastian had already enlisted himself as a partisan of Michel Angelo in his rivalry with Raffaelle, and it is generally believed that in this instance the greater master—"il dio di disegno"—furnished the drawing of some of the figures, if not the design of the whole composition. Raffaelle is said to have heard of this, and to have exclaimed, "I am graciously favoured by Michel Angelo in that he has declared me worthy to compete with himself instead of Sebastian." In the year of Raffaelle's death, 1520, the rival pictures were exhibited together at Rome: the "Transfiguration" was kept there, and the "Raising of Lazarus" sent to Narbonne, whence it was bought by the Regent Duke of Orleans in the last century. It was purchased, on the sale of the Orleans Collection, by Mr. Angerstein, who refused a large offer for it from the French Government, which was anxious to bring it once more into juxtaposition with the "Transfiguration," when that great picture was in the Louvre. The picture is inscribed—"Sebastianus Venetus Faciebat."

"In the figure of Lazarus, who is gazing upwards at Christ, while at

the same time he endeavours to disengage himself from the bandages, the expression of returning life is wonderfully given. The Christ himself, a noble form, is pointing with his right hand to heaven, while the miracle just performed is told in the grandest way in the various expressions of the bystanders. The execution is of the greatest solidity, and the colouring still deep and full."—*Kugler.*

635. *Titian.* The Virgin and Child, with St. John.

20. *Sebastian del Piombo.* Portraits of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici and the Artist—from the Borghese Palace.

* 1022. *Moroni.* A noble Portrait of a Warrior who has taken off his armour. Except in the face, the picture is almost entirely painted in black, brown, and grey.

297. *Girolamo Romani* of Brescia, called *Il Romanino,* 1480—1560. The Nativity. On the left are St. Alessandro, martyr of Brescia, and St. Filippo Benizzi; on the right St. Jerome and St. Gaudioso, Bishop of Brescia. An altar-piece, finished in 1525, for St. Alessandro of Brescia. A very noble picture.

* 234. *Giovanni Bellini.* A most glorious picture, which illuminates the whole side of the gallery. The Madonna (her indifferent expression the only blemish in the work) holds the Holy Child. St. Joseph stands by, his rich brown robe sunlit yet dark against the glowing sky and a lovely landscape like that of the Apennines near Pietra Santa. One of the Magi, in armour, kneels in adoration of the Child, while an attendant, in deep shadow, holds his horse behind a low parapet wall, beneath which a charming little dog is seated. The well-known studio property of Giovanni Bellini, the green drapery with a red edge (which is seen in the adjoining picture as the background of the Virgin) is here stretched upon the ground as a carpet.

280. *Giovanni Bellini.* A Madonna and Child often repeated by the master, but an unpleasing specimen.

750. *Vittore Carpaccio* of Venice, 1450—c. 1524. The Madonna enthroned, with the Doge Giovanni Mocenigo entreating her intercession in the Plague of Venice of 1478, and her blessing upon the remedies in the golden vase before her throne. Behind the Doge stands his patron, St. John Baptist; behind the Virgin is St. Christopher, with the infant Christ upon his shoulders.

634. *Cima da Conegliano,* c. 1480—1520. Madonna and Child.

816. *Cima da Conegliano.* The Incredulity of St. Thomas—painted for the Church of St. Francesco at Portogruaro.

803. *Marco Marziale* of Venice. The Circumcision—a curious and expressive picture, painted in 1500 for the Church of St. Silvestro at Cremona. It bears the painter's monogram and an inscription in a *cartellino.*

749. *Niccolo Giolfino.* Portraits of the Giusti Family at Verona.

300. *Cima da Conegliano.* Madonna and Child.

695. *Andrea Previtali* of Bergamo, early sixteenth century. Madonna and Child.

804. *Marco Marziale.* Madonna and Child enthroned; on the right, St. Gallo Abate and St. John Baptist; on the left St. Andrew and St. James of Compostella. From the Church of St. Gallo at Cremona.

* 599. *Marco Basaiti.* The Virgin, with the Child deeply and most sweetly sleeping on her knee, sits in her blue robe and white veil in a meadow on the outskirts of such a tower-girdled town as Spello. Snowy clouds float across the quiet blue sky. The railings are of the simplest Italian construction. The flowers of spring are out, but the trees have scarcely begun to bud. On the one side a cowherd lies amongst his cattle; on the other a peasant woman is keeping her cows and lop-eared sheep. At the foot of a tree a stork is fighting with a snake, while an eagle looks down from the leafless branches.

589. *Fra Filippo Lippi* (?). An Angel presents the Holy Infant to the Virgin.

Room XV.

755. *Melozzo da Forli.* Rhetoric (?).

636. *Titian.* A noble Portrait, said to be that of Ariosto.

808. *Giovanni Bellini.* St. Peter Martyr.

* 213. *Raffaelle.* The Vision of a Knight—a lovely miniature in oils, painted on wood, from the Aldobrandini Collection. A female figure stands on either side of the sleeping youth; one, in a crimson robe, offers him a book and sword; the other, richly dressed, tempts him with the flowers of life.

269. *Giorgione.* This most interesting painting, bequeathed by Rogers the poet, is a study for the picture of St. Liberale in the altar-piece of Castelfranco, and is evidently a portrait of Matteo Costanzo, son of Tuzio Costanzo of Castelfranco, a noble "free-lance" who fought for the Republic of Venice, and died at Ravenna in 1504.*

595. *Battista Zelotti* of Verona, 1532—c. 1592. Portrait of a Lady.

270. *Titian.* The Appearance of Christ to the Magdalen in the Garden. Bequeathed by Rogers the poet.

"The Magdalen, kneeling, bends forward with eager expression, and one hand extended to touch the Saviour; He, drawing his linen garment around him, shrinks back from her touch—yet with the softest expression of pity. Besides the beauty and truth of the expression, this picture is transcendent as a piece of colour and effect; while the rich

* See Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

landscape and the approach of morning over the blue distance are conceived with a sublime simplicity."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

* 35. *Titian.* Bacchus and Ariadne. Returning from a sacrifice in the island of Naxos, attended by Silenus, with nymphs and fauns, Bacchus meets with Ariadne after her desertion by Theseus, wooes her, and carries her off in triumph. One of three pictures painted c. 1514 for Duke Alfonso of Ferrara.

"Is there anything in modern art in any way analogous to what Titian has effected, in the wonderful bringing together of two times in the 'Ariadne' of the National Gallery? Precipitous, with his reeling satyrs around him, re-peopling and re-illuming suddenly the waste places, drunk with a new fury beyond that of the grape, Bacchus, born in fire, fire-like flings himself at the Cretan. This is time present. With this telling of the story, an artist, and no ordinary one, might remain richly proud. Guido, in his harmonious version of it, saw no further. But from the depths of the imaginative spirit Titian has recalled past time, and made it contributory with the present to one simultaneous effect. With the desert all ringing with the mad cymbals of his followers, made lucid with the presence and new offers of a god—as if unconscious of Bacchus, or but idly casting her eyes as upon some unconcerning pageant, her soul undisturbed from Theseus, Ariadne is still pacing the solitary shore, in as much heart-silence, and in almost the same local solitude, with which she awoke at daybreak to catch the forlorn last glances of the sail that bore away the Athenian."—*Charles Lamb.*

"Thee seeking, Ariadne, Bacchus young
Hurries with flying steps the shores along.
Before his path the Satyrs madly prance,
The gay Sileni, Nysa's offspring, dance;
Wild sporting round him range the frantic rout,
And toss their brows, and Evæ, Evæ! shout.
Some brandish high their ivy-covered spears;
Some tear the quivering limbs from mangled steers;
Some round their waists enwrithing serpents tie;
Some with their stores from ozier caskets ply
Those fearful orgies, that high mystic rite
That's ever hid from uninitiate sight;
Some their lank arms on echoing timbrels dash;
Some from the cymbals their thin tinklings clash;
Some wake the trumpet's hoarser blast of strife,
Or the sharp note of the discordant fife."

Catullus. Trans. by G. Lamb.

277. *J. Bassano.* The Good Samaritan.

222. *Van Eyck*, c. 1390—1440. Male Portrait in black fur, with red drapery on the head, 1433.

"So highly finished that the single hairs on the shaven chin are given."—*Waagen.*

290. *Van Eyck.* Male Portrait.

638. *Francia.* Madonna and Child, with saints.

* 186. *Van Eyck.* Portraits of Jean Arnolfini and his wife, Jeanne de Chenany, 1434. This picture belonged to Margaret of Austria, and afterwards, in 1556, to Mary, Queen Dowager of Hungary, who gave a pension of one hundred guilders as a reward to a banker who presented it to her. Observe the marvellous beauty of the chandelier, mirror, and other details introduced, and the scene in the room as reflected in the mirror.

658. *Martin Schongauer.* The Death of the Virgin.

809. *Michel Angelo Buonarrotti*, 1475—1564. The Virgin and Child, with St. John Baptist and angels—in tempera, unfinished.

923. *Andrea di Solario.* Portrait of a Venetian Senator.

* 744. *Raffaelle.* The Holy Family, known as the "Garvagh Raffaelle," from the family from whom it was purchased in 1865, having originally come from the Palazzo Aldobrandini at Rome. The Madonna, a graceful and lovely figure, holds the Child upon her lap, who is giving a pink to the infant St. John, who holds a cross in his right hand.

* 168. *Raffaelle.* St. Catherine of Alexandria, painted c. 1507—from the Aldobrandini Collection. St. Catherine, having successfully discussed theology with fifty heathen philosophers, was condemned by the Emperor Maximin, 310, to be broken on the wheel, but the wheels were miraculously broken in pieces. The saint was eventually beheaded, but the broken wheel is her attribute. Raffaelle's first idea for this picture, drawn with a pen, is at Oxford; the Duke of Devonshire has a more finished study.

777. *Morando.* Madonna and Child, with St. John Baptist and an angel.

790. *Michel Angelo.* The Entombment—from the collection of Cardinal Fesch.

* 690. *Andrea del Sarto.* Portrait of Himself.

"His life was corroded by the poisonous solvent of love, and his soul burnt into dead ashes."—*Swinburne.*

* 23. *Correggio.* The Holy Family—called "La Vierge au Panier," from the basket in the left corner. From the Royal Gallery at Madrid.

"This picture shows that Correggio was the greatest master of aërial perspective of his time."—*Mengs.*

"Never perhaps did an artist succeed in combining the most blissful,

innocent pleasure with so much beauty as in the head of this Child, who is longing with the greatest eagerness for some object out of the picture, and thus giving the mother, who is dressing it, no little trouble. But her countenance expresses the highest joy at the vivacity and playfulness of her child. In the landscape which forms the background Joseph is working as a carpenter."—*Waagen.*

169. *Mazzolino da Ferrara*, c. 1481—1530. The Holy Family, with St. Nicholas of Tolentino.

* 189. *Giovanni Bellini.* Portrait of Leonardo Loredano, Doge of Venice from 1501 to 1521. Loredano sat repeatedly to Bellini; but this, finished with marvellous detail, is the best of his many portraits.

626. *Tommaso Guidi*, commonly called *Masaccio*, 1402 — 1443. Portrait of Himself.

* 694. *Giovanni Bellini.* St. Jerome in his Study—a picture of exquisite beauty and finish, from the Palazzo Manfrini at Venice Ascribed by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to *Catena.*

756. *Melozzo da Forli.* Music (?)

Central Hall.

639. *Francesco Mantegna.* Christ appearing to the Magdalen.

769. *Fra Carnovale* of Urbino, fifteenth century. St. Michael and the Dragon.

912—914. *Pinturicchio.* The story of the patient Griselda. A peasant girl is married to the Marquis of Saluzzo, and after thirteen years of honour, having been deprived of her children, is sent back divorced to her father's cottage, but recalled thence to work as a servant in the castle, for her husband's new marriage. Submitting to all these trials in obedience and patience, she is restored to her children and reinstated by her husband in her former honours.

729. *Bartolommeo Suardi* of Milan, called *Bramantino* from his master Bramante, early sixteenth century. The Adoration of the Magi.

691. *Lo Spagna.* Ecce Homo.

768. *Ant. Vivarini.* St. Peter and St. Jerome.

641. *Mazzolino da Ferrara.* The Woman taken in Adultery.

648. *Lorenzo di Credi.* The Virgin adoring the Holy Child.

778. *Pellegrino di San Daniele.* The Donor is presented to the Virgin by St. James. St. George is on horseback, with the dead Dragon at his feet.

640. *Dosso Dossi* of Ferrara, 1480—1545. Adoration of the Magi.

593. *Lorenzo di Credi.* Madonna and Child.

718. *Heinrich de Blas*, c. 1480—1550. The Crucifixion, with angels receiving the blood.

* 33. *Parmigiano.* The Vision of St. Jerome—painted, by order of Maria Bufalina, in 1527, for the Church of San Salvatore in Lauro at Citta di Castello. Though the artist was only in his twenty-fourth year when he executed it, this is a most noble picture. It is supposed to be that which so absorbed the painter's attention during the siege of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, that he was unaware the city was taken till some German soldiers, bursting in to plunder his house, were overwhelmed with its beauty, and not only spared, but protected him.

81. *Benvenuto Tisio,* called *Garofalo* from the pink with which he marked his pictures, 1481—1559. The Vision of St. Augustine. He is warned by a child that his efforts to understand the mystery of the Trinity must be as futile as attempting to empty the ocean with a spoon. St. Catherine, the patron saint of theologians, stands near him, gazing up at the Virgin and Child surrounded by angels: the little red figure in the background represents St. Stephen, whose life and acts are set forth in the homilies of St. Augustine. From the Corsini Palace at Rome.

8. *Michel Angelo.* A Dream of Human Life.

693. *Pinturicchio.* St. Catherine of Alexandria.

632. *Girolamo da Santa Croce* of Venice, sixteenth century. A Saint reading.

671. *Garofalo.* The Madonna and Child enthroned; on their left St. Francis and St. Anthony; on their right St. Guglielmo and St. Chiara.

702. *Andrea di Luigi* of Assisi, called *L'Ingegno,* fifteenth century. Madonna and Child in glory.

633. *Girolamo da Santa Croce.* A Saint.

Room XVI. Peel Collection.

864. *Terburg.* The Guitar Lesson.

889. *Sir J. Reynolds.* His own Portrait.

834. *Peter de Hooge.* Dutch Interior.

* 887. *Sir J. Reynolds.* Portrait of Dr. Johnson.

835. *P. de Hooge.* Courtyard of a Dutch House.

823. *Cuyp.* Cattle.

841. *W. Van Mieris* of Leyden, 1662—1747. A Fish and Poultry Shop.

* 849. *Paul Potter,* 1625—1654. Landscape with cattle.

865. *Vander Cappelle.* Fishing Boats in a Calm.

830. *Hobbema.* The lopped Avenue, with a dyke on either side, leading to the dull brick town of Middelharnis, the reputed birthplace of the artist.

845. *Gaspar Natscher* of Antwerp, 1570—1651. A Lady spinning.
839. *Gabriel Metsu.* The Music Lesson.
852. *Rubens.* The Chapeau de Poil.
863. *Teniers.* Dives—"Le Mauvais Riche."
867. *Vandevelde.* The Farm Cottage.
888. *Reynolds.* Portrait of James Boswell.
870. *Vandevelde.* A Calm.
892. *Reynolds.* Robinetta.

Room XVII. Early Italian art—indifferent specimens.

568. *School of Giotto.* The Coronation of the Virgin.
564. *Margaritone d'Arezzo*, 1216—1293. The Virgin and Child, with scenes from the Lives of the Saints. From the Ugo Baldi Collection.
565. *Giovanni Gualtieri* of Florence, called *Cimabue*, 1240—c. 1302. Madonna and Child enthroned—from the Church of Santa Croce at Florence. Retouched.
215. *Taddeo Gaddi* of Florence, c. 1300—1366. Saints.
567. *Segna di Buonaventura* of Siena, early fourteenth century. A Crucifix.
579. *Taddeo Gaddi.* The Baptism of Christ.
566. *Duccio di Buoninsegna* of Siena, 1261—c. 1339. Madonna and Child, with angels and saints.
580. *Jacopo di Casentino*, 1310—c. 1390. The Assumption of St. John the Evangelist and other Saints.
570—578. *Andrea di Cione Arcagnuolo*, called *Orcagna*, 1315—c. 1376. Scenes from the Life of Christ.
630. *Gregorio Schiavone*, fifteenth century, School of Padua. Madonna and Child, with saints.
276. *Giotto*, Florentine, 1276—1336. Heads of SS. John and Paul—1om the Church of the Carmine at Florence.
586. *Fra Filippo Lippi.* Madonna and Child, with angels and saints—supposed to have been painted by the artist in his twenty-fifth year for the Convent of Santo Spirito at Florence.
248. *Fra Filippo Lippi.* The Vision of St. Bernard—supposed to have been painted for the Palazzo della Signoria at Florence.
583. *Paolo di Dono*, called *Paolo Uccello* from his love of birds, 1396—1479. The Battle of Sant Egidio (?), July 7, 1416, in which Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, and his nephew Galeazzo, were taken prisoners by Braccio di Montone. The beautiful young Galeazzo is distinguished by his floating golden hair.
227. *Cosimo Rosselli* of Florence, 1439—c. 1506. St. Jerome in

the Desert and other saints, painted for the Ruccellai Chapel at Fiesole.

284. *Bart. Vivarini* of Murano, fifteenth century. The Virgin and Child, with St. Paul and St. Jerome.

772. *Cosimo Tura.* Madonna and Child enthroned, with angels.

Room XVIII. Chiefly Spanish.

184. *Antonij Moro* (Sir Antonio More), 1512—1581. Portrait of Jeanne d'Archel, of the family of Count Egmont.

176. *Bartolomé Esteban Murillo* of Seville, 1618—1682. St. John and the Lamb. The St. John is a Spanish peasant boy.

* 13. *Murillo.* The Holy Family—painted by the artist at Cadiz, when sixty years old, for the family of the Marquis del Pedroso.

* 230. *Francisco Zurbaran*, "the Spanish Caravaggio," 1598—1662. A Franciscan Monk—a most weird picture, in which, after it is long gazed upon, the eyes come out and take possession of the spectator. From the gallery of Louis Philippe.

741. *Don Diego Velazquez de Silva* of Seville, 1599—1660. A Dead Warrior—called El Orlando Muerto.

244. *Spagnoletto.* Shepherd with a Lamb.

232. *Velazquez.* The Nativity.

* 74. *Murillo.* A laughing Beggar Boy.

* 197. *Velazquez.* A Boar Hunt of Philip IV. The groups in the foreground, especially the dogs, most admirable. The dreary space in the centre destroys the interest of the picture as a whole. From the Royal Palace at Madrid.

745. *Velazquez.* Portrait of Philip IV.

195. Portrait of a German Professor, 1580.

It was near the entrance of the Park from Charing Cross that the first Royal Academy Exhibition of Pictures was held. Hogarth's "Sigismunda" and "Siege of Calais" and Reynolds's "Lord Ligonier" were amongst the pictures exhibited there.

CHAPTER II.

THE WEST-END.

FROM Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall, the handsomest street in London, leads to the west. Its name is a record of its having been the place where the game of Palle-malle was played—a game still popular in the deserted streets of old sleepy Italian cities, and deriving its name from *Palla*, a ball, and *Maglia* a mallet. It was already introduced into England in the reign of James I., who (in his "Basilicon Doron") recommended his son Prince Henry to play at it. Charles II., who was passionately fond of the game, removed the site for it to St. James's Park.*

It was across the ground afterwards set apart for Palle-malle, described by Le Serre as "near the avenues of the (St. James's) palace—a large meadow, always green, in which ladies walk in summer," that Sir Thomas Wyatt led his rebel troops into London in 1554, passing with little loss under the fire of the artillery planted on Hay Hill by the Earl of Pembroke, and forcing his way successfully through the guard drawn out to defend Charing Cross, but

* Curious details as to the game are given in "Le Jeu de Mail, par Joseph Ianthier," 1717. It was played with balls made from the root of box, which were gradually attuned to the stroke of the mallet, and were always rubbed with pellitory before being put away after use.

only to be deserted by his men and taken prisoner as he entered the City.

The street was not enclosed till about 1690, when it was at first called Catherine Street, in honour of Catherine of Braganza, and it still continued to be a fashionable promenade rather than a highway for carriage traffic. Thus Gay alludes to it—

> "O bear me to the paths of fair Pall Mall!
> Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
> At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
> Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
> No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
> The soft supports of laziness and pride;
> Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
> The mutual arms of ladies and the beau."
>
> *Trivia*, bk. II.

Club-houses are the characteristic of the street, though none of the existing buildings date beyond the present century. In the last century their place was filled by taverns where various literary and convivial societies had their meetings: Pepys in 1660 was frequently at one of these, "Wood's at the Pell-Mell." The first trial of street gas in London was made here in 1807, in a row of lamps, on the King's birthday, before the colonnade of Carlton House. Amid all the changes of the town, London-lovers have continued to give their best affections to Pall Mall, and how many there are who agree with the lines of Charles Morris *—

> "In town let me live, then, in town let me die;
> For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
> If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
> Oh! give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

* The genial wit, of whom Curran said, "Die when you will, Charles, you will die in your youth."

Entering the street by Pall Mall East, we pass, just beyond the rooms of the Old Water Colour Society, the entrance to *Suffolk Street*, where Charles II. "furnished a house most richly" * for his beloved Moll Davis, and where Pepys "did see her coach come for her to her door, a mighty pretty fine coach." † Here also lived Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, who has become, under the name of Vanessa, celebrated for her unhappy and ill-requited devotion to Dean Swift. On the right is the *Gallery of British Artists*. Suffolk Street existed as early as 1664, marking the site of a house of the Earls of Suffolk, but did not become important till the Restoration, when the residence of Secretary Coventry gave a name to the neighbouring Coventry Street.

On the left Cockspur Street falls into Pall Mall. At the end of *Warwick Street*, ‡ which opens into it, stood Warwick House, where Princess Charlotte was compelled by her father to reside, and where "wearied out by a series of acts all proceeding from the spirit of petty tyranny, and each more vexatious than another, though none of them very important in itself," she determined to escape. She (July 16, 1814) "rushed out of her residence in Warwick House, unattended; hastily crossed Cockspur Street; flung herself into the first hackney-coach she could find; and drove to her mother's house in Connaught Place." §

A public-house at the entrance of Warwick Street still bears the sign of "The Two Chairmen," which recalls the habits of locomotion in the last century, when Defoe wrote—

"I am lodged in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's Palace, the Park, the

* Pepys, Jan 14, 1667-8.
† Feb. 15, 1668-9.
‡ Built 1681. Called after Sir Philip Warwick.
§ Lord Brougham.

Parliament House, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus:—we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as at Holland, go to tea-tables. About twelve, the *beau-monde* assembles in several coffee or chocolate houses; the best of which are the Cocoa Tree, and White's chocolate-houses; St. James's, the Smyrna, Mr. Rochford's, and the British coffee-houses; and all these so near one another, that in less than one hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in Sedan chairs, which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour; and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondoliers do at Venice."

Passing the equestrian statue of George III., by *Matthew Cotes*, 1837, we now reach the foot of the *Haymarket*, so called from the market for hay and straw which was held here in the reign of Elizabeth, and was not finally abolished till 1830. On the right is the Haymarket Theatre (opened Dec. 1720), on the left the Italian Opera House (built in 1790). It was between these, at the foot of the Haymarket, that Thomas Thynne of Longleat was murdered on Sunday, Feb. 12, 1681, by ruffians hired by Count Königsmarck, who hoped, when Thynne was out of the way, to ingratiate himself with his affianced bride, the rich young Lady Elizabeth Percy, already, in her sixteenth year, the widow of Lord Ogle. The assassins employed were Vratz, a German; Stern, a Swede; and Borotski, a Pole; but only the last of these fired, though no less than five of his bullets pierced his victim. The scene is represented on Thynne's monument in Westminster Abbey. The conspirators were taken, and tried at Hicks's Hall in Clerkenwell, where Königsmarck was acquitted, but the others sentenced to death, and hanged in the street which was the scene of their crime. They were attended by Bishop Burnet, who

narrates that, in return for his religious admonitions, Vratz expressed his conviction that "God would consider a gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in; and that he would not take it ill if a soldier who lived by his sword avenged an affront offered him by another." Stern, on the scaffold, complained that he died for a man's fortune whom he never spoke to, for a woman whom he never saw, and for a dead man whom he never had a sight of."

[Addison lived in the Haymarket, and wrote his "Campaign" there. On the right are *James Street*, where James II. used to play in the tennis court, and *Panton Street*, so called from Colonel Panton, the successful gamester, who died in 1681. At the corner of *Market Street* (left) lived Hannah Lightfoot, the fair Quakeress, beloved by George III. Farther on the left is the entry of the little court called *James's Market*, where Richard Baxter preached.]

Proceeding down Pall Mall, and passing the *United Service Club*, by *Nash*, 1826, we reach the opening of Waterloo Place, which occupies the site of Carlton House, built for Henry Boyle, Lord Carlton, in 1709, and purchased by Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1732. His widow, Augusta of Saxe-Cobourg, lived here for many years, and died in 1772. The house was redecorated for the marriage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. Here his daughter Charlotte was born (January 7, 1796), and married to Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg (May 2. 1816). Here also, in 1811, George IV. gave his famous banquet as Prince Regent.

Horace Walpole was beyond measure ecstatic in his

admiration of Carlton House, though where the money to pay for it was to come from he could not conceive; "all the mines in Cornwall could not pay a quarter." The redundancy of ornament induced Bonomi to write on the Ionic screen facing Pall Mall the epigram—

"'Care colonne, che fate quà?'
'Non sappiamo, in verità!'"

But all its magnificence came to an end in 1827, when the house was pulled down, its fittings taken to Buckingham Palace, and its columns used in building the portico of the National Gallery. Its site is marked by the *Column* (124 feet high) surmounted by a *Statue of Frederick, Duke of York*, second son of George III., by *Westmacott*, which faces Regent Street. On the right is a *Statue of Lord Clyde*. On the left is a *Statue of Sir John Franklin* by *Noble*. The relief on its pedestal represents the funeral of Franklin, with Captain Crozier reading the burial service: it wonderfully appeals to human sympathies, and there is scarcely a moment in the day when passers-by are not lingering to examine it.

We now enter upon a perfect succession of the buildings erected for the clubs, originally defined by Dr. Johnson as "assemblies of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions." They have greatly improved since those days, and are now the great comfort of bachelor-life in London. "Comme ils savent organiser le bien-être!" Taine justly exclaims with regard to them. At the angle of Waterloo Place is the *Athenæum*, the chief literary club in London, built by Decimus Burton, 1829. Beyond arise, on the left, the *Travellers' Club* (by Barry, 1832); the *Reform*

Club (by Barry, 1838); and the *Carlton Club* (by Smirke, 1854, from St. Mark's Library at Venice), the famous political Conservative club founded by the Duke of Wellington in 1831. Beyond these, the *War Office* occupies a house originally built for Edward, Duke of York, brother of George III., with an admirable meditative statue in front of it, representing Lord Herbert of Lea, Secretary of State for War (by *Foley*, 1867). Beyond this are the *Oxford and Cambridge Club* (by Smirke, 1835—8); and the *Guards' Club* (by Harrison, 1850). On the right, opposite the War Office, is the *Army and Navy Club* (by Parnell and Smith, 1851).

(The two short streets on the right of Pall Mall lead into *St. James's Square*, which dates from the time of Charles II., when the adjoining King Street and Charles Street were named in honour of the King, and York Street and Duke Street in honour of the Duke of York. In the centre was a Gothic conduit, which is seen in old prints and maps of London, with a steep gable and walls of coloured bricks in diamond patterns. Its site is now occupied by a statue of William III. by the younger *Bacon*, 1808. The great Duke of Ormond lived here in Ormond House, and his duchess died there. No. 3 was the house of the Duke of Leeds.

"When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
To a fair young lady of high quality,
How happy will that gentlewoman be
In his grace of Leeds' good company!

She shall have all that's fine and fair,
And the best of silk and satin shall wear;
And ride in a coach to take the air,
And have a house in St. James's Square."

No. 15, which belonged to Sir Philip Francis, was lent to Queen Caroline (1820), and was inhabited by her during the earlier part of her trial. No. 16 was the house of Lord Castlereagh, who lay in state there in 1822. No. 17, the Duke of Cleveland's, is an interesting old house, and contains a fine picture of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, by *Sir Peter Lely*. No. 21, in the south-east corner, is *Norfolk House*, and has been inhabited by the Dukes of Norfolk since 1684. Hither Frederick Prince of Wales, when turned out of St. James's by George II., took refuge with his family till the purchase of Leicester House; and here George III. was born, June 4, 1738, being a seven-months' child, and was privately baptized the same day by Secker, Bishop of Oxford.)

We may notice No. 79, Pall Mall, as occupying the site of the house which was given by Charles II. to Nell Gwynne, described by Burnet as "the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court." She lived here from 1671 to 1687. It is still the only freehold in the street.

"It was given by a long lease by Charles II. to Nell Gwyn, and upon her discovering it to be *only a lease* under the Crown, she returned him the lease and conveyances, saying she had always *conveyed free* under the Crown, and always would; and would not accept it till it was *conveyed free* to her by Act of Parliament made on and for that purpose. Upon Nell's death it was sold, and has been conveyed free ever since."—*Granger's Letters*, p. 308.

The garden of the house had a mount, on which Nell used to stand to talk over the wall to the King as he walked in St. James's Park.

"5 March, 1671.—I walk'd with him (Charles II.) thro' St. James's Parke to the gardens, where I both saw and heard a very familiar dis

course between the King and Mrs. Nellie, as they cal'd an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace on the top of the wall, and the king standing on ye greene walke under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the king walk'd to the Duchess of Cleaveland, another lady of pleasure and curse of our nation."—*Evelyn.*

This neighbourhood, so close to the palace, was naturally popular with the mistresses of the royal Stuarts. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, and Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, both lived at one time in Pall Mall, and Moll Davis in St. James's Square. Arabella Churchill and Catherine Sedley, mistresses of James II., also lived in St. James's Square.

Nos. 81 and 82 are portions of *Schomberg House*, built for the great Duke of Schomberg, who was killed in his eighty-second year at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, and over whose death William III. wept, saying, "I have lost my father."* It was afterwards inhabited by John Astley the painter, who placed the relief over the entrance. He divided the house and after his death the central compartment was occupied by Cosway the miniature painter. Gainsborough lived in one of the wings of the house from 1778 to 1788, and Sir Joshua Reynolds sat to him for his portrait there. It was there also, "in a second-floor chamber," that Sir Joshua was present (July, 1788) at the death-bed of Gainsborough, and heard his last words, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." Much of the house has been demolished, but Gainsborough's wing remains.

On the opposite side of the street was the "Star and Garter," where the Literary Club had the meetings which

* Lettres au Roi de Danemark, par Jean Payen de la Fouleresse, 1688—92.

Swift describes in a letter to Stella; and where (Jan. 24, 1765) William, fifth Lord Byron, having a quarrel with his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, as to which had most game on his estate, challenged him, fought him by the light of a single tallow candle, and gave him a wound which proved fatal the next day, and for which he was tried in Westminster Hall.

On the left is *Marlborough House*, built (1709—10) by Sir Christopher Wren for the great Duke of Marlborough, on an offset of the Park given by Queen Anne. The Duke died in the house in 1722, and here also died his famous duchess, Sarah,

"The wisest fool that ever Time has made,"

in spite of her retort when told, in her eighty-fourth year, that she must either be blistered or die—"I won't be blistered, and I won't die." She kept up the utmost pomp to the last, and talked of her "neighbour George" at St. James's. The bad entrance that still exists testifies to the spite of Sir Robert Walpole, who, when he found the old duchess desirous of making a suitable approach to her house, bought up the leases of the encroaching houses to prevent her. The house remained in the Marlborough family till it was purchased for Princess Charlotte in 1817. It was the London residence of Queen Adelaide in her widowhood, and was settled upon Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, in 1850. The saloon still contains a number of very interesting pictures by *Laguerre* of the victories of the Duke of Marlborough. George IV. made a plan for connecting Marlborough House with Carlton House by a gallery of portraits of the British Sovereigns and historical personages connected with them.

The building which projects into the grounds of Marlborough House, and which is entered from the roadway into the Park on the left of St. James's Palace, is interesting as the Roman Catholic Chapel built by Charles I. for Henrietta Maria, the erection of which gave such offence to his subjects.

Gateway, St. James's Palace.

The picturesque old brick gateway of *St. James's Palace* still looks up St. James's Street, one of the most precious relics of the past in London, and enshrining the memory of a greater succession of historical events than any other domestic building in England, Windsor Castle not excepted. The site of the palace was occupied, even before the Con-

quest, by a hospital dedicated to St. James, for "fourteen maidens that were leprous." Henry VIII. obtained it by exchange, pensioned off the sisters, and converted the hospital into "a fair mansion and park,"* in the same year in which he was married to Anne Boleyn, who was commemorated here with him in love-knots, now almost obliterated, upon the side doors of the gateway, and in the letters "H. A." on the chimney-piece of the presence-chamber or tapestry room. Holbein is sometimes said to have been the king's architect here, as he was at Whitehall. Henry can seldom have lived here, but hither his daughter, Mary I., retired, after her husband Philip left England for Spain, and here she died, Nov. 17, 1558.

"It is said that in the beginning of her sickness, her friends, supposing King Philip's absence afflicted her, endeavoured by all means to divert her melancholy. But all proved in vain: and the Queen, abandoning herself to despair, told them she should die, though they were yet strangers to the cause of her death; but if they would know it hereafter, they must dissect her, and they *would find Calais at her heart;* intimating that the loss of that place was her death's wound."—*Godwin.*

James I., in 1610, settled St. James's on his eldest son, Prince Henry, who kept his court here for two years with great magnificence, having a salaried household of no less than two hundred and ninety-seven persons. Here he died in his nineteenth year, Nov. 6, 1612. Upon his death, St. James's was given to his brother Charles, who frequently resided here after his accession to the throne, and here Henrietta Maria gave birth to Charles II., James II., and the Princess Elizabeth. In 1638 the palace was given as a refuge to the queen's mother, Marie de' Medici,

* Holinshed.

who lived here for three years, with a pension of £3,000 a month! Hither Charles I. was brought from Windsor as the prisoner of the Parliament, his usual attendants, with one exception, being debarred access to him, and being replaced by common soldiers, who sat smoking and drinking even in the royal bedchamber, never allowing him a moment's privacy, and hence he was taken in a sedan chair to his trial at Whitehall.

"On Sunday the 28th (after his condemnation) he was attended by a guard from Whitehall to St. James's, where Juxon, Bishop of London, preached before him on these words (Rom. ii. 16), "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of all men by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel." After the service the King received the Sacrament, and he spent the rest of the day in private devotion, and in conferences with the Bishop. The next day Charles underwent the cruel pang of separating from his two children (who alone were in England), Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who was about seven years of age, and the Princess Elizabeth, who was about thirteen. Their interview with him was long, tender, and afflicting. He bade the Lady Elizabeth tell her mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last, and begged her to remember to tell her brother James 'that it was his father's last desire that after his death he should no longer look upon his brother Charles merely as his elder brother, but should be obedient to him as his sovereign; and that they should both love one another, and forgive their father's enemies. 'But,' said the King to her, 'sweetheart, you will forget this?' 'No,' said she, 'I will never forget it as long as I live.' He prayed her not to grieve for him, for he should die a glorious death; it being for the laws and liberties of the land, and for maintaining the true Protestant religion. He charged her to forgive those people, but never to trust them; for they had been most false to him, and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls. He then urged her to read Bishop Andrewes' 'Sermons,' Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and Archbishop Laud's Book against Fisher, which would strengthen her faith, and confirm her in a pious attachment to the Church of England, and an aversion from Popery. Then taking the Duke of Gloucester on his knee, the King said to him, 'Sweetheart, now they will cut off thy father's head' (upon which words the child looked very earnestly and steadfastly at him). 'Mark, child, what I say, they will

cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king: but mark me, you must not be a king, so long as your brothers, Charles and James, do live; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head at last too; and therefore I charge you do not be made a king by them:' at which the child said earnestly, 'I will be torn in pieces first,' which ready reply from so young an infant filled the King's eyes with tears of admiration and pleasure."—*Trial of Charles I., Family Library*, xxxi.

On the following day the king was led away from St. James's to the scaffold. His faithful friends Henry Rich, Earl of Holland; the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel; were afterwards imprisoned in the palace and suffered like their master.

Charles II., who was born at St. James's (May 29, 1630), resided at Whitehall, giving up the palace to his brother the Duke of York (also born here, Oct. 25, 1633), but reserving apartments for his mistress, the Duchess of Mazarin, who at one time resided there with a pension of £4,000 a year. Here Mary II. was born, April 30, 1662; and here she was married to William of Orange, at eleven at night, Nov. 4, 1677. Here for many years the Duke and Duchess of York secluded themselves with their children, in mourning and sorrow, on the anniversary of his father's murder. Here, also, Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, died, March 31, 1671, asking "What is truth?" of Blandford, Bishop of Worcester, who came to visit her.

In St. James's Palace also, James's second wife, Mary of Modena, gave birth to her fifth child, Prince James Edward ("the Old Pretender") on June 10, 1688.

"There, on the morning of Sunday, the tenth of June, a day long kept sacred by the too faithful adherents of a bad cause, was born the most unfortunate of princes, destined to seventy-seven years of exile

and wandering, of vain projects, of honours more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick."—*Macaulay*, ch. viii.

"The king rose between seven and eight, and went to his own side of the palace. About a quarter of an hour after, the queen sent for him in hot haste, and requested to have every one summoned whom he wished to be witnesses of the birth of their child. The first person who obeyed the summons was Mrs. Margaret Dawson, one of her bedchamber women, formerly in the service of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York; she had been present at the birth of all the king's children, including the Princess Anne of Denmark. The bed was then made ready for her majesty, who was very chilly, and wished it to be warmed. Accordingly, a warming-pan full of hot coals was brought into the chamber, with which the bed was warmed previously to the queen entering it. From this circumstance, simple as it was, but unusual, the absurd talk was fabricated that a spurious child was introduced into the queen's bed. Mrs. Dawson afterwards deposed, on oath, that she saw fire in the warming-pan when it was brought into her majesty's chamber, the time being then about eight o'clock, and the birth of the prince did not take place until ten. . . . . After her majesty was in bed, the king came in, and she asked him if he had sent for the queen dowager. He replied, 'I have sent for everybody,' and so, indeed, it seemed; for besides the queen dowager and her ladies, and the ladies of the queen's household, the state officers of the palace, several of the royal physicians, and the usual professional attendants, there were eighteen members of the Privy Council, who stood at the foot of the bed. There were in all sixty-seven persons present. Even the Princess Anne, in her coarse, cruel letters to her sister on this subject, acknowledged that the queen was much distressed by the presence of so many men, especially by that of the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys."—*Strickland's Queens of England.*

It was to St. James's that William III. came on his first arrival in England, and he frequently resided there afterwards, dining in public, with the Duke of Schomberg seated at his right hand and a number of Dutch guests, but on no occasion was any English gentleman invited. In the latter part of William's reign the palace was given up to the Princess Anne, who had been born there, Feb. 6, 1665, and married there to Prince George of Den nark, July 28, 1683

She was residing here when Bishop Burnet brought her the news of William's death and her own accession.

George I., on his arrival in England, came at once to St. James's.

"'This is a strange country,' he remarked afterwards; 'the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, and a canal, which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park."—*Walpole's Reminiscences.*

The Duchess of Kendal, the king's mistress, had rooms in the palace, and, towards the close of his reign, George I. assigned appartments there on the ground-floor to a fresh favourite, Miss Anne Brett. When the king left for Hanover, Miss Brett had a door opened from her rooms to the royal gardens, which the king's grand-daughter, Princess Anne, who was residing in the palace, indignantly ordered to be walled up. Miss Brett had it opened a second time, and the quarrel was at its height, when the news of the king's death put an end to the power of his mistress. With the accession of George II. the Countesses of Yarmouth and Suffolk took possession of the apartments of the Duchess of Kendal. As Prince of Wales, George II. had resided in the palace, till a smouldering quarrel with his father came to a crisis over the christening of one of the royal children, and the next day he was put under arrest, and ordered to leave St. James's with his family the same evening. Wilhelmina Caroline of Anspach, the beloved queen of George II., died in the palace, Nov. 20, 1737, after an agonizing illness, endured with the utmost fortitude and consideration for all around her.

Of the daughters of George II. and Queen Caroline, Anne, the eldest, was married at St. James's to the Prince of Orange, Nov. 1733, urged to the alliance by her desire for power, and answering to her parents, when they reminded her of the hideous and ungainly appearance of the bridegroom, "I would marry him, even if he were a baboon!" The marriage, however, was a happy one, and a pleasant contrast to that of her younger sister Mary, the king's fourth daughter, who was married here to the brutal Frederick of Hesse Cassel, June 14, 1771. The third daughter, Caroline, died at St. James's, Dec. 28, 1757, after a long seclusion consequent upon the death of John, Lord Harvey, to whom she was passionately attached.

George I. and George II. used, on certain days, to play at Hazard at the grooms' postern at St. James's, and the name "Hells," as applied to modern gaming-houses, is derived from that given to the gloomy room used by the royal gamblers.*

The northern part of the palace, beyond the gateway (inhabited in the reign of Victoria by the Duchess of Cambridge), was built for the marriage of Frederick Prince of Wales.

The *State Apartments* (which those who frequent levees and drawing-rooms have abundant opportunities of surveying) are handsome, and contain a number of good royal portraits.

The *Chapel Royal*, on the right on entering the "Colour Court," has a carved and painted ceiling of 1540. Madame d'Arblay describes the pertinacity of George III. in attending service here in bitter November weather, when

* Theodore Hook.

the queen and court at length left the king, his chaplain, and equerry "to freeze it out together." There is still a full choral service here at eight A.M. and one P.M., when, on payment of 2*s*., any one may occupy the "seats of nobility" and say their prayers on crimson cushions. Bishop Burnet's complaint to the Princess Anne of the ogling which went on here during Divine service drew down the ballad attributed to Lord Peterborough—

"When Burnet perceived that the beautiful dames,
Who flock'd to the chapel of hilly St. James,
On their lovers alone their kind looks did bestow,
And smiled not on him while he bellow'd below,
To the Princess he went,
With pious intent,
This dangerous ill to the Church to prevent.
'Oh, madam,' he said, 'our religion is lost,
If the ladies thus ogle the knights of the toast.
These practices, madam, my preaching disgrace:
Shall laymen enjoy the first rights of my place?
Then all may lament my condition so hard,
Who thrash in the pulpit without a reward.
Then pray condescend
Such disorders to end,
And to the ripe vineyard the labourers send,
To build up the seats, that the beauties may see
The face of no bawling pretender but me.'
The Princess, by rude importunity press'd,
Though she laugh'd at his reasons, allow'd his request;
And now Britain's nymphs, in a Protestant reign,
Are box'd up at prayers like the virgins in Spain."

When Queen Caroline (wife of George II.) asked Mr. Whiston what fault people had to find with her conduct, he replied that the fault they most complained of was her habit of talking in chapel. "She promised amendment, but proceeding to ask what other faults were objected to

her, he replied, 'When your Majesty has amended this I'll tell you of the next.'"*

It was in this chapel that the colours taken from James II. at the Battle of the Boyne were hung up by his daughter Mary, an unnatural exhibition of triumph which shocked the Londoners. Besides that of Queen Anne,† a number of royal marriages have been solemnised here; those of the daughters of George II., of Frederick Prince of Wales to Augusta of Saxe Cobourg, of George IV. to Caroline of Brunswick, and of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert.

The *Garden* at the back of St. James's Palace has a private entrance to the Park. It was as he was alighting from his carriage here, August 2, 1786, that George III. was attacked with a knife by the insane Margaret Nicholson. "The bystanders were proceeding to wreak summary vengeance on the (would-be) assassin, when the King generously interfered in her behalf. 'The poor creature,' he exclaimed, 'is mad: do not hurt her; she has not hurt me.' He then stepped forward and showed himself to the populace, assuring them that he was safe and uninjured."‡

Cleveland Row (where John Selwyn, Marlborough's aide-de-camp, and his son, George Selwyn, lived, and where the latter died, June 25, 1791) now leads to *Bridgewater House* (Earl of Ellesmere), built 1847—9 by Barry, on the site of Cleveland House, once the residence of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, having before that belonged to the great Earl of Clarendon, and afterwards to the Earls of Bridgewater. The principal windows bear the monogram of EE on their pediments, and, on the panel beneath,

* Art. Whiston, "Biog. Brit.," vi. 4214.
† Mary II. was married in her bedchamber.
‡ Jesse, "Memoirs of George III."

the Bridgewater motto—"Sic donec." The *Bridgewater Picture Gallery* can generally be visited on Wednesdays and Saturdays, but the pictorial gems of the house are all contained in the dwelling-rooms on the ground-floor, and can only be seen by an especial permission from its master. In the centre of the house is a great hall, surrounded, on the upper floor, by an arcaded gallery, which contains, turning left from the head of the stairs—

63—69. *Nicholas Poussin.* The Seven Sacraments—from the Orleans Gallery. A similar set of pictures, by the same master, is at Belvoir.

76. *Annibale Carracci.* St. Gregory at Prayer, surrounded by angels—a dull picture painted for the Church of St. Gregorio at Rome.

244. *Andrea del Sarto.* Holy Family.

102. *Lodovico Carracci.* The Descent from the Cross.

The shadows are too black, but "for the taste of form, the happy chiaro-oscuro, the extreme and almost unique verity, the head, body, arms, nay, indeed, the whole Christ, is of the utmost conceivable perfection, whether unitedly or separately considered; in like manner, the feet also, and the beautiful head of the Magdalen."—*Barry.*

40. *Tintoret.* The Entombment.

P. S. Weit. The Marys at the Sepulchre—a picture well known from engravings.

105. *Salvator Rosa.* Jacob and his Flocks.

The *Picture Gallery* is crowded with pictures, hung so entirely without reason that they are for the most part mere wall decoration. Two-thirds are so high up that it is impossible to see them, and nothing is "on the line." This fine room is spoilt by the lowness of the dado. We may notice—

Left Wall.

17. *Titian.* Diana and Actæon. "Titianus F." is inscribed in gold letters on a pilaster.

130. *Ary de Voys.* A Young Man with a Book—a small picture by a very rare master.

27. *Guercino.* David and Abigail—a coarse ugly picture from the gallery of Cardinal Mazarin.

18. *Titian.* The Fable of Calisto — from the Orleans Gallery; painted, with its companion picture, according to Vasari, for Philip II. of Spain, when the master was in his seventieth year.

130. *Teniers.* The Alchemist—inscribed 1649. A wonderful picture, but constantly repeated by the master.

Right Wall.

196. *Vandevelde.* The Rising of the Gale at the Entrance of the Texel.

153. *Jan Steen.* A Village School.

168. *Rembrandt.* A Child saying its Prayers at an Old Woman's Knees. This little picture is absurdly called "Hannah and Samuel."

101. *Annibale Carracci.* Danaë—from the Orleans Gallery.

78. *Paul Veronese.* The Judgment of Solomon.

Returning to the Ground Floor—

Room I.

38. *Raffaelle (?).* Madonna and Child, "La plus belle des Vierges" —from the Orleans Gallery, much retouched. There are many repetitions of this picture: the best is in the gallery at Naples.

* 35. *Raffaelle.* "La Vierge au Palmier"—a beautiful circular picture. The Virgin has wound her veil around the infant Saviour, to whom St. Joseph, kneeling, gives some flowers. Supposed to have been painted at Florence for Taddeo Taddi in 1506.

"The following anecdote of this picture was related to the Marquis of Stafford by the Duke of Orleans when on a visit to England. It happened once, amidst the various changes of the world, that this picture fell to the portion of two old maids. Both having an equal right, and neither choosing to yield, they compromised the matter by cutting it in two. In this state the two halves were sold to one purchaser, who tacked them together as well as he could, and sent them further into the world. The transfer from canvas to wood has obliterated every trace by which the truth of this tale might be corroborated." *—*Passavant.*

37. *Raffaelle (?).* "La Madonna del Passeggio." The Holy Family walking in a green landscape. Passavant and Kugler ascribe this picture to Francesco Penni. It is of exquisite beauty—the children

* Hazlitt asserts that the join may be detected, on careful inspection, passing through the body of the Child, and only just missing the forehead of the Virgin.

especially graceful. Philip II. of Spain gave the picture to the Duke of Urbino, who gave it to the Emperor Rudolph II. Gustavus Adolphus carried it off from Prague to Sweden. It was inherited by his daughter Christina, who took it to Rome, where it was purchased, after her death, by the Duke of Bracciano. From his collection it was purchased by the Regent Duke of Orleans. Many repetitions are in existence.

48. *Lodovico Carracci.* St. Catherine sees the Virgin and Child in a Vision. The saint recalls the work of Correggio, whom Lodovico especially studied and imitated.

93. *Salvator Rosa.* "Les Augures"—a very beautiful and unusually quiet work of the master.

* 77. *Titian.* The Three Ages of Life.

"This is one of the most beautiful idyllic groups of modern creation, and the spectator involuntarily partakes of the dreamlike feeling which it suggests."—*Kugler.*

"This picture is a piece of poetry in the truest sense: it is like a Greek lyric or idyll; while the melting harmony of the colour is to the significance of the composition what music is to the song."—*Mrs. Jameson.*

13. *Guido Reni.* The Infant Christ asleep upon the Cross—a lovely little picture.

36. *Raffaelle.* "La Vierge au Linge"—a replica of the picture in the Louvre.

200. *A. Cuyp.* Milking.

30. *Domenichino.* The Cross-bearing.

Room II.

15. *Tintoret.* Portrait of a Venetian Nobleman, 1588.

* 216. *A. Cuyp.* The Landing of Prince Maurice at Dort — a noble, sunlit, and beautiful picture, the water especially limpid and transparent.

198. *Terburg.* "Conseil Paternel." The girl in white satin is especially characteristic of the master, who loved to give *thus* his chief and harmonious light: her face betrays the feeling of shame with which she hears her father's reproof. There is an inferior repetition of this picture in the gallery at Amsterdam, and another at Berlin.

205. *Dobson.* Portrait of John Cleveland, the poet-friend of Charles I., for whose cause he was imprisoned by Cromwell.

11. *Claude.* Demosthenes on the Seashore—a lonely figure on the shore of a deep blue sea, illumined by the morning sun.

41. *Claude.* Moses and the Burning Bush—the incident subordinate to the wooded landscape.

32. *Velazquez.* A son of the Duke of Olivares—a noble, though unfinished portrait.

120. *Sir J. Reynolds.* Full-length Portrait of a Lady.

Room III.

23. *Vandyke.* Virgin and Child—a careful example of a picture frequently repeated by the master.

147. *A. Cuyp.* Cattle, with a cowherd playing on his flute.

Colonel Blood, who afterwards became famous for his plot to seize the Crown Jewels, made his audacious attempt on the Duke of Ormond as he was returning to Cleveland House. At the end of Cleveland Row, on the left, is the approach to *Stafford House* (Duke of Sutherland), built by *B. Wyatt* for the Duke of York, second son of George III., on the site of "the Queen's Library," erected for Caroline of Anspach. Its hall and staircase, by *C. Barry*, perfect in proportions and harmonious in their beautiful purple and grey colouring, are the best specimens of scagliola decoration in England. The noble collection of pictures, greatly reduced in importance through the sale of several fine works by the present owner, is scattered through the different rooms of the house, and can only be seen by special permission. Amongst the pictures deserving notice are—

Ante Dining Room.

Landseer. Lady Evelyn Gower (afterwards Lady Blantyre) and the Marquis of Stafford, as children.

Danby. The Passage of the Red Sea.

Dining Room.

Lawrence. Harriet Elizabeth, second Duchess of Sutherland, with her eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Gower, afterwards Duchess of Argyle.

Pordenone. The Woman taken in Adultery.

Yellow Drawing Room.

Murillo. SS. Justina and Rufina, the potter's daughters of Triana, martyred A.D. 304 for refusing to make earthenware idols. They are painted as simple Spanish *muchachas*, with the *alcarrazas*, or earthenware pots, of the country. From the Soult Collection.

Ante Yellow Drawing Room.

Breckelencamp. An Old Woman's Grace.
Tintoret. A Consistory of Cardinals.

Little Drawing Room.

Hogarth. Portrait of Mr. Porter of Lichfield.
Reynolds. Portrait of Dr. Johnson, without his wig, and very blind.

Passage.

The Marriage of Henry VI.—a curious and interesting picture.

Picture Gallery.—(In the central compartment of the ceiling is St. Crisogono supported by angels, a fine work of Guercino from the soffita of the saint's church in the Trastevere at Rome.)

Spagnoletto. Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus.
Alonzo Cano. God the Father—glorious in colour.
Vandyke. Portrait of a Student.
Velazquez. The Duke of Gandia at the door of the Convent of St. Ognato in Biscay—a poor work of the master.
* *Moroni.* Portrait of a Jesuit—the masterpiece of the gallery.
Titian. The Education of Cupid—from the Odescalchi Collection.
Guercino. St. Gregory the Great.
* *Vandyke.* A noble Portrait of Thomas Howard, Lord Arundel, the great collector, seated in an arm-chair; painted 1635.
Honthorst. Christ before Pilate—a really grand work of the master. From the Palazzo Giustiniani.
Rubens. Sketch for the Marriage of Marie de Medicis in the Louvre.
Philippe de Champagne. Portrait of the Minister Colbert.
Correggio. The Muleteer—said to have been painted as a sign-board, to discharge a tavern-bill. Once in the collection of Queen Christina, and afterwards in the Orleans Gallery.

Paul de la Roche. Lord Strafford receiving the Blessing of Archbishop Laud on his way to Execution.

Albert Dürer. The Death of the Virgin.

Murillo. Abraham and the Angels—who are represented simply as three young men. From the Soult Collection.

* *Raffaelle.* The Cross-bearing—painted for Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici (afterwards Leo X.), and long over a private altar of the Palazzo Medici, afterwards Ricciardi, at Florence.

* *Murillo.* The Prodigal Son—a very noble picture from the Soult Collection.

Carlo Maratti. St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read—a very pretty little picture.

The Green Velvet Drawing Room contains—

Two chairs which belonged to Marie Antoinette in the Petit Trianon, and two admirable studies by *Fra Bartolommeo* and *Paul Veronese*. A picture of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, by *Vandyke*, came from Strawberry Hill.

From St. James's Palace, *St. James's Street*, built in 1670, and at first called Long Street, leads to Piccadilly. From its earliest days it has been popular.

> "The Campus Martius of St. James's Street,
> Where the beaux cavalry pace to and fro,
> Before they take the field in Rotten Row."
>
> *Sheridan.*

On the left, the first building of importance is the *Conservative Club* (the second Tory club), built by *Smirke* and *Basevi*, 1845, and occupying partly the site of the old Thatched House Tavern, celebrated for its literary meetings, and partly that of the house in which Edward Gibbon, the historian of the Roman Empire, died Jan. 16, 1794. No. 64 was the Cocoa-Tree Tavern, mentioned by Addison as "a place where his face is known." No. 69 is *Arthur's*, so called from the proprietor of White's Chocolate House, who died in 1761: the celebrated Kitty Fisher

was maintained by a subscription of the whole club at Arthur's!

On the right, beyond No. 8, where Lord Byron was living in 1811, is the opening of King Street, once celebrated as containing "Almack's," which, opened in 1765, continued to be the fashionable house of entertainment through the early part of the present century, when it figures in most of the novels of the time. But, as "the palmy days of exclusiveness" passed away, it deteriorated, and now, as *Willis's Rooms*, is used for tradesmen's balls. Close by is the *St. James's Theatre*. No. 16 is the house to which Napoleon III. drew the especial attention of the Empress, on his triumphal progress through London as a royal guest, because it had been the home of his exile: a plate in the wall records his residence there.

[Out of King Street open *Bury* (Berry) *Street* and *Duke Street*, ever-crowded nests of bachelors' lodgings, though the prices are rather higher now than they were (1710) when Swift complained to Stella from Bury Street—"I have the first-floor, a dining-room, and bedchamber, at eight shillings a week, *plaguy dear*." Horace Walpole narrates how he stood in Bury Street in the snow, in his slippers and an embroidered suit, to watch a fire at five o'clock in the morning.]

No. 60, on the right of St. James's Street, is *Brooks's Club* (Whig), built by *Holland*, 1778. No. 57 is the *New University Club*.

On the east side of the street, No. 28, is *Boodle's*, the country gentleman's club—"Every Sir John belongs to Boodle's." No. 29 was the house where Gilray the caricaturist committed suicide by throwing himself from an upper

window. No. 37-38 is *White's* (Tory), built by *Wyatt*, the successor of White's Chocolate House (established in 1698),* celebrated for the bets and betting duels of the last century, when it had the reputation of "the most fashionable hell in London." Walpole tells, in illustration of the overwhelming mania for gambling there, that when a man fell into a fit outside the door, bets were taken as to whether he was dead; and when a surgeon wished to save his life by bleeding him, the bettors furiously interposed that they would have no foul play of that kind, and that he was to let the man alone. The fire, in which Mrs. Arthur, wife of the proprietor, leaped out of a second-floor window upon a feather bed unhurt, is commemorated by Hogarth in Plate VI. of the "Rake's Progress."

On the left is *St. James's Place*, where Thomas Parnell the poet lived; also, for a time, Addison; and Samuel Rogers, from 1808 till he died in his ninety-third year, Dec. 18, 1855. In *Park Place*, the next turn on the left, Hume the historian lived in 1769. Then Bennet Street leads into *Arlington Street*, the two streets commemorating the Bennets, Earls of Arlington. In Arlington Street lived Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in the house of her father, the Marquis of Dorchester. Here also (No. 5) was the town house of Sir Robert Walpole, who died in it (1745), leaving it to his son Horace, who lived in it till 1779. He had previously resided in No. 24, where the quaint pillared drawing-room is represented in the second scene of the "Marriage à la Mode." It was in Arlington Street that (in the winter of 1800-1) Lord and Lady Nelson had their final

* White's Chocolate House and St. James's Palace are represented in Plate IV of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress."

quarrel on the subject of Lady Hamilton, after which they never lived together. In No. 16, the house of the Duke of Rutland, Frederick Duke of York died, Jan. 5, 1827.

On the opposite side of St. James's Street opens *Jermyn Street*, which (with St. Alban's Place) commemorates Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's,* the chamberlain of Henrietta Maria, whom scandal asserted to have become her husband after the execution of Charles I. The great Duke of Marlborough was living here, 1665—81, as the handsome Colonel Churchill. It was in the St. James's Hotel in this street that Sir Walter Scott spent some of the last weeks of his life in 1832, and thence that he set off on July 7 for Abbotsford, where he died on July 21.

St. James's Street falls into the important street of *Piccadilly*, which is generally said to derive its queer name from "piccadillies," the favourite turn-down collars of James I., which we see in Cornelius Jansen's pictures. These collars, however, were not introduced before 1617, and in 1596 we find Gerard, the author of the "Herball," already speaking of gathering bugloss in the dry ditches of "Piccadille." Jesse† ingeniously suggests that the fashionable collar may have received its name first from being worn by the dandies who frequented Piccadilla House, which, probably as early as Elizabeth's time, was a fashionable place of amusement (on the site of Panton Square), and that the word, as applied to the house, may come from the Spanish *peccadillo*, literally meaning a venial fault. Clarendon (1641) speaks of Picccadilly Hall as "a fair house for entertainment and gaming, with hand-

* His arms are over the south entrance of St. James's Church. It was his nephew who gave a name to Dover Street.

† Memorials of London, i. 6.

some gravel walks with shade, and where was an upper and lower bowling green, whither very many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted, both for exercise and conversation." Sir John Suckling the poet was one of its gambling frequenters, and Aubrey narrates how his sisters came crying "to Peccadillo Bowling-green, for the fear he should lose all their portions."

Turning eastwards, we find, on the right, *St. James's Church*, built by Wren, 1684. Hideous to ordinary eyes, this church is still admirable in the construction of its roof, which causes the interior to be considered as one of the architect's greatest successes. The marble font is an admirable work of Gibbons: the stem represents the Tree of Knowledge, round which the Serpent twines, who offers the apple to Eve, standing with Adam beneath. The organ was ordered by James II. for his Catholic chapel at Whitehall, and was given to this church by his daughter Mary. The carving here was greatly admired by Evelyn.

"Dec. 10, 1684.—I went to see the new church at St. James's, elegantly built. The altar was especially adorned, the white marble inclosure curiously and richly carved, the flowers and garlands about the walls by Mr. Gibbons, in wood; a pelican, with her young at her breast, just over the altar in the carv'd compartment and border inwironing the purple velvet fringed with IHS richly embroidered, and most noble plate, were given by Sir R. Geare, to the value (as is said) of £200. There was no altar anywhere in England, nor has there been any abroad, more richly adorned."—*Diary*.

The Princess Anne of Denmark was in the habit of attending service in this (then newly built) church, and it was one of the petty insults which William and Mary offered to their sister-in-law (after her refusal to give up Lady Marlborough) to forbid Dr. Birch, the rector, to place

the text upon the cushion in her pew, an order the rector, an especial partisan of the Princess, refused to comply with.

Among the illustrious persons who have been buried here are Charles Cotton, the friend of Izaak Walton, 1687; the two painters Vandevelde; Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope and Gay, the slouching satirist, of whom Swift said that he could "do everything but walk," 1734-5; Mark Akenside, the harsh doctor who wrote the "Pleasures of Imagination," 1770; Michael Dahl, the portrait-painter; Robert Dodsley, footman, poet, and bookseller, 1764; William, the eccentric Duke of Queensberry, known as "Old Q."; the beautiful and brilliant Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany, 1788; James Gilray, the caricaturist, 1815; and Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay, 1833.* In the vestry are portraits of most of the rectors of St. James's, including Tenison, Wake, and Secker, who were afterwards Archbishops of Canterbury. On the outside of the tower, towards Jermyn Street, a tablet commemorates the humble poet-friend of Charles II., who wrote "Pills to purge Melancholy." It is inscribed—"Tom D'Urfey, dyed February 26, 1723."

"I remember King Charles leaning on Tom D'Urfey's shoulders more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that the monarch was not a little supported by 'Joy to great Cæsar,' which gave the Whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the same success, having exposed Bellarmine and Porto-Carrero more than once, in short satirical compositions which have been in everybody's mouth. . . . . Many an honest gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfey."—*Addison. Guardian*, No. 67.

* Removed to Kensal Green: his monument is on the outside of the church

On the other side of Piccadilly, nearly opposite the church, are the *Albany Chambers*, which take their name from the second title of the Duke of York, to whom the principal house once belonged.

"In the quiet avenue of the Albany, memories of the illustrious dead crowd upon you. Lord Byron wrote his 'Lara' here, in Lord Althorpe's chambers; George Canning lived at A. 5, and Lord Macaulay in E. 1; Tom Duncombe in F. 3; Lord Valentia, the traveller, in H. 5; Monk Lewis in K. 1."—*Blanchard Jerrold.*

On the right in returning is *Burlington House*, built by *Banks and Barry*, 1868—74. The inner part towards the courtyard is handsome; that towards the street, and the sides of the building, are spoilt by the heavy meaningless vases by which they are overladen. In the construction of this commonplace edifice, one of the noblest pieces of architecture in London was wantonly destroyed—the portico, built in 1668, of which Sir William Chambers wrote as "one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe," and which Horace Walpole said "seemed one of those edifices in fairy-tales that are raised by genii in a night-time."

The old house (the second on the site) was built from the designs of Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington,* but the portico has been attributed to Colin Campbell. The walls of the interior were painted by Marco Ricci. Handel lived in the house for two years. Alas that we can no longer say with Gay—

> "——Burlington's fair palace still remains;
> Beauty within, without proportion reigns!

* Hogarth's print of "Taste" represents the Gate of Burlington House surmounted by his favourite Kent, with Lord Burlington on a ladder carrying up materials, and Pope whitewashing the gate and splashing the passers-by.

Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated pictures lives;
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein."

Burlington House was bought by the nation in 1854. The central portion of the modern buildings is devoted to the Royal Academy, which was founded in 1768, with Reynolds as President. It consists of forty Academicians and twenty Associates. Their first exhibitions took place in Somerset House, but, after 1838, they were held in the eastern wing of the National Gallery.

The Exhibition opens on May 1, and closes the last week in July. Admission 1s. Catalogues 1s.

The permanent possessions of the Royal Academy include—

Leonardo da Vinci. Cartoon of the Holy Trinity in black chalk.
Michel Angelo. Relief of the Holy Trinity—in which St. John is giving a dove to the infant Saviour, who shrinks into his mother's arms.
Marco d'Oggione. A copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper—from the Certosa of Pavia.

The buildings to the right of the quadrangle on entering are occupied by the Chemical, Geological, and Royal Societies: those to the left by the Linnæan, Astronomical, and Antiquarian Societies.

The *Royal Society* had its origin in weekly meetings of learned men, which were first held in 1645. The early meetings of the Society, under the Presidency of Sir Isaac Newton, were held in Crane Court in Fleet Street. After 1780 the meetings were held in Somerset House till 1857, when the Society moved to Burlington House. It possesses a valuable collection of portraits, including—

Meeting Rooms.

Hogarth. Martin Folkes the Antiquary, who succeeded Sir Hans Sloane as President in 1741.

Phillips. Sir Joseph Banks, President from 1777 to 1820, during which he contributed much to the advancement of science. He is represented in the chair adorned with the arms of the Society, which is still to be seen at the end of the room, and which was given by Sir I. Newton.

"Sir Joseph Banks, who was almost bent double, retained to the last the look of a privy-councillor."—*Hazlitt.*

Jackson. Dr. Wollaston (1776—1828), who made platinum malleable, and is celebrated as having analyzed a lady's tear, which he arrested upon her cheek.

Kneller. Samuel Pepys, author of the well-known "Diary," President from 1684 to 1686. The portrait was presented by Pepys.

Kerseboom. The Hon. Robert Boyle (1627—1691), equally illustrious as a religious and philosophical writer. Given by his executors.

Kneller. Lord Chancellor Somers, elected President in 1702.

Vanderbank. Sir Isaac Newton, President from 1703 to 1727.

> "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
> God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light!"

Lely. Viscount Brouncker (1620—84), illustrious as a mathematician.

Reynolds. Sir J. Pringle, physician to George III., elected President in 1714.

Lawrence. Sir Humphry Davy, the first chemist of his age, elected President in 1820.

Hudson. George, Earl of Macclesfield, who brought about the change from the Old to the New Style, and by whose coach the people used to run shouting, "Give us back our fortnight;" "Who stole the eleven days?"

Kneller. Sir Christopher Wren the architect, 1632—1723.

Home. John Hunter (1728—1793), the great anatomist and surgeon.

Home. J. Ramsden (1735—1800), the great philosophical instrument maker, who, however, worked so slowly that people used to say that if he had to make the trumpets for the Day of Judgment they would not be ready in time.

Chamberlain. Dr. Chandler, the Nonconformist divine, 1693—1756.

Gibson. John Flamsteed (1646—1719), the first astronomer royal

In the *Library* up-stairs are preserved a model of Davy's Safety Lamp made by himself, and many relics of Sir Isaac Newton, the most important being the first complete reflecting *Telescope*, which had so much to do with the evolution of astronomy from astrology, "invented by Sir Isaac Newton, and made with his own hands, 1671." The other relics include a sundial which he carved on the wall of Woolsthorpe Manor-house, near Grantham, where he was born; his telescope, made in 1688; his watch; a lock of his silver hair; various articles carved from the apple-tree which has long played an imaginary part as suggesting his discoveries; and an autograph written as "Warden of the Mint," in which office he was not above speculations in the South Sea Bubble; and a MS.—apparently written by his amanuensis, with interpolations from his own hand—of the "Principia," which occupies the same position to philosophy as the Bible does to religion. There is here a fine bust of Newton by *Roubiliac*, but a cast taken after death shows that the features are too small. A noble bust by *Chantrey* represents Sir J. Banks, the President whose despotic will was law to the Society for forty years, and who transacted the business of the Society at his breakfasts. Mrs. Somerville has the honour of being the only lady whose bust (by *Chantrey*) is placed there. The portraits include—

Paul Vansomer. Lord Chancellor Bacon, 1560—1626.
Sir P. Lely. Robert Boyle—a portrait bequeathed by Newton.
W. Dobson. Thomas Hobbes (1588—1679), the free-thinking philosopher.
J. Murray. Dr. Halley (1656–1742), the mathematician and astronomer.
Jervas. Sir Isaac Newton.

The *Society of Antiquaries* had its origin in an antiquarian society founded by Archbishop Parker in 1572, whose members, including Camden, Cotton, Raleigh, and Stow, met in 1580 at the Heralds' College, though by the close of Elizabeth's reign we hear of the "Collegium Antiquariorum" as assembling at the house of Sir R. Cotton in Westminster. The suspicions of James I. compelled them for a time to suspend all public meetings, and in the beginning of the seventeenth century they met at the "Bear Tavern" in Butchers' Row. In 1707 we find them at the "Young Devil Tavern" in Fleet Street; then, in 1709, hard by at the "Fountain;" and, in 1717, at the "Mitre." On Nov. 2, 1750, George II., who called himself "Founder and Patron," granted a charter of incorporation to the Society, who, in 1753, moved to the Society's house in Chancery Lane. In 1781 apartments in Somerset House were bestowed upon the Society, which they occupied till 1874. The room in which the Society now holds its meetings contains a number of curious ancient portraits, chiefly royal: that of Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV., is by *Hugo Vander Goes*. Here also are copies by *R. Smirke* from the lost historical paintings in St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster. A picture of the Martyrdom of St. Erasmus is interesting as an English work of the fifteenth century. On the *Staircase* is a diptych representing the old St. Paul's, with Paul's Cross, painted by John Gipkym in 1616. The handsome *Library* on the upper floor contains a fine bust of George III. by *Bacon*, and the splendid portrait of Mary I., painted by *Lucas de Heere* in 1554. The queen is represented in a yellow dress with black jewels: the jewel which hangs from the neck still exists in the possession of the Abercorn family.

[At the back of Burlington House are the Palladian buildings of the *New London University*, built from designs of *Pennethorne*, 1868—70.

In *Cork Street*, facing the back of Burlington House, General Wade's house was built by R. Boyle, Earl of Burlington, a house which was so uncomfortable as to make Lord Chesterfield say that if the owner could not be at his ease in it, he had better take a house over against it and *look at it*.]

The *Burlington Arcade* was built by *Ware* for Lord George Cavendish in 1815, and is "famous," as Leigh Hunt says, "for small shops and tall beadles." Just beyond is the little underground newsvendor's, whither Louis Napoleon Buonaparte "would stroll quietly from his house in King Street, St. James's, in the evening, with his faithful dog Ham for his companion, to read the latest news in the last editions of the papers."* Bond Street, Albemarle Street, Dover Street, and Grafton Street occupy the site of Clarendon House and its gardens, built by the Lord Chancellor Earl of Clarendon, who laid out the gardens at a cost of £50,000. He sold the property in 1657 to Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albemarle, who pulled down the house.

Bond Street was built in 1686 by Sir Thomas Bond of Peckham, Comptroller of the Household to Henrietta Maria, as Queen Mother, who was created a baronet by Charles II., and bought part of the Clarendon estate from the Duke of Albemarle. The author of "Tristram Shandy," Laurence Sterne, died at "the Silk Bag Shop," No. 41, March 18, 1768, without a friend near him.

* Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of Napoleon III.," vol. ii.

"No one but a hired nurse was in the room, when a footman, sent from a dinner-table where was gathered a gay and brilliant party—the Dukes of Roxburgh and Grafton, the Earls of March and Ossory, David Garrick and David Hume—to enquire how Dr. Sterne did, was bid to go up stairs by the woman of the shop. He found Sterne just a dying. In ten minutes, 'Now it is come,' he said; he put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute."—*Leslie and Taylor's Life of Sir J. Reynolds.*

No. 134 is the *Grosvenor Gallery*, a Picture Gallery and Restaurant, opened May, 1877, by Sir Coutts Lindsay. It has a doorway by *Palladio*, brought from the Church of St. Lucia at Venice, inserted in an inartistic front of mountebank architecture by *W. T. Sams*. No. 64, at the corner of Brook Street, is a capital modern copy of old Dutch architecture.

In *Albemarle Street*, named from Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albemarle, is the *Royal Institution*, established in 1799, where the threads of science are unravelled by men. At the entrance of the street is the publishing house of John Murray, third in the dynasty of John Murrays, whose house was founded in Fleet Street in 1768, and whose fortunes were made by the *Quarterly Review*.

Dover Street derives its name from Henry Jermyn, Lord Dover. John Evelyn lived on the eastern side of this street, and died there in his eighty-sixth year, Feb. 27, 1705-6.

Beyond the turn into Berkeley Street, a high brick wall hides the great courtyard of *Devonshire House*. The site was formerly occupied by Berkeley House, built by Sir John Berkeley, created Lord Berkeley of Stratton (whence Stratton Street) in 1658. It was to this house that the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne retreated when she quarrelled with William III. in 1693—5.

"The Princess Anne, divested of every vestige of royal rank, lived at Berkeley House, where she and Lady Marlborough amused themselves with superintending their nurseries, playing at cards, and talking treason against Queen Mary and 'her Dutch Caliban,' as they called the hero of Nassau."—*Strickland's Mary II.*

Berkeley House was burnt in 1733, and Devonshire House was built on its site by William Kent for the third Duke of Devonshire.* It is a perfectly unpretending building, with a low pillared entrance-hall, but its winding marble staircase with wide shallow steps is admirably suited to the princely hospitalities of the Cavendishes, and its large gardens with their tall trees give the house an unusual air of seclusion. Of both house and garden the most interesting associations centre around the brilliant crowd which encircled the beautiful Georgiana Spencer, fifth Duchess of Devonshire, whose verses on William Tell produced the lines of Coleridge—

'Oh Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Where learnt you that heroic measure?"

Her traditional purchase of a butcher's vote with a kiss, when canvassing for Fox's election, produced the epigram—

'Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part:
But oh! where'er the pilferer comes, beware,
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart."†

The reception-rooms are handsome, with beautiful ceilings. Few of the pictures are important. Ascending the principal staircase, we may notice—

* Devonshire House is only shown on presentation of a special order from the family.

† History of the Westminster Election, by Lovers of Truth and Justice, 1784.

State Drawing Room.

Paul Veronese. The Adoration of the Magi—a very beautiful picture, full of religious feeling.

Giacomo Bassano. (Over door) Moses and the Burning Bush.

Il Calabrese. Musicians.

Michel Angelo Caravaggio. Musicians.

Cignani. Virgin and Child.

Jordaens. Prince Frederick Henry of Orange and his wife. A capital picture. There is a picturesque feeling unusual with the master in the arch with the vine tendril climbing across, and the parrot pecking at it—both dark against a dark sky, the better to bring out the light on the lady's forehead.

Saloon.

Family Portraits, including the first Duke of Devonshire and the first Lord and Lady Burlington, by *Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

Green Drawing Room.

Salvator Rosa. Jacob's Dream—a poetical picture. The angels ascending and descending are poised upon the ladder by the power of their wings.

Dining Room.

Sir P. Lely. Portrait of a Sculptor.

Dobson. (The first great English portrait-painter) Sir Thomas Browne, the author of "Religio Medici," with his wife and several of his children. She had ten, and lived very happily with her husband for forty-one years, though at the time of their marriage he had just published his opinion that "man is the whole world, but woman only the rib or crooked part of man."

Frank Hals. Portrait of Himself.

Vandyke. Margaret, Countess of Carlisle, and her little daughter. Very carefully painted and originally conceived.

Vandyke. Eugenia Clara Isabella, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, as widow of the Archduke Albert.

Vandyke. A Lady in a yellow dress.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. Lord Richard Cavendish.

Vandyke. Lord Strafford.

Blue Velvet Room.

Murillo. The Infant Moses.

Guercino. Christ on the Mount of Olives.

Guido Reni. Perseus and Andromeda.

Beyond Devonshire House, Piccadilly has only houses on one side, which look into the Green Park. After passing Clarges Street, named from Sir Walter Clarges (nephew of Anne Clarges, the low-born wife of General Monk), we may notice No. 80 as the house whence Sir Francis Burdett was taken to the Tower, April 6, 1810; at the corner of Bolton Row (No. 82) *Bath House*, rebuilt in 1821 for Lord Ashburton; and No. 94, with a courtyard, now a Naval and Military Club, as *Cambridge House*, where Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge, youngest son of George III., died July 8, 1850. On the balcony of No. 138, on fine days in summer, used to sit the thin withered old figure of the Duke of Queensberry, "with one eye, looking on all the females that passed him, and not displeased if they returned him whole winks for his single ones."* He was the last grandee in England who employed running footmen, and he used to try their paces by watching and timing them from his balcony as they ran up and down Piccadilly in his liveries. One day a new footman was running on trial, and acquitted himself splendidly. "You will do very well for me," said the Duke. "And your grace's livery will do very well for me," replied the footman, and gave a last proof of his fleetness of foot by running away with it.†

Half-Moon Street, so called from a tavern, leads into *Curzon Street* (named from George Augustus Curzon, third Viscount Howe), associated in the recollection of so many living persons with the charming parties of the sisters Mary and Agnes Berry, who died in 1852 equally

* Leigh Hunt.

† See Notes and Queries, 2nd series, i. 9.

honoured and beloved. They lived at No. 8, where Murrell, their servant, used to set up a lamp over their door, as a sign when they had "too many women" at their parties: a few habitués of the male sex, however, knew that they could still come in, whether the lamp was lighted or not. "The day may be distant," says Lord Houghton, "before social tradition forgets the house in Curzon Street where dwelt the Berrys." *

> "Our English grandeur on the shelf
> Deposed its decent gloom,
> And every pride unloosed itself
> Within that modest room,
> Where none were sad, and few were dull,
> And each one said his best,
> And beauty was most beautiful
> With vanity at rest."—*Monckton Milnes.*

Chantrey lived in an attic of No. 24, Curzon Street, and modelled several of his busts there.

All the streets north of Piccadilly now lead into the district of *Mayfair*, which takes its name from a fair which used to be held in Shepherd's Market and its surrounding streets.

At the corner of Park Lane (once Tyburn Lane!) is *Gloucester House*, where Mary, Duchess of Gloucester, died, April 30, 1857. This was the house to which Lord Elgin brought the Elgin Marbles, and which was called by Byron the

> "general mart
> For all the mutilated blocks of art."

In No. 1, Hamilton Place (named from James Hamilton, ranger of Hyde Park under Charles II.) lived the great

* Monographs.

Lord Eldon. Just beyond we may notice No. 139, Piccadilly Terrace, as the house in which the separation between Lord and Lady Byron took place.

Returning to *Berkeley Street* (named from John, Lord Berkeley of Stratton, Lord Deputy of Ireland in the time of Charles II.), we may remember that it was the London residence of Alexander Pope. On the left is *Lansdowne Passage*, a stone alley sunk in the gardens of Lansdowne House, leading to Bolton Row. The bar which crosses its entrance is a curious memorial of London highwaymen, having been put up in the last century to prevent their escape that way, after a mounted highwayman had ridden full gallop up the steps, having fled through Bolton Row, after robbing his victims in Piccadilly. This is "the dark uncanny-looking passage" described by Trollope in "Phineas Redux" with a persistency which almost impresses the fact as real, as the scene of Mr. Bonteen's murder—"It was on the steps leading up from the passage to the level of the ground above that the body was found."

On the right is *Hay Hill*, where Sir Thomas Wyatt's head was exhibited on a long pole after the rebellion of 1554, his quarters being set up in various other parts of the City. It was here that George IV. and the Duke of York were stopped as young men, in a hackney coach, by a robber who held a pistol at their heads, while he demanded their money, but had to go away disappointed, for they could only muster half-a-crown between them.

On the left a heavy screen of foliage gives almost the seclusion of the country to *Lansdowne House*, which stands in a large garden approached by gates decorated with the bee-hives which are the family crest. The house was built

by Robert Adam for the prime-minister Lord Bute, and, while still unfinished, was sold to William Petty, Earl of Shelburne, who became prime-minister on the death of Lord Rockingham, and upon whom the title of Marquis of Lansdowne was conferred by Pitt, from Lansdowne Hill, near Bath, part of the property of his wife, Sophia, daughter of John, Earl Granville. The ancient statues in Lansdowne House were collected at Rome by Gavin Hamilton in the last century; the collection of pictures was formed by the third Marquis of Lansdowne.

Lansdowne House is not shown except by special order.

In the *Entrance Hall* we may notice—

Over the chimney-piece. Esculapius—a noble relief.
A Bust of Jupiter.
A Marble Seat, dedicated to Apollo, with the sacred serpent.

In the *Ball Room*—

Diomed holding the palladium in one hand—much restored.
Mercury—a bust.
Juno—a seated figure, much restored, but with admirable drapery.
Jason fastening his sandal.
* Mercury—a glorious and entirely beautiful statue, found at the Torre Columbaro on the Via Appia. Portions of the arms and of the right leg, and the left foot, are restorations.
Marcus Aurelius, as Mars, wearing only the chlamys.
Colossal bust of Minerva.

In the *Dining Room* is—

A Sleeping Female Figure, the beautiful last work of *Canova*.

Of the *Pictures* we may especially notice—

Ante-Room.

Gonzales. An Architect and his Wife—full of character.
Eckhardt (in a beautiful frame by Gibbons). Sir Robert Walpole and

his first wife, Catherine Shorter. Their house of Houghton, represented in the background, and the dogs, are by *John Wootton*. From the Strawberry Hill Collection.

Raeburn. Portrait of Francis Horner.

Sir T. Lawrence. Portrait of the third Marquis of Lansdowne.

Sitting Room.

Rembrandt. His own Portrait.

Reynolds. Mary Teresa, Countess of Ilchester (mother of the third Marchioness of Lansdowne), and her two eldest daughters.

Tintoretto. Portrait of Andrew Doria.

Ostade. Skating on a canal in Holland—full of truth and beauty.

Library.

Reynolds. Kitty Fisher, with a bird.

Reynolds. Portrait of Garrick.

Jervas. Portrait of Pope.

Jackson. Portrait of Flaxman.

Reynolds. Portrait of Sterne.

"When Sterne sat to Reynolds, he had not written the stories of *Le Fevre*, *The Monk*, or *The Captive*, but was known only as 'a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.' In this matchless portrait, with all its expression of intellect and humour, there is a sly look for which we are prepared by the insidious mixture of so many abominations with the finest wit in *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*, nor is the position of the figure less characteristic than the expression of the face. It is easy, but it has not the easiness of health. Sterne props himself up. . . . . While he was sitting to Reynolds, his wig had contrived to get itself a little on one side; and the painter, with that readiness in taking advantage of accident to which we owe so many of the delightful novelties in his works, painted it so, ... and it is surprising what a Shandean air this venial impropriety of the wig gives to its owner."—*Leslie and Taylor's Life of Sir J. Reynolds.*

Gainsborough. Portrait of Dr. Franklin. (A replica of this picture has been exhibited as a portrait of Surgeon-General Middleton, who died in 1785; but from the resemblance of this portrait to the miniature given by Franklin to his friend Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, there can be no doubt whom it represents.)

Reynolds. Portrait of Horace Walpole.

Giorgione. Portrait of Sansovino, the Venetian architect.

Vandyke. Henrietta Maria.

Drawing Room.

Reynolds. Portrait of Lady Anstruther.

Guercino. The Prodigal Son—from the Palazzo Borghese.

Rembrandt. A Lady in a ruff: dated 1642.

Reynolds. The Sleeping Girl (a replica).

* *Sebastian del Piombo.* A noble Portrait of Count Federigo da Bizzola—purchased from the Ghizzi family at Naples. The gem of the collection.

Domenichino. St. Cecilia—once in the Borghese Gallery, afterwards in the collection of the Duke of Lucca.

"St. Cecilia here combines the two characters of Christian martyr and patroness of music. Her tunic is of a deep red with white sleeves, and on her head she wears a kind of white turban, which, in the artless disposition of its folds, recalls the linen headdress in which her body was found, and no doubt was intended to imitate it. She holds the viol gracefully, and you almost hear the tender tones she draws from it; she looks up to heaven; her expression is not ecstatic, as of one listening to the angels, but devout, tender, melancholy—as one who anticipated her fate, and was resigned to it; she is listening to her own song, and her song is, 'Thy will be done.'"—*Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art.*

Reynolds. The Girl with a muff (a replica).

Velazquez. Portraits of Himself, the Duke of Olivares, and an Infant of Spain in its cradle.

Lodovico Carracci. The Agony in the Garden—from the Giustiniani Collection.

Murillo. The Conception.

Reynolds. Portrait of Elizabeth Drax, fourth Countess of Berkeley.

Berkeley Square, built 1698, and named from Berkeley House in Piccadilly (see Devonshire House), has the best trees of any square in London. They are all planes, the only trees which thoroughly enjoy a smoky atmosphere. It was in No. 11 that Horace Walpole died in 1797. No. 44 has a noble staircase erected by Kent for Lady Isabella Finch. In No. 45 the great Lord Clive, founder of the British Empire in India, committed suicide, November 22, 1774. No. 50 has obtained a great notoriety in late years

as the "Haunted House in Berkeley Square," about which there have been such strange stories and surmises. Many of the houses in this and in Grosvenor Square retain, in the fine old ironwork in front of their doors, the extinguishers employed to put out the flambeaux which the footmen used to carry lighted at the back of the carriages during a night drive through the streets. Ben Jonson speaks of those thieves of the night who—

> "Their prudent insults to the poor confine
> Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
> And shun the shining train, and golden coach;"

and Gay says—

> "Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
> Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall-Mall,
> When in long rank a train of torches flame,
> To light the midnight visits of the dame."

One of the best examples is that at No. 45, where the doorplate of the Earl of Powis is, with the exception of that of Lady Willoughby de Broke in Hill Street, the only remaining example of the old aristocratic doorplates, which were once universal.

Near the entrance of *Charles Street, Berkeley Square*, we may notice the tavern sign of the *Running Footman*—"I am the only Running Footman"—only too popular with the profession, which shows the dress worn by the running retainers of the last century, who have left nothing but their name to the stately flunkeys of the present.

Just behind Berkeley Square, at the north-east corner, in Davies Street, is *Bourdon House*, preserved through all the vicissitudes of this part of London as having been the

little manor-house in the country which was the home of Miss Mary Davies, whose marriage with Sir Thomas Grosvenor in 1676 resulted in the enormous wealth of his family through the value to which her paternal acres rose. Her farm is commemorated in the rural names of many neighbouring streets—Farm Street, Hill Street, Hay Hill, Hay Mews.

In Berkeley Square.

In front of this house, *Mount Street* (named from Oliver's Mount, part of the fortifications raised round London by the Parliament in 1643) and Charles Street (right) lead into *Grosvenor Square*, which has for a century and a half maintained the position of the most fashionable place of residence in London. No. 39 was the house in which "the Cato Street conspirators" under Arthur Thistlewood

arranged (February 23, 1820) to murder the Ministers of the Crown while they were dining with Lord Harrowby, President of the Council. "It will be a rare haul to murder them all together," Thistlewood exclaimed at their final meeting, and bags were actually produced in which the heads of Lord Sidmouth and Lord Castlereagh were to be brought away, after which the cavalry barracks were to be fired, and the Bank of England and the Tower taken by the people, who, it was hoped, would rise on the news. The ministers were warned, and the conspirators seized in a loft in Cato Street,* Marylebone Road, only a few hours before their design was to have been carried out. Thistlewood and his four principal accomplices were tried for high treason, and, after a most ingenious defence in a speech of five hours by John Adolphus, were condemned and hanged at the Old Bailey.

"Before their execution it occurred to Adolphus to ask each of his clients for an autograph. One of them, J. T. Brent, wrote—

'Let S———h and his base colleagues
Cajole and plot their dark intrigues,
Still each Britton's last words shall be
Oh give me Death or Liberty.'

"Much amusement was excited by the caution as to the name of Sidmouth in one whose sentence of death would at least save him an action for libel."—*See Henderson's Recollections of John Adolphus.*

The old ironwork and flambeau extinguishers before many of the doors in Grosvenor Square deserve notice. In the last century the nobility were proud of their flambeaux, and it is remarkable that the aristocratic Square refused to

* The name was foolishly changed to Homer Street to obliterate the recollection of the conspiracy.

adopt the use of gas till compelled to do so by force of public opinion in 1842, Pall Mall having been lighted with gas from 1807.

Grosvenor Square is crossed by the two great arteries of Grosvenor Street and Brook Street. William, Duke of Cumberland, died (October 31, 1765) in *Upper Grosvenor Street.* No. 33, with a courtyard, separated from the street by a stone colonnade with handsome metal gates (by Cundy, 1842) is *Grosvenor House* (Duke of Westminster), once, as Gloucester House, inhabited by the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. Its noble collection of pictures can only be seen by a personal order of admission from the Duke of Westminster. The pictures, which are all hung in the delightful rooms constantly occupied by the family, are most generously shown between the hours of eleven and one to all who have provided themselves with tickets by application. We may notice—

Dining Room.

2. *Benjamin West.* The Death of General Wolfe, while heading the attack on Quebec, Sept. 13, 1759. The picture is of great interest, as that in which West (whom Reynolds had vainly endeavoured to dissuade from so great a risk) gained the first victory over the ludicrous "classic taste" which had hitherto crushed all historic art under the costume of the Greeks and Romans.

7, 19. *Claude Lorraine.* "Morning" and "Evening."

8, 17. *Rembrandt.* Noble Portraits of Nicholas Berghem, the landscape-painter and his wife, who was daughter of the painter Jan Wels, 1647.

12, 18. *Claude.* Two Landscapes, called, from the Roman buildings introduced, "The Rise and Decline of the Roman Empire."

13. *Claude.* The Worship of the Golden Calf.

15. *Rubens.* A Flemish Landscape in Harvest-time.

16. *Rembrandt.* His own Portrait, at twenty, in a soldier's dress.

23. *Rembrandt.* Portrait of a Man with a hawk, 1643.

25. *Hogarth.* "The Distressed Poet." The landlady is furiously exhibiting her bill to the bewildered poet and his simple-minded wife.

27. *Hogarth.* A Boy endeavouring to rescue his kite from a raven, which is tearing it, while entangled in a bush.

26. *Claude.* The Sermon on the Mount.

28. *Claude.* One of his most beautiful Landscapes.

31. *Rembrandt.* A Lady with a fan—a noble portrait.

Saloon.

39. *Cuyp.* A River Scene near Dort—in a haze of golden light.

40. *Rembrandt.* "The Salutation." Elizabeth is receiving the Virgin, whose veil is being removed by a negress. The aged Zacharias is being assisted down the steps of the house by a boy. This picture, which formerly belonged to the King of Sardinia, was brought to England in 1812. It is signed, and dated 1640.

42. *Paul Potter.* A Scene of Pollard Willows and Cattle, painted at Dort for M. Van Singelandt.

48. *Guido Reni.* The Madonna watching the sleeping Child—a subject frequently repeated by the master.

50. *Andrea del Sarto.* Portrait of the Contessina Mattei.

53. *Murillo.* St. John and the Lamb—constantly repeated by the master.

69. *Giulio Romano.* St. Luke painting the Virgin.

72. *Murillo.* The Infant Christ asleep—a most lovely picture.

74. *A. Van der Werff.* The Madonna laying the sleeping Child upon the ground—a singular picture, with wonderful power of chiaro-oscuro.

75. *Garofalo (?).* A "Riposo."

Small Drawing Room.

* *Gainsborough.* "The Blue Boy" (Master Buttall)—the noblest portrait ever painted by the master, who chose the colour of the dress to disprove the assertion of Reynolds that a predominance of blue in a picture was incompatible with high art.

83. *Teniers.* The Painter and his wife (Anne Breughel) discoursing with their old gardener at the door of his cottage, close to the artist's château, which is seen in the background. Painted in 1649.

85. *Gainsborough.* A stormy sea, with a woman selling fish upon the shore—unusual for the master.

* *Sir J. Reynolds.* The glorious Portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, painted in 1785. The want of colour in the face is owing

to the great actress's own request at her last sitting that Sir Joshua would "not heighten that tone of complexion so accordant with the chilly and concentrated musings of pale melancholy." Remorse and Pity appear like ghosts in the background. Reynolds inscribed his name on the border of the drapery, telling Mrs. Siddons that he could not resist the opportunity of going down to posterity on the hem of her garment.

92. *Vandyke.* The Virgin and Child with St. Catherine. A very beautiful work of the master after his return from Italy—from the Church of the Recollets at Antwerp.

Large Drawing Room.

95. *Rembrandt.* A Landscape, with figures by Teniers.

98. *Guido Reni.* "La Fortuna"—a repetition of the picture at Rome.

100. *Raffaelle (?).* Holy Family—from the Agar Collection.

101. *Velazquez.* The Infante Don Balthazar of Spain on horseback, attended by Don Gaspar de Guzman, the Conde de Olivares, and others. The king and queen are seen on the balcony of the riding school.

102. *Titian.* Jupiter and Antiope—the landscape is said to be Cadore.

105. *Rubens.* The Painter and his first wife, Elizabeth Brand, as Pausias and Glycera—the inventor of garlands. The flowers are by *J. Breughel.*

106. *Andrea Sacchi.* St. Bruno.

110. *Giovanni Bellini (?).* Madonna and Child, with four saints.

Rubens Room.

113. The Israelites gathering Manna.

114. The Meeting of Abraham and Melchizedek.

115. The Four Evangelists.

Three of the nine pictures painted in 1629 for Philip IV., who presented them to the Duc of Olivarez for a Carmelite convent which he had founded at Loeches, near Madrid. These belong to the seven pictures carried off by the French in 1808: two still remain at Loeches.

"As a striking instance of a mistaken style of treatment, we may turn to the famous group of the Four Evangelists by Rubens, grand, colossal, standing or rather moving figures, each with his emblem, if emblems they can be called, which are almost as full of reality as nature itself: the ox so like life, that we expect him to bellow at us; the mag-

nificent lion flourishing his tail, and looking at St. Mark as if about to roar at him! and herein lies the mistake of the great painter, that, for the religious and mysterious emblem, he has substituted the creatures themselves; this being one of the instances, not unfrequent in art, in which the literal truth becomes a manifest falsehood."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

Murillo. Laban coming to search the tent of Jacob for his stolen gods.

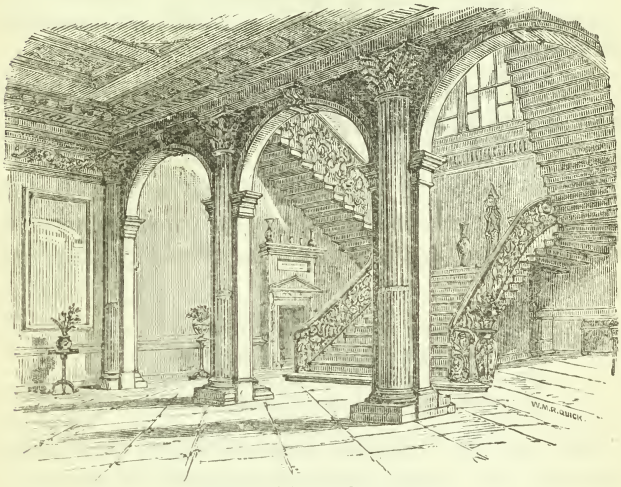
Ante Drawing Room.

117. *Gainsborough.* "The Cottage Door."
119. *Fra Bartolommeo.* Holy Family.
121. *Sir J. Reynolds.* Portrait of Mrs. Hartley the actress.
125. *Domenichino.* Meeting of David and Abigail.
130. *Albert Dürer.* A Hare.

Brook Street is so called from the Tye Bourne whose course it marks. No. 57, four doors from Bond Street, was the house of George Frederick Handel, the famous composer, who used to give rehearsals of his oratorios there.

North and south through Grosvenor Square runs Audley Street, so called from Hugh Audley, *ob.* 1662. No. 72, *South Audley Street* was the house of Alderman Wood, where Queen Caroline resided on her return from Italy in 1820, and from the balcony of which she used to show herself to the people. Spencer Perceval was born in the recess of the eastern side of the street, called *Audley Square*, in 1762. At the bottom of South Audley Street, in *Mayfair* (so named in 1721, from a fair which began on May Day), gates and a courtyard lead to *Chesterfield House* (Charles Magniac, Esq.), built by Ware in 1749 for Philip, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, on land belonging to Curzon, Lord Howe (whence Chesterfield Street, Stanhope Street, and Curzon Street). It has a noble marble staircase with a bronze balustrade, which, as well as the portico, was brought from Canons, the seat of the Duke

of Chandos at Edgeware. The curious *Library* still remains where Lord Chesterfield wrote his celebrated Letters, of which Dr. Johnson said, "Take out their immorality, and they should be put into the hands of every gentleman." The busts and pictures which once made the room so



Staircase of Chesterfield House.

interesting have been removed, but under the cornice still run the lines from Horace—

"Nunc . veterum . libris . nunc . somno . et . inertibus . horis
Ducere . solicitæ . jucunda . oblivia . vitæ."

"We shall never recall that princely room without fancying Chesterfield receiving in it a visit of his only child's mother—while probably some new favourite was sheltered in the dim, mysterious little boudoir within."—*Quarterly Review*, No. 152.

Lord Chesterfield was one of the first English patrons of French cookery: his cook was La Chapelle, a descend-

ant of the famous cook of Louis XIV. Chesterfield died in the house in 1773, and in accordance with his Will was interred in the nearest burial-ground (that of Grosvenor Chapel), but was afterwards removed to Shelford in Nottinghamshire.

"Lord Chesterfield's entrance into the world was announced by his *bon mots;* and his closing lips dropped repartees, that sparkled with his juvenile fire."—*Horace Walpole.*

The *Garden* of Chesterfield House, mentioned by Beckford as "the finest private garden in London," has been lamentably curtailed of late years.

In the vaults of *Grosvenor Chapel* is still buried Ambrose Philips (1762), described by Lord Macaulay as "a good Whig, and a middling poet," and ridiculed by Pope as

"The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown;
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown;
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year.

Here also rests Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1762), who introduced the Turkish remedy of inoculation for the smallpox (practising it first upon her own children), and who was the authoress of the charming "Letters" which have been so often compared with those of Madame de Sévigné. A tablet commemorates "John Wilkes, a Friend of Liberty" (1797). This chapel is one of the places where public thanksgivings were returned (1781) for the acquittal of Lord George Gordon.

North Audley Street and Orchard Street lead in a direct line to *Portman Square*, so called from having been built on the property of William Henry Portman of Orchard

Portman in Somersetshire (died 1796). Dorset Square, Orchard Street, Blandford Square, and Bryanston Square, on this property, take their names from country houses of the Portman family. No. 34 (Sir Edward Blackett, Bart.), prepared for the marriage of William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, with Lady Waldegrave in 1766, has a beautiful drawing-room decorated by the brothers Adam, and hung with exquisite tapestry. The detached house at the north-west angle is Montagu House, which became celebrated from the parties of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, the "Queen of the Blues," who here founded the Bas Bleu Society, whence the expression Blue Stocking. Her rooms, decorated with feather hangings to which all her friends contributed, are celebrated by Cowper.

> "The birds put off their every hue,
> To dress a room for Montagu.
> * * * * * *
> This plumage neither dashing shower,
> Nor blasts that shake the dripping bower,
> Shall drench again or discompose,
> But screened from every storm that blows,
> It boasts a splendour ever new,
> Safe with protecting Montagu."

"Mrs. Montagu was qualified to preside in her circle, whatever subject was started; but her manner was more dictatorial and sententious than conciliatory or diffident. There was nothing feminine about her; and though her opinions were generally just, yet the organ which conveyed them was not soft or harmonious."—*Sir N. Wraxall.*

Johnson used to laugh at her, but said, "I never did her serious harm; nor would I,—though I could give her a bite; but she must provoke me much first."

In the garden which surrounds the house Mrs. Montagu used to collect the chimney-sweeps of London every May

Day and give them a treat, saying that they should have at least one happy day in the year. Her doing so originated in her discovering, in the disguise of a chimney-sweep, Edward Wortley Montagu (Lady Mary's son), who had run away from Westminster School. Mrs. Montagu died in 1800, aged eighty: she is commemorated in Montagu Square and Street.

Baker Street, which leads north from Portman Square, contains *Madame Tussaud's famous Exhibition of Waxwork Figures*. Many of these, especially those relating to the French Revolution, were modelled from life, or death, by Madame Tussaud, who was herself imprisoned and in danger of the guillotine, with Madame Beauharnais and her child Hortense as her associates.

Seymour Street and *Wigmore Street** lead west to Cavendish Square. On the left is *Manchester Square*, containing *Hertford House*, the large brick mansion and *Picture Gallery* of Sir Richard Wallace, who inherited it from Lord Hertford. The pictures, which are not shown to the public, include several good works of Murillo, some fine specimens of the Dutch School, and the "Nelly O'Brien," "Mrs. Braddyl," "Mrs. Hoare," and other works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The residence here of the second Marchioness of Hertford will recall Moore's lines—

> "Oh, who will repair unto Manchester Square,
> And see if the lovely Marchesa be there,
> And bid her to come, with her hair darkly flowing,
> All gentle and juvenile, crispy and gay,
> In the manner of Ackermann's dresses for May?"

Cavendish Square, laid out in 1717, takes its name

* Wigmore Street and Wimpole Street derive their names from country-seats of the Earls of Oxford.

(with the neighbouring Henrietta Street and Holles Street) from Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, who married, in 1713, Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford. In the centre stood till lately a statue of William Duke of Cumberland (1721—65), erected in 1770 by his friend General Strode. On the south side is a statue of Lord George Bentinck, 1848. The two houses at the north-east and north-west angles were intended as the extremities of the wings of the huge mansion of the great Duke of Chandos, by which he intended to occupy the whole north side of the square, but the project was cut short by his dying of a broken heart in consequence of the death of his infant heir, while he was being christened with the utmost magnificence. On the west is *Harcourt House*, built 1722 for Lord Bingley, and bought after his death by the Earl of Harcourt, who sold it to the Duke of Portland.* It has a courtyard and *porte-cochère*, like those in the Faubourg St. Germain. At No. 24 lived and painted George Romney, always called by Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom he had the honour of rivalling, "the man of Cavendish Square." Princess Amelia, daughter of George II., lived in the large house at the corner of Harley Street. In No. 24, Holles Street Lord Byron was born in 1788. There is little more worth noticing in the frightful district to the north of Oxford Street, which, with the exception of the two squares we have been describing, *generally* marks the limits of fashionable society. We may take Harley Street as a fair specimen of

* The neighbouring Welbeck Street and Bolsover Street are named from country-houses of the Portland family; but the great mass of streets in this neighbourhood—Bentinck Street, Holles Street, Vere Street, Margaret Street, Cavendish Street, Harley Street, Foley Place, Weymouth Street—commemorate the junction of the great Bloomsbury and Marylebone estates by the marriage of William Bentinck, Duke of Portland, with Margaret Cavendish Harley in 1734.

this dreary neighbourhood, with the grim rows of expressionless uniform houses, between which and "unexceptionable society" Dickens draws such a vivid parallel in "Little Dorrit." Taine shows it us from a Frenchman's point of view.

"From Regent's Park to Piccadilly a funereal vista of broad interminable streets. The footway is macadamised and black. The monotonous rows of buildings are of blackened brick: the window-panes flash in black shadows. Each house is divided from the street by its railings and area. Scarcely a shop, certainly not one pretty one: no plate-glass fronts, no prints. How sad we should find it! Nothing to catch or amuse the eye. Lounging is out of the question. One must work at home, or hurry by under an umbrella to one's office or club."—*Notes sur l'Angleterre.*

Though *Oxford Street* was the high-road to the University, it derives its name from Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, owner of the manor of Tyburn. It was formerly called the Tyburn Road, and in 1729 was only enclosed by houses on its northern side. Besides those already mentioned, we need only notice, of its side streets on this side Regent Street, *Stratford Place*, where the Lord Mayor's Banqueting House stood, which was pulled down in 1737. Thither the Lord Mayor occasionally came "to view the conduits, and afore dinner they hunted the Hare, and killed her, and thence to dinner at the head of the conduit, and after dinner they went to hunting the Fox."* The end house in Stratford Place, which belonged to Cosway, the miniature painter, has a beautiful ceiling by Angelica Kauffmann.

Oxford Street leads to the north-eastern corner of Hyde Park, which is entered at Cumberland Gate by the *Marble Arch*—one of our national follies—a despicable caricature

* Strype.

of the Arch of Constantine, originally erected by Nash at a cost of £75,000, as an approach to Buckingham Palace, and removed hither (when the palace was enlarged in 1851) at a cost of £4,340.

At this corner of Hyde Park, where the angle of Connaught Place now stands, was the famous "Tyburn Tree," sometimes called the "Three-Legged Mare," being a triangle on three legs, where the public executions took place till they were transferred to Newgate in 1783. The manor of Tyburn took its name from the Tye Bourne or brook, which rose under Primrose Hill, and the place was originally chosen for executions because, though on the high-road to Oxford, it was remote from London. The condemned were brought hither in a cart from Newgate—

"thief and parson in a Tyburn cart," *

the prisoner usually carrying the immense nosegay which, by old custom, was presented to him on the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, and having been refreshed with a bowl of ale at St. Giles's. The cart was driven underneath the gallows, and, after the noose was adjusted, was driven quickly away by Jack Ketch the hangman, so that the prisoner was left suspended.† Death by this method was much slower and more uncertain than it has been since the drop was invented, and there have been several cases in which animation has been restored after the prisoner was cut down. Around the place of execution were raised galleries which were let to spectators; they were destroyed by the disappointed mob who had engaged them when Dr.

* Prologue by Dryden, 1684

† The scene is depicted in Hogarth's "Idle Apprentice executed at Tyburn."

Henesey was reprieved in 1758. One Mammy Douglas, who kept the key of the boxes, bore the name of the "Tyburn Pewopener."* The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were buried under the Tyburn tree after hanging there for a day. Some bones discovered in 1840, on removing the pavement close to Arklow House, at the south-west angle of the Edgeware Road, are supposed to have been theirs. On the house at the corner of Upper Bryanston Street and the Edgeware Road the iron balconies remained till 1785, whence the sheriffs used to watch the executions.† Amongst the reminiscences of executions at Tyburn are those connected with—

1388. Judge Tressilian and Sir N. Brembre, for treason.

1499. Perkin Warbeck (Richard, Duke of York?), nominally for attempting to escape from the Tower.

1534. The Maid of Kent and her confederates, for prophesying Divine vengeance on Henry VIII. for his treatment of Catherine of Arragon.

1535. Houghton, the last Prior of the Charterhouse, and several of his monks, for having spoken against the spoliation of Church lands by Henry VIII.

1595. Robert Southwell, the Jesuit poet and author of "Saint Peter's Complaynt," "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Teares," &c., cruelly martyred for his faith under Elizabeth—"Mother of the Church"—after having been imprisoned for three years in the Tower and ten times put to the torture.

1615 (Nov. 14). The beautiful Mrs. Anne Turner, for her part in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, hanged in a yellow cobweb lawn ruff, with a black veil over her face.

1623. John Felton, murderer of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. His body was afterwards hung in chains at Portsmouth.

1661. On the 30th of January, the first anniversary of the execution of Charles I. after the Restoration, the bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, having been exhumed on the day before from Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, and taken to the Red Lion in Holborn, were

* Timbs, "Curiosities of London."

† Footnote to the engraving of Tyburn Gallows, by William Capon, 1783.

dragged hither on sledges and hanged till sunset. Then, being cut down, they were beheaded, their heads set on poles over Westminster Hall, and their bodies buried beneath the gallows.

1661, Jan. 30. "This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgements of God!) were the carcasses of those arch rebells Cromwell, Bradshaw the judge who condemn'd his Majestie, and Ireton, son-in-law to ye Usurper, dragg'd out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the kings, to Tyburne, and hang'd on the gallows from 9 in ye morning till 6 at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deepe pitt; thousands of people who had seene them in all their pride being spectators. Looke back at Nov. 22, 1658 (Oliver's funeral), and be astonish'd! and feare God and honor ye Kinge; but meddle not with them who are given to change."—*Evelyn's Diary.*

1661 (Oct. 19). Hacker and Axtell, the regicides.

1662 (April 19). Okey, Barkstead, and Corbett, regicides.

1676 (March 16). Thomas Sadler, for stealing the purse and mace of the Lord Chancellor from his house in Great Queen Street.

1681. Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, on a ridiculous accusation of plotting to bring over a French army against the Irish Protestants.

1684 (June 20). Sir Thomas Armstrong, for the Rye House Plot. His head was set over Temple Bar.

1705 (Dec. 12). John Smith, who, a reprieve arriving when he had hung for a quarter of an hour, was cut down, when he came to life, "to the great admiration of the spectators."

1724 (Nov. 16). The notorious Jack Sheppard—in the presence of 200,000 spectators.

1725 (May 24). Jonathan Wild, who, at his execution, "picked the parson's pocket of his corkscrew, which he carried out of the world in his hand."

1726. Katherine Hayes, for the murder of her husband—burnt alive by the fury of the people.

1753 (June 7). Dr. Archibald Cameron, for his part at Preston-Pans.

1760 (May 5). Earl Ferrers, for the murder of his steward. A drop was first used on this occasion. By his own wish the condemned wore his wedding dress, and came from Newgate in his landau with six horses. He was hanged with a silken rope, for which the executioners afterwards fought.

1761 (Sept. 16). Mrs. Brownrigg, for whipping her female apprentice to death in Fetter Lane.

1772. The two Perreaus, for forgery.

1774 (Nov. 30). John Rann, alias "Sixteen-Stringed Jack," a noted highwayman, for robbing the Princess Amelia's chaplain in Gunners-

bury Lane. He suffered in a pea-green coat, with an immense nosegay in his hand.

1777 (June 27). The Rev. Dr. Dodd, for a forgery on the Earl of Chesterfield for £4,200.

1779 (April 19). The Rev. J. Hackman, for the murder of Miss Reay in the Piazza at Covent Garden. He was brought from Newgate in a mourning-coach instead of a cart.

1783 (August 29). Ryland the engraver, for a forgery on the East India Company.

1783 (Nov. 7). John Austen, the last person hung at Tyburn.

[Tyburn still gives a name to the white streets and squares of *Tyburnia*, which are wholly devoid of interest or beauty. Farther west, Westbourne Park and Westbourne Grove take their name from the West Bourne, as the Tye Bourne was called in its later existence. The district called *Bayswater* was Bayard's Watering Place, connected with Bainardus, a Norman follower of the Conqueror, also commemorated in Baynard's Castle. In a burial-ground facing Hyde Park (belonging to St. George's, Hanover Square) was buried Laurence Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy," &c., 1768.

"Sterne, after being long the idol of the town, died in a mean lodging, without a single friend who felt interest in his fate, except Becket, his bookseller, who was the only person who attended his interment. He was buried in a graveyard near Tyburn, in the parish of Marylebone, and the corpse, having been marked by some of the *resurrection-men* (as they are called), was taken up soon afterwards, and carried to an anatomy professor of Cambridge. A gentleman who was present at the dissection told me (Malone) he recognised Sterne's face the moment he saw the body."—*Sir James Prior's Life of Edmund Malone*, 1860.

"Sterne was a great jester, not a great humourist."—*Thackeray. The English Humourists.*

Sir Thomas Picton, killed at Waterloo, was buried here in his family vault, and in the vaults under the chapel was

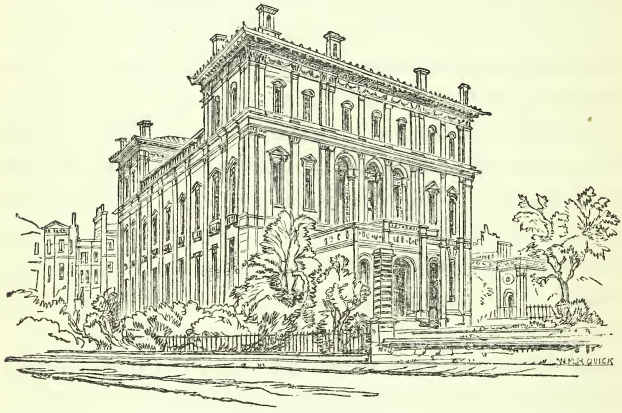
laid Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, authoress of the "Mysteries of Udolpho."

"Mrs. Radcliffe has a title to be considered as the first poetess of romantic fiction. . . . She has taken the lead in a line of composition appealing to those powerful and general sources of interest, a latent sense of supernatural awe, and curiosity concerning whatever is hidden and mysterious; and if she has been ever nearly approached in this walk, it is at least certain that she has never been excelled, or even equalled."—*Sir W. Scott. Life of Mrs. Radcliffe.*

Elms Lane in Bayswater commemorates the "Elms" where Holinshed says that Roger Mortimer was drawn and hanged—"at the Elms, now Tilborne." To the north of Kensington Gardens stood the Bayswater Conduit House (commemorated in Conduit Passage and Spring Street, Paddington), at the back of the houses in Craven Hill, which take their name from the Earl of Craven, once Lord of the Manor. This conduit was granted to the citizens of London by Gilbert Sanford in 1236, and was used to supply the famous conduit in Cheapside. Its picturesque building, shaded by an old pollard elm, was in existence in 1804, when people still came to drink of its waters. Soon afterwards it was destroyed when the Craven Hill estate was parcelled out, and its stream was diverted into the Serpentine river, which flows under the centre of the roadway by Kensington Garden Terrace.]

Hyde Park (open to carriages, not to cabs), the principal recreation ground of London, takes its name from the manor of Hyde, which belonged to the Abbey of Westminster. The first Park was enclosed by Henry VIII., and the French ambassador hunted there in 1550. In the time of Charles I. the Park was thrown open to the public, but it was sold under the Commonwealth, when Evelyn com-

plained that "every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchas'd it of the State as they were cal'd." Cromwell was run away with here, as he was ostentatiously driving six horses which the Duke of Oldenburgh had given him, and as he was thrown from the box of his carriage, his pistol went off in his pocket, but without hurting him. Hyde Park has been much used of late years for radical meetings, and on



Dorchester House.

Sundays numerous open-air congregations on the turf near the Marble Arch make the air resound with "revival" melodies, and recall the days of Wesley and Whitefield.

In descending the Park from Cumberland Gate to Hyde Park Corner, we pass on the left *Dudley House* (Earl of Dudley), which contains a fine collection of pictures. Then, beyond Grosvenor House and its garden, rises the beautiful Italian palace known as *Dorchester House* (R. S. Holford,

Esq.), and built by Lewis Vulliamy in 1851—3. It is bolder in design than any other building in London, is an imitation, not, like most English buildings, a caricature, of the best Italian models, and has a noble play of light and shadow from its roof and projecting stones, 8 feet 4 inches square. The staircase is stately and beautiful, and leads to broad galleries with open arcades and gilt backgrounds like those which are familiar in the works of Paul Veronese. The upper rooms contain many fine pictures, chiefly Italian.

Opposite Hyde Park Corner, apparently in the act of threatening Apsley House, stands a *Statue of Achilles* by *Westmacott*, erected in 1822 in honour of the Duke of Wellington and his companion heroes, from cannon taken at Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo. It is partially a copy (though much altered) of one of the statues on the Monte Cavallo at Rome.

Between this statue and the open screen erected by Decimus Burton in 1828 is the entrance to *Rotten Row*, the fashionable *ride* of London, a mile and a half in length. The first fragment of the walk on its southern side is the fashionable promenade during the season from twelve to two, as the corresponding walk towards the *Queen's Drive* is from five to seven. At these hours the walks are thronged, and the chairs (*1d.*) and arm-chairs (*2d.*) along the edge of the garden are amply filled. Hyde Park was already a fashionable promenade two centuries ago, the "season" then being considered to begin with the 1st of May. "Poor Robin's Almanack" for May, 1698, remarks—

> "Now, at Hyde Park, if fair it be,
> A show of ladies you may see."

People seldom suspect that the odd term Rotten Row is a corruption of *Route du Roi*, yet so it is. The old royal route from the palace of the Plantagenet kings at Westminster to the royal hunting forests was by what are now called "Birdcage Walk," "Constitution Hill," and "Rotten Row," and this road was kept sacred to royalty, the only other person allowed to use it being (from its association with the hunting grounds) the Grand Falconer of England. This privilege exists still, and every year the Duke of St. Alban's, as Hereditary Grand Falconer, keeps up his rights by *driving* once down Rotten Row.

A little to the north of Rotten Row is the *Serpentine*, an artificial lake of fifty acres, much frequented for bathing in summer and for skating in winter. There is a delightful drive along its northern bank. Near this are the oldest trees in the Park, some of them oaks said to have been planted by Charles II. In this part of the Park was the "Ring," now destroyed, the fashionable drive of the last century. The most celebrated of the many duels in Hyde Park, that between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, in which both were killed, was fought (Nov. 15, 1712) near "Price's Lodge" at the north-western angle of the Park, where it is merged in Kensington Gardens.

[South of Hyde Park is the now populous and popular district of *Belgravia*, wholly devoid of interest, and which none would think of visiting unless drawn thither by the claims of society. Its existence only dates from 1825, before which Mrs. Gascoigne describes it as—

> "A marshy spot, where not one patch of green,
> No stunted shrub, nor sickly flower is seen."

It occupies, in great part, the Ebury Farm in Pimlico,

which belonged to the Davies family till July 2, 1665, when Alexander Davies, the last male of the family, died, leaving it to his only daughter Mary, who married Sir Thomas Grosvenor in 1676. George III. foresaw, when Buckingham Palace was acquired for the Crown, that it would make the locality fashionable, and that people would wish to follow royalty, and he was desirous of buying the fields at the back of the palace grounds, but George Grenville, the then prime minister, would not sanction the expenditure of £20,000 for the purpose. The result was the building of Grosvenor Place in 1767, which overlooks the gardens of the palace.

But the "Five Fields" behind Grosvenor Place, mentioned in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* as places where robbers lay in wait, remained vacant till 1825, when their marshy ground was made into a firm basis by soil brought from the excavations for St. Katherine's Docks, and Messrs. Cubitt and Smith built Belgravia. Lord Grosvenor gave £30,000 for the "Five Fields." Lord Cowper also wished to buy them, and sent his agent for the purpose, but he came back without doing so, and when his master upbraided him said, "Really, my lord, I could not find it in my heart to give £200 more than they were worth." Cubitt afterwards offered a ground rent of £60,000!

The only tolerable feature of this wearily ugly part of London is *Belgrave Square* (measuring 684 feet by 637), designed by George Basevi, and named from the village of Belgrave in Leicestershire, which belongs to the Duke of Westminster.]

Close to Hyde Park Corner rises the pillared front of *Apsley House* (Duke of Wellington), over which, on fine

afternoons, the sun throws a spirit-like shadow from the statue of the great Duke upon the opposite gateway.* The house, which was built for Charles Bathurst, Lord Apsley, by the brothers Adam, was bought by the Marquis Wellesley in 1828: it will always excite interest, from its associations as the residence of Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington, who died Sept. 14, 1852.†

"The peculiar characteristic of this great man, and which, though far less dazzling than his exalted genius and his marvellous fortune, is incomparably more useful for the contemplation of the statesman, as well as the moralist, is that constant abnegation of all selfish feelings, that habitual sacrifice of every personal, every party, consideration, to the single object of strict duty—duty rigorously performed in what station soever he might be called on to act."—*Lord Brougham. Statesmen of George III.*

On the right of the Entrance Hall is a room appropriated as a kind of *Museum of Relics of the Great Duke* It is surrounded by glass cases containing—an enormous plateau, candelabra, &c., given by the Spanish and Portuguese Courts after the Peninsular War; a magnificent shield bearing the victories of the Duke in relief, presented, with candelabra, by the Merchants and Bankers of London in 1822; and services of china given by the Russian, Prussian, and French Courts. In a number of table-cases are preserved the swords, batons, and orders (including the extinct order of the Saint Esprit) which belonged to the Duke; his two field-glasses; the cloak which he wore at Waterloo; the sword of Napoleon I.; the dress worn by Tippoo Saib at his capture; and the magnificent George set with emeralds, originally given by Anne to the Duke of

* See *Quarterly Review*, clxxxiv.
† Apsley House is not shown to the public.

Marlborough, and presented by George IV. to the Duke of Wellington.

At the foot of the stairs is a colossal statue of Napoleon I. by *Canova*, presented by the Prince Regent in 1817. The collection of pictures includes—

In the *Piccadilly Drawing Room.*

D. Teniers, 1655. A Peasant's Wedding—containing a number of small figures, most carefully finished.

Teniers. His own Country House of Perck.

In the *Van Amburgh Room* (so called from an ugly picture of the lion-tamer by *Landseer*).

Landseer. Highland Whiskey Still.

Ward. Napoleon in Prison in his youth.

Wilkie. Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of Waterloo, painted in 1822, under the superintendence of the great Duke.

Burnet. Greenwich Pensioners receiving the news of the Battle of Trafalgar.

Hoppner. Portrait of William Pitt.

In the *Waterloo Gallery* (a magnificent room used for the Wellington Banquets on the 18th of June till the death of the great Duke).

Vandyke. Charles I. A replica of the picture at Windsor.

Wouvermans. The Return from the Chase.

Sir Antonio More. Two noble Portraits.

* *Correggio*. Christ on the Mount of Olives—one of the most powerful miniature pictures in England, full of intense expression. Vasari speaks of this work of the master as "la piu bella cosa che si possa vedere di suo." It is said to have been given by the painter to an apothecary, in payment of a debt of four scudi. Having been taken in the carriage of Joseph Buonaparte, it was restored to Ferdinand VII., by whom it was given back to the Duke.

"Here, as in the *Notte*, the light proceeds from the Saviour, who kneels at the left of the picture. Thus Christ and the angel above him appear in a bright light, while the sleeping disciples, and the soldiers who approach with Judas, are thrown into dark shadow; but it is the

'clear obscure' of the coming dawn, and exquisite in colour. The expression of heavenly grief and resignation in the countenance of Christ is indescribably beautiful and touching; it is impossible to conceive an expression more deep and fervent."—*Kugler.*

Velazquez. "El Aguador"—the Water-seller. A very powerful picture.

In the *Yellow Drawing Rooms.*

Le Fevre. Napoleon I.
Wilkie (1833). William IV.
Guardabella. The Great Duke of Wellington.
Sir W. Allan. The Battle of Waterloo.

Dining Room.

Wilkie. George IV. in a Highland dress.
Portraits of the Allied Sovereigns.
Statuettes of Napoleon I. and the Duke of Wellington by Count D'Orsay.

Close to Apsley House was the public-house known as the "Pillars of Hercules," whither Squire Western is represented as coming to seek for Sophia. Part of the ground on which the house is built was purchased from the representatives of one Allen, who, when recognised by George II. while holding an apple-stall at the entrance of the Park, as an old soldier of the Battle of Dettingen, was asked by the king what he would wish to have granted him, and demanded and received "the permission to hold a permanent apple-stall at Hyde Park Corner."

Hyde Park and the Green Park were once united by the piece of land now cut off as the gardens behind Apsley House and Piccadilly Terrace. Their being divided dates from the time of the Civil Wars, when the royal forces had advanced as far as Brentford, and London was arming for its defence. The great bulwark of 1642 was then erected just where Piccadilly now divides the Parks, which were

never again united: it was a fort with four bastions: all classes worked at it—

> "From ladies down to oyster-wenches,
> Laboured like pioneers in trenches,
> Fell to their pickaxes and tools,
> And helped the men to dig like moles."
> *Butler. Hudibras.*

The Corinthian Arch opposite Apsley House, built by *Decimus Burton* in 1828, supports an ugly equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington by *M. C. Wyatt* (1846). It was between this gate and that of Hyde Park that Charles II., on foot, attended only by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, met the Duke of York returning from hunting. The latter alighted, and expressed his disquietude at seeing the king walking with two gentlemen only in attendance. "No kind of danger, James," said the king, "for I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you king." *

The road which passes beneath the arch leads into the *Green Park* (of fifty acres), and skirts the gardens of Buckingham Palace by *Constitution Hill*, where no less than three attempts have been made upon the life of Queen Victoria: the first by a lunatic named Oxford, June 10, 1840; the second by Francis, another lunatic, May 30, 1842; and the third by an idiot named Hamilton, May 19, 1849. It was at the top of the hill that Sir Robert Peel was thrown from his horse, June 29, 1850, and received the injuries from which he died on the 2nd of July. The principal houses on the opposite side of the Park are, Stafford House, Bridgewater House, and Spencer House.

* Dr. King's "Anecdotes of his Own Times."

Constitution Hill leads into St. James's Park close to *Buckingham Palace*, of which the gardens occupy fifty acres. The northern part was the famous "Mulberry Garden," planned by James I. in 1609, mentioned by Shadwell * and Wycherley † as a popular place of entertainment, whither Dryden came to eat tarts with his mistress, Mrs. Anne Reeve,‡ and which Evelyn (1654) speaks of as "the only place of refreshment about town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at." On this site Goring House was built, called Arlington House after its sale to Bennet, Earl of Arlington, in 1666. It was Lord Arlington, says Timbs,§ who brought from Holland for 60*s.* the first pound of tea introduced into England, so that probably tea was first drunk on the site of Buckingham Palace. Arlington House was sold to John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in 1698, and was rebuilt for him in 1703 by a Dutch architect of Bergen under the name of Buckingham House, when it was adorned with mottoes without, and frescoes within. Defoe || calls it "one of the great beauties of London, both by reason of its situation and its building." It was here that Horace Walpole describes the Duke's third wife, daughter of James II. by Catherine Sedley, as receiving her company on the anniversary of "the martyrdom of her grandfather (Charles I.) seated in a chair of state, in deep mourning, attended by her women in like weeds, in memory of the royal martyr.¶ George II., as Prince of Wales, wished to buy the house from this duchess in her widowhood, but the price she

* *The Humourists.*
‡ *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745, p. 99.
|| Journey through England, 1722.
† *Love in a Wood.*
§ Curiosities of London.
¶ Walpole's "Reminiscences."

asked was too high, and it was left for George II. to purchase it from Sir Charles Sheffield, in 1762, for £21,000. In 1775 it was settled upon Queen Charlotte instead of Somerset House, and was called the Queen's House. In 1825—37 it was rebuilt by Nash for George IV. (being always immediately over the Tye Brook, now a sewer), and in 1846 the east front (360 feet long) was added by Blore. It is imposing—only by its size. The *Interior* of the palace contains little that is worthy of notice beyond some of the collection of pictures formed by George IV., chiefly of the Dutch school. The white marble staircase is very handsome. In the former *State Ball Room* are Vandyke's portraits of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, and Winterhalter's portraits of the Queen and Prince Consort. In the State Dining Room is Lawrence's full-length portrait of George IV. The *Private Apartments* contain many royal portraits of great interest.

In the Gardens is a *Lake* of five acres. A *Pavilion* is adorned with scenes from *Comus* by Eastlake, Maclise, Landseer, Dyce, Stanfield, Uwins, Leslie, and Ross. In the *Royal Mews* (visible by an order from the Master of the Horse) the Queen's State Coach may be seen.

St. James's Park (87 acres) was a bare, undrained field belonging to the hospital, afterwards St. James's Palace, till it was enclosed by Henry VIII. Charles II., on his return from his exile, came back imbued with the Dutch taste for gardening, and laid it out with a long straight canal and regular avenues of elms and limes, such as were the Green Walk or Duke Humphrey's Walk, the Long Lime Walk, and the Close Walk or Jacobite's Walk. Evelyn mentions the elms in one branchy walk as "intermingling their reverend tresses."

The laying-out was probably due to Le Notre, who was employed at Wrest, the best of the trees which had existed before his time having been blown down in the great storm which marked the night of Oliver Cromwell's death. Near the south-west corner was Rosamund's Pond, the "Rosamund's Lake" of Pope, painted by Hogarth, and mentioned by

In St. James's Park.

Otway, Congreve, Addison, Colley Cibber, and many other authors: it was filled up in 1770. In 1827—29 the whole plan of the Park was modernised, and both water and walks were made to wind and twist under George IV.: their rural character was, however, still sufficient to give application to the title of Wycherley's comedy—*Love in a Wood, or St. James's Park.*

St. James's is far the prettiest of the London parks, and the most frequented by the lower orders. On Sundays they come by thousands to sit upon the seats mentioned by Goldsmith,* where, "if a man be splenetic, he may every day meet companions, with whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather," and they bring bread to feed the water-fowl, which are the direct descendants of those introduced and fed by Charles II. Hither Pepys came (Aug. 18, 1661) to gaze at "the great variety of fowle" which he never saw before; and here Charles II. increased his popularity by coming unattended to look after his favourite ducks.

"Even his indolent amusement of playing with his dogs, and feeding his ducks in St. James's Park (which I have seen him do), made the common people adore him, and consequently overlook in him what in a prince of a different temper they might have been out of humour at." —*Colley Cibber's Apology.* 1740.

At the time the water-fowl were first introduced, St. James's Park became also a kind of Zoological Garden for London.

"9 February, 1664-5. I went to St. James's Park, where I saw various animals. . . The Parke was at this time stored with numerous flocks of severall sorts of ordinary and extraordinary wild fowle, breeding about the Decoy, which, for being neere so grette a City, and among such a concourse of souldiers and people, is a singular and diverting thing. There were also deere of severall countries,—white; spotted like leopards; antelopes; an elk; red deere; roebucks; staggs; Guinea goates; Arabian sheepe, &c. There were withy-potts or nests for the wild fowle to lay their eggs in, a little above ye surface of ye water."—*Evelyn.*

The exiled Cavaliers had brought back with them the habit of skating, and to St. James's Park Evelyn went

* Essays.

(Dec. 1, 1662) to see them skate "after the manner of Hollanders;" and Pepys (Dec. 15, 1662) followed the Duke of York into the Park, "where, though the ice was broken and dangerous, yet he would go slide upon his scates." The exercise, however, seems to have passed out of fashion, for in 1711 Swift wrote to Stella of "delicious walking weather, and the canal and Rosamund's Pond full of rabble sliding, and with skaitts, if you know what it is."

The artificial water is now crossed by an ugly iron bridge, from which, however, there is a noble view of the new Foreign Office. On the peace of 1814, a Chinese bridge and pagoda were erected here, and illuminated at night. It was this which caused Canova, when asked what struck him most in England, to answer, "that the trumpery Chinese bridge in St. James's Park should be the production of the Government, while that of Waterloo was the work of a private company." * One of the most remarkable sinecures ever known was that of the salaried Governor of Duck Island, which once adorned the water near this point, an appointment which was bestowed by Charles II. upon St. Evremond, and by Queen Caroline upon Stephen Duck, "the thresher poet," ridiculed by Swift. It was while walking in St. James's Park on August 12, 1678, that Charles II. received the first intimation of the so-called "Popish Plot." One Kirby, a chemist, came up to him and said, "Sir, keep within company; your enemies have a design upon your life, and you may be shot in this very walk." † Prior and Swift used constantly to walk round the Park together. "Mr. Prior," said Swift, "walks to make himself fat, and I to keep myself down."

* *Quarterly Review.* † Hume.

When he laid out the Park, Charles II. removed *the Mall*, for the game of Palle Malle, from the other side of St. James's Palace to the straight walk on its north side, upon which the gardens of Stafford House, the Palace, Marlborough House, and Carlton Terrace now look down. Here the fashionable game of striking a ball with a mallet through an iron ring down a straight walk strewn with powdered cockle-shells was played by the cavaliers of the Court. Pepys (April 2, 1661) mentions coming to see the Duke of York play, and Charles himself was fond of the game. The flatterer Waller * says—

> "Here a well-polished Mall gives us the joy
> To see our Prince his matchless force employ."

Till the present century, the Mall continued to be the most fashionable promenade of London, but the trees were then ancient and picturesquely grouped, and the company did not appear as they do now by Rotten Row, for the ladies were in full dress, and gentlemen carried their hats under their arms.

> "The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
> With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn."
>
> *Gay. Trivia.*

"My spirits sunk, and a tear started into my eyes, as I brought to mind those crowds of beauty, rank, and fashion, which, till within these few years, used to be displayed in the centre Mall of this Park on Sunday evenings during the spring and summer. Here used to promenade, for one or two hours after dinner, the whole British world of gaiety, beauty, and splendour. Here could be seen in one moving mass, extending the whole length of the Mall, 5000 of the most lovely women in this country of female beauty, all splendidly attired, and accompanied by as many well-dressed men."—*Sir Richard Phillips. Morning Walk from London to Kew*, 1807.

* Poem on St. James's Park, 1661.

While he played at Palle Malle here in his prosperity, James Duke of York must often have remembered his escape by this way in his fifteenth year, when, while all the young people in the palace were engaged late at night in playing at hide-and-seek, he slipped up to the room of his sister Elizabeth, shut up there the favourite little dog which was sure to have betrayed him, and gliding down the back stairs and through the dark garden, let himself out of a postern door into the Park, and so to the river.

It was by this road also that Charles I. (Jan. 30, 1648-9) walked to his execution.

"About 10 o'clock Colonel Hacker knocked at the King's chamber door (in St. James's Palace), and, having been admitted, came in trembling, and announced to the King that it was time to go to Whitehall; and soon afterwards the King, taking the Bishop (Juxon) by the hand, proposed to go. Charles then walked out through the garden of the palace into the Park, where several companies of foot waited as his guard; and, attended by the Bishop on one side, and Colonel Tomlinson on the other, both bare-headed, he walked fast down the Park, sometimes cheerfully calling on the guard to 'march apace.' As he went along, he said 'he now went to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than he had often encouraged his soldiers to fight for an earthly diadem.' "—*Trial of Charles I. Family Library*, xxxi.

Till a very few years ago, when it was blown down, there existed in Sir John Lefevre's garden, at the corner of Spring Gardens, a tree, which the king on this his last walk lingered to point out, saying, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry." And there still remains, at this corner of the Park, a remnant of old days coeval with the king's execution, in *Milk Fair*, as the pretty cow-stalls which still exist under the elm-trees used to be called. The milk-vendors are proud of the number of generations through which the stalls have been held in their families. We

learn from Gay's "Trivia" that asses' milk was formerly sold here—

> "Before proud gates attending asses bray,
> Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
> These grave physicians with their milky cheer,
> The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair."

The houses behind Milk Fair stand in *Spring Gardens*, the Spring (Fountain) Garden of Whitehall Palace, which

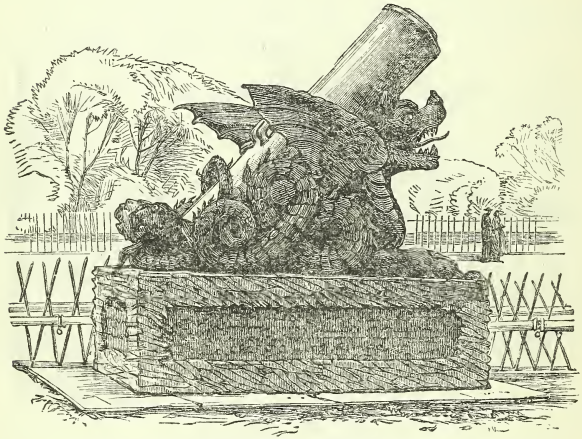
Milk Fair, St. James's Park.

formerly had its archery butts, bathing pond, and bowling-green. Milton lived in a house at Charing Cross which "overlooked the Spring Garden" before he went to reside in Scotland Yard.

Upon the east end of the Park—on the site formerly occupied by the vast buildings of Whitehall—the Admiralty, the Horse Guards, the Treasury, and the Foreign Office now look down. The wide open space in front of the Horse

Guards was once the Tilt Yard of the palace. The centre of this space is the only position in London in which the Alexandrian Obelisk could be placed with advantage. Here stands the mortar cast at Seville for Napoleon, used by Soult at Cadiz, and captured after the retreat of Salamanca.

The south side of the Park is bounded by *Bird Cage*



The Salamanca Gun.

Walk, where an aviary was first erected by James I. In the time of Charles II., who had a passion for birds, it was lined with cages, and the "Keeper of the King's Birds" was a regular office. Till as late as 1828 no one, except the Duke of St. Alban's, as Hereditary Grand Falconer, was permitted to drive down the carriage way on this side the Park, except the royal family.

In former days the Park gave sanctuary. Timbs mentions how serious an offence it was to draw a sword there. Congreve in his *Old Bachelor* makes Bluffe say, "My blood rises at that fellow. I can't stay where he is; and I must not draw in the Park." The Park has been open to the public ever since the days of Charles II. Caroline, wife of George II., wished to make it once more a private appurtenance of the palace, and asked Sir Robert Walpole what it would cost. "Only three crowns," was his reply.*

* Walpoliana, i. 9.

CHAPTER III.

REGENT STREET AND REGENT'S PARK.

IN front of the Duke of York's Column, where the ridiculous statue, nicknamed the "Quoit Player," disgraces Waterloo Place, *Regent Street* leads to the north from Pall Mall. Nearly a mile in length, it was built by John Nash, and takes its name from the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The portion known as the Quadrant originally had colonnades advancing the whole width of the pavement: these were removed in 1848, to the great injury of its effect.

[From Regent Circus, Coventry Street (on the right) leads into Leicester Square. *Great Windmill Street*, to the north, commemorates the rural state of this district as late as 1658, when a windmill here gave its name to the "Windmill Fields." Nollekens the sculptor, who died in 1823, narrates that when he was a little boy his mother used to take him to walk by a long pond near this windmill, and every one paid a halfpenny at the miller's hatch for the privilege of walking in his grounds. In the house of his brother William in Great Windmill Street, the famous Dr. John Hunter died saying, "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die."

Ever since the Edict of Nantes, when exiled gentility began to congregate here, as exiled industry in Spitalfields, *Leicester Square* has been the most popular resort of foreigners of the middle classes, especially of French visitors to London. Few spots in the metropolis have undergone more changes from fashion than this. Even to the present century the square was known as "Leicester Fields," and until the time of Charles II. it continued to be unenclosed country. On what is the north side of the square, Leicester House, which appears in Faithorne's map of 1658 as the only house in this neighbourhood, was then built for Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester,* from whom it was rented by Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia—"the Queen of Hearts"—who died there Feb. 13, 1662. To this house, in 1668, Pepys went to visit Colbert, the French Ambassador; and here Prince Eugene was residing in 1711. The house continued to be the property of the Sidneys till the end of the last century, when it was sold to the Tulk family for £90,000, which sum the Sidneys employed in freeing Penshurst from its encumbrances. Meantime, the Sidneys had not lived here, and Leicester House had become habitually "the pouting-place of princes."† George II. resided there as Prince of Wales from 1717 to 1720, after he had been turned out of St. James's by his father, for too freely exhibiting his indignation at the cruel treatment of his mother, Sophia Dorothea, condemned to a lifelong imprisonment in the castle of Zell. William, Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, was born there in 1721. Frederick, Prince of Wales, when he, in his

* Sidney Alley still exists. Queen Street, Blue Street, and Orange Street record the distinguishing colours of the Earl's stables.

† Pennant.

turn, quarrelled with his father in 1737, came to reside in Leicester Square with his wife and children. It was there that he died (March 20, 1751), suddenly exclaiming, "Je sens la mort," and falling into the arms of Desnoyers, the dancing-master, who was performing upon the violin,* while the royal family were playing at cards in the next room; an event which so little affected George II., that when he received the news as he was playing at cards with the Countess of Walmoden, he said simply, "Fritz ist todt," † and went on with the game.

As Leicester House was insufficient to contain his numerous family, the Prince of Wales knocked through a communication with Savile House, which adjoined it on the west. Here George III. passed his boyhood, and used to act plays (of which the handbills still exist) with his little brothers and sisters. It was in front of this house that he was first proclaimed as king. Savile House continued to be the residence of Augusta, the Princess-Dowager, till her removal to Carlton House in 1766, and Frederick William, youngest brother of George III., died there (May 10, 1765) at the age of sixteen. At an earlier period Savile House was the place where the Marquis of Carmarthen entertained Peter the Great, and where the Czar would demolish eight bottles of sack in an evening, besides a pint of brandy spiced with pepper, and a bottle of sherry. The house was completely pillaged during Lord George Gordon's riots, when the people tore up the rails of the square and used them as weapons.

In the last century Leicester Square was the especial

* Horace Walpole says of Pavonarius, his German valet de chambre.
† Walpole.

square of painters. Sir James Thornhill lived there and died there (Oct. 25, 1764), and his far more illustrious son-in-law, William Hogarth, came up almost at the same time from Chiswick to die in his London house, which was at the south-east corner where Archbishop Tenison's school now stands.

"Here closed in death the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face." *

Hogarth's house was afterwards inhabited by the Polish patriot, Thaddeus Kosciusko, and Byron's Countess Guiccioli lived in it during her stay in England. In the next house (that adjoining the Alhambra), John Hunter, the famous surgeon, first began to collect (1785) his Museum, now at the Surgeons' Hall.

In No. 47, on the west side of the square, Sir Joshua Reynolds lived from 1761 to 1792.

"His study was octagonal, some twenty feet long by sixteen broad, and about fifteen feet high. The window was small and square, and the sill nine feet from the floor. His sitter's chair moved on casters, and stood above the floor about a foot and a half. He held his palettes by the handle, and the sticks of his brushes were eighteen inches long. He wrought standing, and with great celerity; he rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his study at ten, examined designs or touched unfinished portraits till eleven brought a sitter, painted till four, then dressed, and gave the evening to company."—*Allan Cunningham. Lives of the Painters.*

His dinner parties, "of a cordial intercourse between persons of distinguished pretensions of all kinds: poets, physicians, lawyers, deans, historians, actors, temporal and spiritual peers, House of Commons men, men of science, men of letters, painters, philosophers, and lovers of the arts, meeting on a ground of hearty ease, good-humour, and pleasantry, exalt my respect for the memory of Reynolds. It was no prim fine table he set them down to. Often the dinner-board prepared for seven or eight required to accommodate itself to

* From the epitaph by Dr. Johnson preserved by Mrs. Piozzi.

fifteen or sixteen; for often, on the very eve of dinner, would Sir Joshua tempt afternoon visitors with intimation that Johnson, or Garrick, or Goldsmith, was to dine there."—*Forster's Life of Goldsmith.*

It was on the steps of this house that Sir Joshua one morning found the child who was painted by him in the charming picture of "Puck," cheered at the auction when it was sold to Rogers the poet. The mushroom and fawn's ears were added in deference to the wish of Alderman Boydell, who wished to introduce the beautiful portrait of the boy into his Shakspeare. The near neighbourhood of Hogarth and Reynolds was not conducive to their harmony.

"Never were two great painters of the same age and country so unlike each other; and their unlikeness as artists was the result of their unlikeness as men; their only resemblance consisting in their honesty and earnestness of purpose. It was not to be expected that they should do each other justice, and they did not. . . . 'Study the great works of the great masters for ever,' said Reynolds. 'There is only one school,' cried Hogarth, 'and that is kept by Nature.' What was uttered on one side of Leicester Square was pretty sure to be contradicted on the other, and neither would make the advance that might have reconciled the views of both."—*Leslie and Taylor's Life of Sir J. Reynolds.*

On the south of Leicester Square is the opening of an ugly court—St. Martin's Court—of many associations. On the left is the chapel—*Orange Street Chapel*—built by subscription in 1684 for the use of the French Protestants, who, after long sufferings in their own country, took refuge in England on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Within its walls they prayed for the prince by whom they had been forbidden to follow their trades and professions, forbidden Christian burial, and exiled, and whom yet they respected as "the Almighty's scourge."

The adjoining house, ugly and poverty-stricken as it looks now, was that in which Sir Isaac Newton passed the latter years of his life, in an honoured old age, from 1710 to 1725, two years before his death at Kensington. He had been made Master of the Mint under Anne, and in 1703 became President of the Royal Society. Always frugal in his own habits, he devoted his wealth to the poor, especially to the French refugees in his neighbourhood. In the observatory on the top of his house he was wont to say that the happiest years of his life were spent. This observatory, once used as a Sunday school, was kept up till 1824 for the inspection of the foreign visitors who came by thousands to visit it, and who now, when they come to seek it, turn away disgusted at the treatment which the shrines of their illustrious dead meet with at the hands of Englishmen, for it was sold some years since to supply some pews for the chapel next door.

The house was afterwards inhabited by Dr. Burney, whose celebrated daughter wrote her "Evelina" here. John Opie, the artist, who died in 1807, lived close by; and Thomas Holcroft, the novelist and dramatist, was born in St. Martin's Street in 1745, being the son of a shoemaker.

Leicester Square was formerly decorated by a statue of George I., brought from the seat of the Duke of Buckingham at Canons in 1747. After the square was railed in, it became a favourite site for duels, and the duel between Captain French and Captain Coote was fought here in 1699, in which the latter was killed. In his *Esmond*, Thackeray, true to his picture of the times, narrates how Lord Mohun and Lord Castlewood—having seen Mrs.

Bracegirdle act, and having supped at the Greyhound at Charing Cross—quarrelled, and took chairs to fight it out in Leicester Square.

From the beginning of the present century Leicester Square began to decline, and gradually presented that aspect of ruin which is said to have given rise to Ledru Rollin's work on the decadence of England. In 1851 its area was leased, and its miseries were concealed by the erection of Wyld's Globe, while the neighbouring houses were given up to taverns, exhibitions of waxworks, acrobatic feats, or panoramas. After the Globe was cleared away, the area remained uncared for, and the statue perished slowly under generations of practical jokes, till Mr. Albert Grant took pity upon the square in 1874, decorated it in the centre with a statue of Shakspeare (a copy of that in Westminster Abbey), and at the corners with busts of four of the most famous residents—Hogarth, Newton, Hunter, and Reynolds, and opened it to the public.

From Leicester Square, Princes Street and Wardour Street—beloved by collectors of old furniture—lead in a direct line to Oxford Street. On the right opens *Gerard Street*, which derives its name from the house facing Macclesfield Street, which was built by Gerard, Earl of Macclesfield, who died in 1694. The profligate Lord Mohun lived in this house, and hither his body was brought home when he was killed in a duel by the Duke of Hamilton. In No. 43 of this street, in a house looking on the gardens of Leicester House *—"the fifth door on the left hand coming from Newport Street," as he wrote to his friend Elmes Steward—lived Dryden, with his wife, Lady

* Dedication of *Don Sebastian* to the Earl of Leicester.

Elizabeth Howard; here he died, May 1, 1701, and here, if it took place at all, occurred the extraordinary scene after his death described by Johnson,* with the heartless practical joke played at his funeral by Lord Jefferies. The poet "used most commonly to write in the ground-room next the street." †

"Dryden may be properly considered as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merits of composition."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"The matchless prose of Dryden, rich, various, natural, animated, pointed, lending itself to the logical and the narrative, as well as the narrative and picturesque; never balking, never cloying, never wearying. The vigour, freedom, variety, copiousness, that speaks an exhaustless fountain from its source: nothing can surpass Dryden."—*Lord Brougham.*

"I may venture to say in general terms, that no man hath written in our language so much, and so various matters, and in so various manners, so well . . . . His prose had all the clearness imaginable, together with all the nobleness of expression, all the graces and ornaments proper and peculiar to it, without deviating into the language or diction of poetry . . . . His versification and his numbers he could learn of nobody, for he first possessed those talents in perfection in our own tongue; and they who have succeeded in them since his time have been indebted to his example; and the more they have been able to imitate him, the better they have succeeded."—*Congreve.*

Edmund Burke was living in Gerard Street at the time of the trial of Warren Hastings, and at the "Turk's Head" in this street he united with Johnson and Reynolds in 1763 in founding the "Literary Club," to which the clever men of the day usually thought it the greatest honour to belong.‡

"'I believe Mr. Fox will allow me to say,' remarked the Bishop of St. Asaph, 'that the honour of being elected into the Turk's Head Club is not inferior to that of being the representative of Westminster or Surrey.'"—*Forster.*

* Lives of the Poets, vol. i. † Pope in Spence's "Anecdotes."
‡ The club still exists, but is called the "Johnson."

It was to this society that Goldsmith was admitted by the friendship of Johnson, before his more important works were published, but came unwillingly, feeling that he sacrificed something for the sake of good company, and shut himself out of several places where he "used to play the fool very agreeably;" and here he would entertain and astonish literary supper parties with his favourite song about "an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon."

In Macclesfield Street is the *Church of St. Anne, Soho*, consecrated by Bishop Compton in 1685, and dedicated to the mother of the Virgin out of compliment to the Princess Anne: its tower is said to have been made as Danish as possible to flatter her Danish husband. Against the outer wall is a tablet erected by Horace Walpole, and inscribed—

"Near this place is interred Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this parish, Dec. 11, 1756, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison, by the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, in consequence of which he registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors.

The grave, great teacher to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
But Theodore this moral learned e'er dead:
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread."

This unfortunate king was a Prussian—Stephen Theodore, Baron de Neuhoff. While in the service of Charles XII. of Sweden, the protection which he afforded to the inhabitants of Corsica induced them, in 1736, to offer him their crown. He ruled disinterestedly, but the embarrassments to which he was reduced by want of funds for the payment of his army forced him to come to seek them in London,

where he was arrested for debt. Horace Walpole tried to raise a subscription for him, but only fifty pounds were obtainable. In Voltaire's "Candide" Theodore tells his story—

"Je suis Théodore; on m'a élu roi en Corse; on m'a appelé *votre majesté;* et à présent à peine m'appelle-t-on *monsieur;* j'ai fait frapper de la monnaie, et je ne possède pas un denier; j'ai eu deux secrétaires d'état, et j'ai a peine un valet; je me suis vu sur un trône, et j'ai long-temps été à Londres en prison sur la paille."—*Ch. XXVI.*

"King Theodore recovered his liberty only by giving up his effects to his creditors under the Act of Insolvency; all the effects, however, that he had to give up were his right, such as it was, to the throne of Corsica, which was registered accordingly in due form for the benefit of his creditors. As soon as Theodore was set at liberty, he took a chair and went to the Portuguese minister; but not finding him at home, and not having a sixpence to pay, he desired the chairmen to carry him to a tailor in Soho, whom he prevailed upon to harbour him; but he fell sick the next day, and died in three more."—*Horace Walpole.*

The man who allowed King Theodore to die in his house was too poor to pay for his funeral, and the expense was undertaken by John Wright, an oilman in Compton Street, who said that he was "willing *for once* to pay the funeral expenses of a king."

One of the first seat-holders in the church was Catherine Sedley, mistress of James II. In the vault beneath is buried Lord Camelford, killed in a duel at Kensington in 1804. William Hazlitt the essayist (1830) rests in the churchyard.*

"In critical disquisitions on the leading characters and works of the drama, he is not surpassed in the whole range of English literature." *Sir A. Alison's Hist. of Europe.*

The brick wall of St. Anne's Churchyard may recall the familiar figure of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who bought there—

* His tombstone has been moved from his grave, and stuck against the wall near that of King Theodore.

from a collection of ballads hanging against the wall—a rude woodcut, the chiaro-oscuro of which he used in his picture of Lord Ligonier on horseback.

From the north-east corner of Leicester Square, *Cranbourne Street*, so called from the second title of the Cecils, leads into *Long Acre*, which, as far back as 1695, was the especial domain of coach-builders. It derives its name from a narrow strip of ground which belonged to the Abbey of Westminster. Here Oliver Cromwell is proved by the rate-books (in which he is called "Captain Cromwell") to have lived (on the south side) from 1637 to 1643.

Dryden lived here, in a house facing Rose Street (No. 137) from 1682 to 1686, and was attacked and wounded opposite his own house by the "Rose-Alley Ambuscade"—myrmidons hired by Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, to punish him for having assisted Lord Mulgrave in his "Essay on Satire." John Taylor, the voluminous "Water Poet," who published no less than eighty volumes in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., also lived in Long Acre, where he kept a tavern. Being forced to change its sign during the Commonwealth from the "Morning Crown," he changed it to that of his own head. Whitefield preached, in 1756, at the chapel in Long Acre amidst many petty persecutions and interruptions. "The sons of Jubal and Cain continue to serenade me at Long Acre Chapel," he wrote to Lady Huntingdon.

The wife of a cobbler in Long Acre became celebrated as the Chloe of Prior, described by Pope as being only "a poor mean creature," with whom "he used to bury himself for whole days and nights together," though one of Prior's poems begins—

"When Chloe's picture was to Venus shown,
Surprised, the goddess took it for her own."

Newport Street, Long Acre, commemorates the mansion of Lord Newport in the time of Charles I.

From the junction of Cranbourne Street and Long Acre, Garrick Street leads towards Covent Garden. Here (right) is the *Garrick Club*, founded 1831, "for the general patronage of the Drama; for the purpose of combining a club on economical principles with the advantages of a Literary Society; for the promotion of a Theatrical Library; and for bringing together the patrons of the Drama." The interesting *Collection of Theatrical Portraits* may be seen on Wednesdays (except in September) from eleven to three, on the personal introduction of a member. We may especially notice—

Coffee Room (*beginning from the left*).

Mrs. Yates—*Cotes*.
Mrs. Siddons—*Harlowe*.
"Venice Preserved"—Garrick and Mrs. Cibber—***Zoffany***.
Sheridan—*Tredcroft*.
Foote—*Sir J. Reynolds*.
Barton Booth—*Vanderbank*.
Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in "Macbeth"—***Zoffany***.
Mrs. Pope—*Sir M. A. Shee*.
Woodward as "Petrucchio"—*Vandergucht*.
Mrs. Clive as "Fine Lady"—*Hogarth*.
"Lock and Key"—Munden, E. Knight, Mrs. Orger, and Miss Cubitt—*Clint*.
Mrs. Pritchard, the "Inspired Idiot" of Dr. Johnson—***Hayman***.
Nathaniel Lee—*Dobson*.
Colley Cibber as "Lord Foppington"—***Grisoni***.
Garrick—*Pine*.
Quin—*Hogarth* (*?*).
"Love, Law, and Physic"—Mathews, Liston, Blanchard, and Emery—*Clint*.

Strangers' Dining Room.

Charles Bannister—*Zoffany.*
Quin—*Hogarth.*

Smoking Room.

Lugger coming out of Monnikendam—*Stanfield.*
Exterior and Interior of a Flemish Inn—*Louis Haghe.*
Halt of a Caravan at Baalbec—*D. Roberts.*

Private Dining Room.

A number of Water-colour portraits by *Dewilde*, and original sketches by *John Leech.*

Staircase.

Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Charles Kemble as "Macbeth"—*Morton.*
Henderson and Wilson as "Hamlet" and "Polonius."
The Arch of Ancona—*Stanfield.*
Miss O Neil—*G. F. Joseph.*
Madame Catalani—*Lonsdale.*
Henderson as "Macbeth"—*Romney (?).*
Henry Johnston as "Norval"—*Sir W. Allan.*
Charles Kean as Louis XI.—*H. W. Phillips.*
Mrs. Hartley—*Angelica Kauffmann.*
Master Betty as "Douglas"—*Opie.*

Morning Room.

Miss Lydia Kelly—*Harlowe.*
Kemble as "Cato"—*Sir T. Lawrence.*
Mrs. Stirling as "Peg Woffington"—*H. W. Phillips.*
Garrick—*Zoffany.*
Weston as "Billy Button"—*Zoffany.*
Pope—*Sir M. A. Shee.*
King and Mrs. Baddeley in the "Clandestine Marriage"—*Zoffany.*
T. King—*Wilson.*
Mathews as "Monsieur Malet"—*Clint.*
Mrs. Oldfield—*Sir G. Kneller.*
Bannister ("honest Jack, whom even footpads could not find in their hearts to injure")* and Parsons in "The Village Lawyer"—*Dewilde.*

* Sir W. Scott in the *Quarterly.*

Mrs. Woffington—*Mercier.*
Mrs. Abington as "Lady Bab"—*Hickey.*
Mrs. Woffington—*Hogarth.*
Miss Farren—*Gainsborough (?).*
Rich and Family—*Hogarth.*
King as "Touchstone"—*Zoffany.*
W. M. Thackeray—*John Gilbert.*
Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in the "Suspicious Husband"—*Hayman.*
Macklin at ninety-three—*Opie.*
Young as King John—*Landseer.*
Mathews in various characters—*Harlowe.*]

Returning to Regent Street, a little to the right from the Quadrant, "not exactly in anybody's way, to or from anywhere," is *Golden Square*, immortalised in "Humphrey Clinker" and "Nicholas Nickleby." It contains a statue of George II. brought from Canons. Lord Bolingbroke lived in this square while Secretary of War, 1704—8, and here the artist Angelica Kauffmann married a valet under the belief that he was his master, Count Horn.

Golden Square is now in a thickly populated district, though it was here, "as in a place far from the haunts of men," that in the reign of Charles II., "when the great Plague was raging, a pit was dug into which the dead carts had nightly shot corpses by scores. No foundations were laid there till two generations had passed without any return of the pestilence, and till the ghastly spot had long been surrounded by buildings. It may be added that the "pest-field may still be seen marked in the maps of London as late as the end of the reign of George III."*

At No. 8, *Argyll Place*, on the right of Regent Street, James Northcote the painter died, July 13, 1831. Haydon, in

* Macaulay, "History of England."

his "Autobiography," gives a most comical account of a visit to him here.

On the left, Hanover Street leads into *Hanover Square*, which received its name instead of that of Oxford Square, as was first intended, in the days of the early popularity of George I. The square was built about 1731, when the place for executions was removed from Tyburn, lest the inhabitants of "the new square" should be annoyed by them. The bronze *Statue of William Pitt* on the south side of the square is by *Chantrey*, and was set up in 1831.

"When convinced of the propriety of anything in his works, Chantrey was not to be moved, and he resisted all admonitions, criticisms, and even threats. He persisted in raising the statue of Pitt in Hanover Square, on a high pedestal, against the wish of the Committee; but he respectfully volunteered to relinquish the commission, rather than his intention of placing the figure in its present lofty position."—*Jones's Recollections of Chantrey.*

The neighbouring church of *St. George, Hanover Square*, is well known as a Temple of Hymen (also named in honour of George I.), and as the goal of fashionable novelists, from its almost monopoly of marriages in high life. It was built by *John James* in 1724, being one of Queen Anne's fifty new churches. Its portico and tower are handsome. Its marriage registers are a perfect library of the autographs of illustrious persons, amid which the bold signature of "Wellington" frequently appears. In the beginning of the present century from 1,100 to 1,200 couples were sometimes united here in the course of a year. Nelson's Lady Hamilton was married here, Sept. 6, 1791.

The portion of Regent Street after Oxford Street is

crossed ends in the *Church of All Souls*, Langham Place.

"Of all the mad freaks which ever entered the brain of architect or man to devise, this church far out-Herods all the rest. It is in the form of a circular temple of the Ionic order, over which is placed a smaller kind of temple, also circular, with fourteen *Corinthian* pillars; from this latter rises a steeple of considerable height, similar to those which we see upon the towers of village churches in Germany. John Nash was the author of this specimen of architecture."—*Passavant. A German Artist in England.*

Beyond this, some trees on the right mark what was once the garden of Foley House, which was made a freehold by the Duke of Portland in exchange for the permission to build north of it, such building on the Portland estate having been expressly forbidden by the stipulations of the lease. The turn of the street here, which places Portland Place and Regent Street on a different line, was made to spite Sir James Langham, who had quarrelled with Nash as the architect of his house.* The wide and handsome *Portland Place* (built by the brothers Adam of the Adelphi, and named, with Bentinck, Duke, and Duchess Streets, from the ground landlord, William, second Duke of Portland, and his duchess, Henrietta Cavendish Holles) leads to the Regent's Park, having at its extremity a *Statue of the Duke of Kent* by *Gahagan*.

The *Regent's Park*, the largest of the lungs of London, occupies 403 acres. It was laid out, during the Regency, from designs of John Nash (the architect of Regent Street), who designed most of the ugly terraces which surround it, and exhibit all the worst follies of the Grecian architectural mania which disgraced the beginning of this

* See Timbs, "Romance of London."

century. The outer and inner drive are delightful in early summer when the thorns and lilacs are in bloom, and much more countrified than anything in the other parks.

On the east side of the Park, near Gloucester Gate, is *St. Katherine's Hospital* for needy gentlemen and gentlewomen, removed from the neighbourhood of the Tower, when St. Katherine's Docks were erected. There it was founded by Matilda of Boulogne, the half-Saxon princess who, being niece of Matilda the Good, stole the hearts of the English people from the Norman Matilda for her husband, King Stephen. Its inmates were perpetually to pray for the souls of her two dead eldest children, Baldwin and Maud. Eleanor, wife of Edward I., and Philippa, wife of Edward III., did much to enrich the hospital. The patronage has always rested with the Queens of England, and the presentations are usually given to those who have been connected with the Court. There are four brethren and four sisters, who are supplied here with incomes, houses, and small gardens of their own. The modern chapel contains some of the fittings of the old one (in which Katherine the Fair, widow of Henry V., lay in state before her burial at Westminster), the stalls, and a pulpit of wood given by Sir Julius Cæsar, who was Master of the Hospital, and inscribed "Ezra the Scribe stood upon a pulpit of wood, which he had made for the preachin. Neh. viii. 7."

Over the altar is a copy from the Nativity of Rubens. A noble canopied tomb on the left bears the effigies of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, Lord High Admiral in the reign of Henry VI., with his first wife, Anne, daughter of Edmond,

Earl Stafford, and his sister Constance, Lady Grey de Ruthyn.* It was the son of this duke who married the sister of Edward IV.

On the north-west of the Park are the *Zoological Gardens*, founded in 1826 (admission 1*s.*: on Mondays and holidays 6*d.*)

Beyond the Park, on the north, rises the turfy eminence called *Primrose Hill* (206 feet high), at the foot of which the Tye Bourne formerly rose, and where the body of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, murdered near Somerset House, was found in a ditch, Oct 17, 1678. When the wind and smoke allow, there is a fine view of London from the summit of the hill, where there are seats and gravel walks.

Chalk Farm, on Primrose Hill, commemorated by a tavern, was the popular place for duels in the first part of the present century. Here (1803) the duel was fought between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara, in which the former was killed; here (1806) Tom Moore and Francis Jeffrey were interrupted in that duel of which Lord Byron made fun in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and here another lamentable literary duel, which grew out of articles in *Blackwood* resulted in the death of the Editor of the *London Magazine*. The last fatal duel at Chalk Farm was that between Lieutenant Monro and Colonel Fawcett, July 1, 1843.

On the west of the Park is *St. John's Wood*, a vast colony of second-rate villas. The district belonged to the Prior of St. John's, Clerkenwell, who had his country manor at Tollentun (Tollington Road), Highbury. The rural state

* The Duke's second wife, Anne, daughter of John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, was buried in the same tomb, but without an effigy.

of the neighbourhood is commemorated in *Lisson* (formerly Listen) *Grove*, whose public-house is the "Nightingale." At St. John's Wood is *Lord's Cricket Ground* (admission 6*d*., or, when a first-class match is played, 1*s*.). The great gathering here is for the Eton and Harrow match in July.

Before leaving the Regent's Park we may notice that at St. Dunstan's Villa are preserved the giants noticed by Cowper, which struck the hours on the old clock of St. Dunstan's in Fleet Street (see Ch. III.), and which were purchased by the fourth Marquis of Hertford on the demolition of the church.

The land now called the Regent's Park was once Marylebone Park, a royal hunting ground from the time of Elizabeth to the Protectorate, when Cromwell sold the deer and cut down the timber. A little to the south of the present Park the Marylebone Road now leads towards the hideous and populous district of *Paddington*. It passes the *Church of St. Mary*, which about 1400 gave the name Mary at the Bourne to a village previously called Tyborne, from the brook which flowed through it towards Brook Street, &c. The interior of the old church is shown in the marriage picture of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress." It was rebuilt in 1741. The burials here include Gibbs the architect, Rysbrach the sculptor, and Allan Ramsay the portrait painter.

Behind the manor-house of Marylebone, which stood on the site of Devonshire Mews, Devonshire Street, was the bowling-green which was the "Prince's" of the last century. Here John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, loved to besport himself, and led Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to write—

"Some Dukes at Marylebone bowl time away."

It was in Marylebone Gardens that Mrs. Fountain, the famous beauty of the day, was saluted by Dick Turpin, who said, "Don't be alarmed; you may now boast that you have been kissed by Turpin."

Two miles and a half beyond Paddington, on the Harrow Road, is *Kensal Green Cemetery*, whither most of the funerals, which are so unnecessarily dismal a London sight, are wending their way. Here, in the labyrinths of monuments, we notice those of the Duke of Sussex, 1843, Princess Sophia, 1848; Rev. Sydney Smith, 1841; Allan Cunningham, 1842; Sir Augustus Callcott the artist, 1844, John Liston the actor, 1846; and Sir Charles Eastlake, 1865. In the Roman Catholic Cemetery beyond is the tomb of Cardinal Wiseman.

On the east the Marylebone Road falls into the Euston Road or New Road, where we may notice the *Church of St. Pancras*, built by Sir John Soane, who is described by Fergusson as "one of the earliest and most successful architects of the revival." In this case, however, his work is an utter failure, though it cost £76,679. The slight portico is quite crushed by a ludicrous tower which presents two copies of the Temple of the Winds at Athens, the smaller on the top of the larger. The interior is taken from the Erechtheion. The side porticos are adorned with Canephoræ from the Pandroseion.

On the north of the road leading from King's Cross to Kentish Town is the old *Church of St. Pancras in the Fields*,* built c. 1180. The *Speculum Britanniæ* of 1593 says, "Pancras Church standeth all alone, utterly forsaken, old and

* It is best reached by turning to the left immediately before entering the Midland Railway Station.

wetherbeten, which for the antiquitie thereof, is thought not to yield to Paul's in London. About this church have bin manie buildings, now decaied, leaving poore Pancras without companie or comfort." It is understood that this church was the last whose bell tolled in England for mass, and in which any rites of the Roman Catholic religion were celebrated before the Reformation.* The church, which was like the humble church of a country village, is now hemmed in by railways, and was for the most part rebuilt in 1848, though it has still a look of antiquity. Its churchyard was deeply interesting, but its interest and its picturesqueness have been alike annihilated in 1876-77, many of its graves being covered up by hideous asphalt walks, and as many as five thousand gravestones being torn from their graves and either made away with altogether, or set up in meaningless rows against the railway wall, their places being occupied by silly rockwork. Other monuments, some very handsome, have been robbed of all but the flat stones which covered them, which have been laid upon the earth. The ground itself has been levelled where it was possible, instead of having advantage taken of its undulations; and the new walks, instead of being made to wind *amongst* the tombs, are arranged in stupid symmetrical lines, everything in the way being sacrificed and cut away for them. In fact, the whole place is desecrated and ruined.

Entering the church, we may notice on the north wall, under the gallery, an unknown monument of Purbeck marble, with recesses for brasses. In the north gallery is a monument to Thomas Doughty, 1691, first owner of the Doughty estate, of which the name became so familiar in

* Timbs, "Curiosities of London."

the Tichborne trial. On the south wall is a tablet to Samuel Cooper, the miniature-painter, the "Apelles of England" 1672. Near the chancel door is a monument to William Platt and his wife, 1637, removed from Highgate.

The neighbourhood of St. Pancras was peopled at the end of the last century by noble fugitives from the great French Revolution, and for the most part they are buried in this churchyard, which is crowded with remarkable memorials of the dead. On the right of the church door is the gravestone of William Woollett, the famous engraver (1785), which bore the lines—

> "Here Woollett rests, expecting to be sav'd;
> He gravèd well, but is not well engraved:"

an inscription which is supposed to have led to the after erection of a tablet in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. On the north of the churchyard is the tomb of William Godwin (1836), described on his tombstone as "Author of Political Justice," known chiefly by his novel of "Caleb Williams," "the cream of his mind, while the rest (of his works) are the skimmed milk."* With him rest his two wives, of whom the first was the notorious Mary Wolstonecraft, author of the "Vindication of the Rights of Women,"† whose daughter Mary promised to become the wife of the poet Shelley by her mother's grave. Close by once lay the remains of Pasquale Paoli, the Corsican patriot, with a eulogistic Latin epitaph upon his gravestone.

Amongst the other graves of interest we may notice those of the exiled Archbishop Dillon of Narbonne; of Grabe

* Allan Cunningham, "Biog. and Crit. Hist."

† Their remains are said to have been removed to Bournemouth.

(1711), trained a Lutheran, but who took orders in the Church of England, and espoused the cause of the non-jurors; of Jeremy Collier (1726), the famous nonjuring bishop, who is simply described in the register as "Jeremiah Collier, clerk;" of Francis Danby the musician, famed "by playful catch, by serious glee;" of Abraham Woodhead, the Roman Catholic controversialist (1678), who did not allow his name to be affixed to any of his books—"quos permultos et utilissimos et piissimos doctissimosque edidit," erected by Cuthbert Constable of Yorkshire, who shared his faith. Near Woodhead, to whom he was united in friendship "per bonam famam et infamiam," lies Obadiah Walker (1699), the ejected Master of University College at Oxford, a native of Yorkshire, and also a convert to Roman Catholicism in the reign of Charles II.: his initials appear in an anagram. Dr. Bonaventura Giffard, Bishop of Madura *in partibus infidelium*, the second Vicar Apostolic of the district of London after England had been partitioned into four ecclesiastical districts by Innocent XI., was buried here in 1733. The tomb of Arthur O'Leary (1802), the Irish Franciscan monk who wrote against Wesley, who "prayed, wept, and felt for all," was erected by Lord Moira. The epitaph of Charles Butler (1832), the learned Roman Catholic lawyer, who was the antagonist of Southey, is a mere dry chronicle of his age and death.* This is the burial-ground where Norden said that a corpse lay "as secure against the day of resurrection as in stately St. Paul's," yet Parliament has lately allowed the engineers of the Midland Railway to make a cutting through it, and to build a viaduct over it.

* For further details see "Epitaphs of the Ancient Church and Burial Grounds of St. Pancras," by Frederick Teague Carsick.

In a further cemetery adjoining, which belongs to St. Giles's in the Fields, is the tomb erected by Sir John Soane, the architect and founder of the Soane Museum, to his wife, whose loss "left him nothing but the dregs of lingering time." He was himself laid beside her in 1837. The tomb is a kind of temple, with an odd railing decorated with Cupids mourning over their extinguished torches. Near the centre of the burial-ground are the massy tombs of John Flaxman (1826), his wife, and his sister Mary Anne. The great sculptor's epitaph truly tells that "his life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality."

"Flaxman was one of the few—the very few—who confer real and permanent glory on the country to which they belong. . . . Not even in Raffaelle have the gentler feelings and sorrows of human nature been traced with more touching pathos than in the various designs and models of this estimable man."—*Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

"The greatest of modern sculptors was our illustrious countryman, John Flaxman. Though Canova was his superior in the manual part, high finishing, yet in the higher qualities, poetical feeling and invention, Flaxman was as superior to Canova as Shakspeare to the dramatists of his day."—*Sir R. Westmacott.*

Canova nobly coincided with this opinion when he said—

"You come to Rome to admire my works, while you possess, in your own country, in Flaxman, an artist whose designs excel in classical grace all that I am acquainted with in modern art.'

CHAPTER IV.

BY OXFORD STREET TO THE CITY.

RETURNING to Oxford Circus, let us now turn to the east down Oxford Street. The second street on the left leads into *Oxford Market*, built for Edward, Earl of Oxford, in 1731. A little behind it, in Margaret Street, is the *Church of All Saints*, a brick building with a tall spire, built 1850—59, in the Gothic style of 1300, from designs of *W. Butterfield*. The interior is the richest in London, with every adornment of stained windows, encaustic pavements, and sculptured capitals, the latter being real works of art. Very pleasing contrasts of colour are obtained in this church by the use of simple materials,—brick, chalk, alabaster, granite, and marble—and the effect is most delicate and harmonious. In the chancel, the place usually occupied by the east window is filled with fresco paintings by *W. R. Dyce, R.A.*

On the upper floor of a carpenter's shop in 36, *Castle Street*, Oxford Market, was the poverty-stricken home and studio of James Barry the artist.

"Between the great room of the Society of Arts and that carpenter's shop, night after night, and morning after morning, for years, plodded James Barry. In the golden glow of the summer sunsets, and in the

thick darkness of winter nights, when the glow-worm oil-lamps, faintly glimmering here and there, scarcely served to show his way. Through hail and rain, heat and cold, mud and snow, the little shabby, pock-marked man went wearily homewards from his daily work. Now brooding over colossal figures of heathen divinities, over grace, light, and shade; now surlily growling curses upon the contemptible meanness which deprived him of both models and materials. At one time angry and peevishly fierce, having been insulted by the acting secretary of the society; at another hungry and perplexed, calculating the sum he dared venture to expend upon a supper.

"Picture him to yourself in an old dirty baize coat, which was once green, and is now incrusted with paint and dirt, with a scarecrow wig, from beneath which creeps a fringe of his own grey hair. . . . Protected by his appearance of extreme poverty from the footpads abounding in every thoroughfare, his dreary walk at last ends at the desolate house in Castle Street. The door being opened with some difficulty, for the lock is not in order, he gropes his way along the dark passage into his painting-room. The lamp outside, penetrating the thick dirt on the windows, enables him to find the tinder-box, flint, steel, and matches. Patiently he proceeds to strike a shower of sparks over the tinder until it ignites, when, carefully puffing to keep it burning, he applies the pointed or brimstone end of the flat match to it, and presently contrives to light his old tin lamp. Then we see the painting-room, dimly but with sufficient clearness to note the two old chairs, the deal table, the tapestry-like cobwebs, a huge painting on the clumsy easel, old straining frames, dirt-concealed sketches in chalk and oil, a copper-plate printing-press, and, on the walls, the six sketches for his great paintings in the Adelphi."—*The Builder*, Sept. 25, 1875.

In Wells Street, which opens out of Oxford Street a little lower down, is the *Church of St. Andrew*, a perpendicular building, erected 1845—7 by *Daukes and Hamilton. Rathbone Place*, called Rawbone Place in Sutton Nicholl's view of 1720, is the great centre for artists' materials.

On the right of Oxford Street we pass *Wardour Street* (which, with Arundel Street, commemorates Henry, third Lord Arundel of Wardour, who died in 1726), celebrated for its curiosity-shops, amid which John Bacon, the sculptor, had his first studio. Flaxman lived at No. 27 from 1781 to

1787, and, being chosen a parish officer, "used to collect the watch-rate, with an ink-bottle at his button-hole."* The name of *Dean Street* and that of *Compton Street*, which crosses it, commemorate Bishop Compton, then Dean of the Chapel Royal. The father of Nollekens the sculptor lived in Dean Street. No. 43 belonged to Francis Hayman, the artist, known by his Illustrations of "Don Quixote." No. 74 was the house of Sir James Thornhill: it has a noble frescoed staircase, on the walls of which Jane Thornhill, who eloped with Hogarth in 1729, is said to be represented. At No. 83 died George Harlow the portrait-painter in 1819. Compton Street leads into *Greek Street*, where a rich ironmonger lived in the last century, whose handsome son, "Young Buttall," was the "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough.

The district of *Soho*, to the south of Oxford Street, is chiefly due to the enterprise of a builder whose name is commemorated in Frith Street. It came into fashion in the time of the Stuarts, and failed under the earlier Georges. Charles Street leads from Oxford Street into *Soho Square*, sometimes called King's Square in old times, not from Charles II., in whose reign it was built, but from Gregory King, its surveyor and architect. The Duke of Monmouth,† the King's son by Lucy Walters, lived in Monmouth House, which was built by Wren, on the south side of the square, and hence he came to appoint So Hoe, a name which had belonged to the district around his home as early as 1632, for his watchword on the battle-field of Sedgemoor. After the Duke of Monmouth's execution the

* J. T. Smith, "Life of Nollekens."
† Commemorated in Monmouth Street.

house was bought by Lord Bateman (commemorated in Bateman's Buildings), of whom Horace Walpole narrates that George I. made him an Irish peer to prevent having to make him a knight of the Bath, "for," he said, "I can make him a lord, but I cannot make him a gentleman." Monmouth House was pulled down in 1773.

On the east of the square, at the corner of Sutton Street, was Carlisle House, the town house of the Earls of Carlisle, built in the time of James II. It became celebrated at the end of the last century for the masked balls and concerts of the extraordinary Mrs. Teresa Cornelys, at which, though they were far from immaculate, the fashionable world of the time loved to congregate.* They were supplanted by Almack's, and the greater part of the house was pulled down in 1804. The Music Room is now the Roman Catholic Church of St. Patrick, Soho, which Nollekens the sculptor attended "on fine Sunday mornings." It is entered from Sutton Street, and contains a fine Crucifixion by Vandyke.

Sutton Street takes its name from Sutton Court, Chiswick, the country house of the Falconbergs, who resided in Falconberg House close by (commemorated in Falconberg Mews). Here lived Mary Cromwell, Lady Falconberg, the Protector's daughter, who died March 14, 1712, leaving the house and all else that she could away from her husband's family. In the same house the shipwrecked remains of Sir Cloudesley Shovel lay in state before they were buried in Westminster Abbey. As the "White House," its parties were afterwards of equal reputation, but

* Mrs. Cornelys, afterwards reduced to sell asses' milk in Knightsbridge, died in the Fleet Prison in 1797.

more disreputable than those of Mrs. Cornelys. The house still exists (Nos. 20 and 21) as the offices of Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, and is the best specimen of domestic architecture remaining in Soho. One of the rooms has a grand chimney-piece and beautiful ceiling. The house next door, inhabited in turn by a Duke of Argyle, an Earl of Bedford, and Speaker Onslow, has ceilings by *Angelica Kauffmann* and *Biagio Rebecca*. In the House of Charity at the corner of Greek Street are remains of the fine old mansion once occupied by Alderman Beckford. No. 32, now the Dental Hospital, was the house of Sir Joseph Banks, the great naturalist, who lived there with his eccentric sister, celebrated for her three riding-habits—"Hightum, Tightum, and Scrub."

In the middle of the square stood till lately a much-injured statue, concerning which opinions differed as to whether it represented Charles II. or the Duke of Monmouth. Surrounded by figures emblematical of the Thames, Trent, Humber, and Severn, it formed the centre of a handsome fountain: now it is removed to a garden at Harrow Weald. Nollekens narrates that he "often stood for hours together to see the water run out of the jugs of the old river gods, but the water never would run out of their jugs, but when the windmill was going round at the top of Rathbone Place." Evelyn tells us that he went in 1690, with his family, "to winter in Soho, in the great square," and it will be remembered that Sir Roger de Coverley is represented as residing in Soho Square "when he is in town." It continued to be one of the most fashionable parts of London till far into the last century. Nollekens the sculptor (born 1737) records that when he was a little

boy, and living in Dean Street, "there were no fewer than four ambassadors in Soho Square, and at that time it was the most fashionable place for the nobility."

The whole district of Soho, especially the southern portion of it, has now a French aspect, from the number of French refugees who have settled there at different times, especially the Huguenots after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the émigrés of the Reign of Terror in 1789, and the Communists of 1871. Maitland, writing in the beginning of the last century, says, "Many parts of this parish so abound with French, that it is an easy matter for a stranger to imagine himself in France." Many are the continental conspiracies which have been hatched in Soho. An old pillared building, which stood on the site of the chapel in Moor Street, was called the "French Change." There are French schools, French names over many of the shops, French restaurants with *diners à la carte*, and the organ-grinders of Soho find that the Marseillaise is the most lucrative tune to play. Lately the London City Mission has established a *Salon des Étrangers* in Greek Street, where counsel is given to the friendless and distressed.

Returning to Oxford Street, *Crown Street*, on the right (so called from the sign of the "Rose and Crown" at the corner of Rose Street and Crown Street), was formerly "Hog Lane," the scene of Hogarth's "Noon." The *Church of St. Mary the Virgin* has usurped the site of a historic building which was the first Greek Church in London, having been consecrated in 1677, "the most serene Charles II. being king," as was told in an inscription over the door. It was under the jurisdiction of the Greek

Archbishop of Samos, and was dedicated to the Virgin because of her famous grotto in that island. In 1818 the church was sold by the Greeks, and it was used by French Protestant refugees till 1822. Some almshouses near this were founded by Nell Gwynne.

High Street now leads into the poverty-stricken district of St. Giles. It is noteworthy that places dedicated to this saint, "abbot and martyr," were almost always outside some great town. This was because St. Giles (St. Egidius) was the patron saint of lepers, and where a place was called by his name a lazar-house always existed. From the reign of Edward III. to that of Henry VIII. "the pleasant village of St. Giles" consisted of only a few cottages grouped around an old stone cross, with some shops whose owners' names are preserved in the hospital grants as Gervase le Lyngedrap (linendraper), and Reginald le Tailleur, &c. A hospital for lepers was built here by Matilda, wife of Henry I., about 1118, being attached to a larger house of the kind at Burton Lazars in Leicestershire. It was in front of this hospital that the Lollard conspirators met under Sir John Oldcastle in 1413, and on the same spot he was roasted in chains over a slow fire.

"1416. Thys yere the xiij day of December Sir John Oldecastell Knyghte was drawne from the tower of London unto sent Gylles in the felde and there was hongyd and brent."—*Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London.*

The Hospital was dissolved at the Reformation, and the property granted to John Dudley, Viscount Lisle (whence Dudley Street), but it was not till the beginning of the seventeenth century that the "verie pleasant village" of St. Giles began to be built over or connected with London.

The vine garden of the Hospital is now known as Vinegar Yard!

The Hospital and its country surroundings are commemorated in the name of the *Church of "St. Giles in the Fields,"* built by *Henry Flitcroft*, 1730—34, with a very handsome spire, on the site of a brick church constructed by Laud in 1623. Close to the north door, removed from the chancel and preserved from the old church on account of her mother's benefactions to the parish, is the tomb, with a recumbent figure, of Lady Alice Kniveton. She was daughter of Alice Leigh, who married and was repudiated by Sir Robert Dudley (son of Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester), and was created Duchess of Dudley by Charles I., a title which was confirmed by Charles II. The words of her daughter's epitaph do not flatter her when they say that "she lived and died worthy of that honour;" she resided close by in that house of Lord Lisle which supplanted the old hospital, and is buried at Stoneleigh. "Under ye pewes in ye south aisle of Saint Giles' church," says Aubrey, was buried, in 1678, Andrew Marvel the poet, whose works have been compared by his admirers to those of Milton.

A lich-gate of 1658, bearing a curious carving in oak representing the Resurrection, forms the western approach to the churchyard, which contains many interesting monuments. Against the south wall of the church is a tomb like a Roman altar, erected at the expense of Inigo Jones to "George Chapman, Poeta," the translator of the "Iliad" and of Hesiod's "Works and Days." Pope speaks of "the daring, fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself to have written before he arrived at years of discretion."

Warton says that his eighteen plays, "though now forgotten, must have contributed in no considerable degree to enrich and advance the English stage." Ben Jonson writes—

"Whose work could this be, Chapman, to refine
Old Hesiod's lore, and give it thus, but thine
Who hadst before wrought in rich Homer's mine?

What treasure hast thou brought us, and what store
Still, still thou dost arrive with at our shore,
To make thy honour and our wealth the more?

If all the vulgar tongues that speak this day
Were asked of thy discoveries, they must say,
To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

Such passage hast thou found, such returns made,
As now of all men it is called the trade;
And who make thither else, rob or invade."

Near the east end of the church is the conspicuous tomb of Richard Penderell—"Trusty Richard" (1666), "the preserver of the life of King Charles II." after his escape from Worcester fight. It bears the lines—

"Hold, passenger, here's shrouded in his hearse,
Unparallel'd Pendrill through the universe;
Like whom the Eastern star from heaven gave light
To three lost kings, so he in such dark night
To Britain's Monarch, toss'd by adverse war,
On earth appear'd, a second Eastern star;
A pole, a stem in her rebellious main,
A pilot to her royal sovereign.
Now to triumph in heaven's eternal sphere
He's hence advanced for his just steerage here;
Whilst Albion's chronicles with matchless fame
Embalm the story of great Pendrill's name."

On the edge of the churchyard towards Broad Street, under a stone marked by a coronet, the remains of James Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, rested before they were

removed to Dilston, whence, in 1874, they were taken to Thorndon. Other eminent persons buried in this churchyard are Lord Herbert of Cherbury, 1648; Shirley the dramatist, 1666; Michael Mohun the actor, 1684; the Countess of Shrewsbury, who is described by Walpole as holding the horse of her lover, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, while he killed her husband in a duel, 1702; Roger le Strange the politician, 1704; and Oliver Plunkett, the Archbishop of Armagh, who was executed at Tyburn for high treason in 1681, and whose body was afterwards removed to Landsprung in Germany.

It was first in front of the hospital, afterwards at an inn close by—"The Bow," in later times "The Angel" (destroyed in 1873)—that, by old custom, prisoners on their way to execution at Tyburn were presented with "the parting-cup"—a bowl of ale (whence "Bowl Alley," on the south of High Street), their last mortal sustenance; and that Jack Sheppard, having supped the wine, smiled, and said, "Give the remainder to Jonathan Wild."

"This custom gave a moral taint to St. Giles's, and made it a retreat for noisome and squalid outcasts. The Puritans made stout efforts to reform its morals; and, as the parish books attest, 'oppressed tipplers' were fined for drinking on the Lord's-day, and vintners for permitting them; fines were levied for swearing oaths, travelling and brewing on a fast day, &c. Again, St. Giles's was a refuge for the persecuted tipplers and ragamuffins of London in those days; and its blackguardism was increased by harsh treatment. It next became the abode of hosts of disaffected foreigners, chiefly Frenchmen, of whom a club was held in Seven Dials. Smollett speaks, in 1740, of two tatterdemalions from the purlieus of St. Giles's, and between them both there was but one shirt and a pair of breeches. Hogarth painted his moralities from St. Giles's: his 'Gin Lane' has for its background St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, date 1751: 'when,' says Hogarth, 'these two prints ("Gin Lane" and "Beer Street") were designed and

engraved, the dreadful consequences of gin-drinking appeared in every house in Gin-lane; every circumstance of its horrid effects is brought into view *in terrorem*—not a house in tolerable condition but the pawnbroker's and the gin-shop—the coffin-makers in the distance.' Again the scene of Hogarth's 'Harlot's Progress' is in Drury Lane; Tom Nero, in his 'Four Stages of Cruelty,' is a St. Giles's charity-boy; and in a night cellar here the 'Idle Apprentice' is taken up for murder."—*Timbs. Curiosities of London.*

From an early date St. Giles's seems to have had a bad reputation. Even the little village had its cage, watch-house, round-house, pest-house, stocks, gallows, and whipping-post. Its pound, only cleared away in 1765, was a landmark—

> "At Newgate steps Jack Chance was found,
> And bred up near St. Giles's pound."*

Under the Tudors the character of St. Giles's was changed from a country village to that of one of the poorest parishes in London. "A cellar in St. Giles's" has long been an epithet to denote the lowest grade of poverty. In 1665, during the Great Plague, 3,216 persons died in St. Giles's alone. But the dense mass of houses called the "Rookery," which was once the worst part of the parish, has been cleared away in the formation of New Oxford Street, and the condition of the whole neighbourhood is improving, though it still continues one of the poorest in London. Much harm has been done by the ill-judged benevolence of writers of little religious books, and the exaggerated pictures they have drawn of the poverty of this district, resulting in unnecessarily large subscriptions, which destroy the habit of self-dependence amongst the inhabitants. There is seldom absolute destitution except amongst those who, having

* See *The Builder*, Oct. 4, 1873.

fallen from better days, have never been able to acquire the habit of work. Old-clothes-men, bird-fanciers, bird-cage makers, and ballad-mongers drive the most flourishing trades. Apropos of the latter, Walford's "Old and New London" gives an amusing account of the origin of the expression "Catchpenny," in the displeasure of the people at being taken in by the ingenuity of James Catnach, a popular ballad printer in Monmouth Court, who, after the murder of Weare by Thurtell, obtained a great sale for a broadside, which he headed, "WE ARE ALIVE AGAIN," which the public read as WEARE. Of the ballads which told the story of Rush and the Mannings, no less than 2,500,000 copies were sold.

A number of wretched streets run southwards from High Street and Broad Street. Dickens* calls *Dudley Street*, formerly Monmouth Street, "the burial-place of the fashions," from its old-clothes shops. St. Andrew's Street leads (at the junction of St. Martin's Lane and Long Acre) to the famous *Seven Dials*, so called because, at the conjunction of seven streets, there formerly stood here a pillar bearing a dial with seven faces. Evelyn says—

"I went to see the building near St. Giles's, where seven streets made a star, from a Doric pillar placed in the centre of a circular area, said to be built by Mr. Neale, introducer of the late lotteries, in imitation of those at Venice."—*Diary*.

"Where famed St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An in-rail'd column nears its lofty head;
Here to seven streets seven dials count their day,
And from each other catch the circling ray."
Gay. Trivia, bk. ii.

The pillar was removed in 1773, and, long afterwards,

* Sketches by Boz.

being surmounted with a ducal coronet, was set up on Weybridge Green in memory of the Duchess of York, who died at Oatlands in 1820.

Returning to Broad Street, one of the next openings on the right is *Endell Street*. Some way down it (on the right, under No. 3) was a curious bath, surrounded by Dutch tiles and supplied by an abundant mineral spring. It was called Queen Anne's Bath, and small rooms were shown as her toilette and dressing-room, though there was no proof of its having been used by her. About 1868 the springs overflowed so much, that it was found necessary to cut them off, and the bath has now been filled up. Only its marble paving slabs remain.

Then Drury Lane opens on the right. The first turning on the left of it is *Coal Yard*, where Nell Gwynne was born. At the end of this street stood the Round House, where Jack Sheppard was imprisoned at night, and found to have escaped in the morning. The next turn out of Drury Lane, Charles Street, was formerly Lewknor's Lane (from Sir Lewis Lewknor, the proprietor). Its morality is alluded to by Butler—

> "The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
> The same with those of Lewknor's lane."

It was close to this that the Great Plague of 1665 began.

Opposite to the entrance of High Street, *Tottenham Court Road* forms a main artery, running north-west towards Hampstead. It derives its name from the manor of Tottenham Court, which belonged to the Chapter of St. Paul's, whose pleasant fields were a favourite summer-evening resort of ancient Londoners.

"And Hogsdone, Islington, and Tothnam Court,
For cakes and creame, had then no small resort."
George Wither, 1628.

Tottenham Court Manor House was afterwards the "Adam and Eve" public-house, surrounded by gardens, in front of which Hogarth has laid the scene of his "March to Finchley." The gardens existed till the end of the last century.

"When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.
Then Tottenham-fields with roving beauty swarm,
And Hampstead balls the city virgins warm."
Gay to Pulteney.

Tottenham Court Road is famous for its furniture shops. On the right is Meux's Brewery. On the left is *Whitefield's Tabernacle*,* built by George Whitefield in 1756, when it became known as "Whitefield's Soul Trap;" an octangular front, which was a later addition due to the liberality of Queen Caroline, being called the "Oven." Whitefield's pulpit is preserved, and is that in which he preached his last sermon (Sept. 2, 1769) before leaving for America, where he died at Boston in 1770. Wesley used it, in accordance with Whitefield's dying desire, when he preached his funeral sermon. Here, also, Dr. Henry Peckwell preached his own funeral sermon on Heb. xiii. 7, 8, after he knew that mortification had set in from the prick of a needle, of which he died a few days after. Whitefield is commemorated here on the monument of his wife. His portrait is in the vestry, with those of all his successors in the ministry of this chapel.

* The name of Tabernacle was first applied to the churches of boards hastily raised after the Great Fire.

"Neither energy, nor eloquence, nor histrionic talents, nor any artifices of style, nor the most genuine sincerity and self-devotedness, nor all these united, would have enabled Whitefield to mould the religious character of millions in his own and future generations. The secret lies deeper, though not very deep. It consisted in the nature of the theology he taught—in its perfect simplicity and universal application. His thirty or forty thousand sermons were but so many variations on two key-notes. Man is guilty and must obtain forgiveness; he is immortal, and must ripen here for endless weal or woe hereafter. Expanded into innumerable forms, these two cardinal principles were ever in his heart and on his tongue."—*Sir James Stephen. The Evangelical Succession.*

A tablet under the north gallery, to John Bacon, R.A., the sculptor of numerous monuments in St. Paul's and elsewhere in London, has, from his own hand, the epitaph—"What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was as a Believer in Christ Jesus is the only thing of importance to me now."

"The site of Whitefield's new chapel was surrounded by fields and gardens. On the north side of it there were but two houses. The next after them, half a mile further, was the 'Adam and Eve' public-house; and thence, to Hampstead, there were only the inns of 'Mother Red Cap' and 'Black Cap.' The chapel, when first erected, was seventy feet square within the walls. Two years after it was opened, twelve almshouses and a minister's house were added. About a year after that, the chapel was found to be too small, and it was enlarged to its present dimensions of a hundred and twenty-seven feet long and seventy feet broad, with a dome of a hundred and fourteen feet in height. Beneath it were vaults for the burial of the dead; and in which Whitefield intended that himself and his friends, John and Charles Wesley, should be interred. 'I have prepared a vault in this chapel,' Whitefield used to say to his somewhat bigoted congregation, 'where I intend to be buried, and Messrs. John and Charles Wesley shall also be buried there. We will all lie together. You will not let them enter your chapel while they are alive. They can do you no harm when they are dead.' The lease of the ground was granted to Whitefield by General George Fitzroy, and, on its expiration in 1828, the freehold was purchased for £19,000. The foundation-stone of the chapel was laid in the beginning of June, 1756. It was opened for

divine worship on November 7, 1756, when Whitefield selected, as his text, the words, 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ' (1 Cor. iii. 11).

Tottenham Court Chapel has a history well worthy of being written. From this venerable sanctuary sprang separate congregations in Shepherd's Market, Kentish Town, Paddington, Tonbridge Chapel, Robert Street, Crown Street, and Craven Chapel. Much might also be said of the distinguished preachers who, in olden days, occupied its pulpit: Dr. Peckwell; De Courcy; Berridge; Walter Shirley; Piercy, Chaplain to General Washington; Rowland Hill; Torial Joss; West; Kinsman; Beck; Medley; Edward Parsons; Matthew Wilks; Joel Knight; John Hyatt, and many others. Whitefield's Tabernacle in Moorfields has been demolished, and a Gothic church erected on its site. Whitefield's Tottenham Court Chapel is now his only erection in the great metropolis; and long may it stand as a grand old monument, in memory of the man who founded it! Thousands have been converted within its walls, and never was it more greatly needed than at the present day." —*Tyerman's Life of the Rev. G. Whitefield.* 1877.

Tottenham Court Road leads into the Hampstead Road, on which the name of *Bellsize Park* records the site of the quaint old mansion called Bellsize House, which was popular as a tea-garden and place of fashionable resort in the early part of the last century, though, as late as 1720, its advertisements set forth, "For the security of the guests there are twelve stout fellows, completely armed, to patrol between London and Bellsize, to prevent the insults of highwaymen and footpads that may infest the roads."

Beyond this, the district to the north of Oxford Street is called *Bloomsbury*, the name being a corruption of Blemundsbury, the manor of the De Blemontes, Blemunds, or Blemmots, in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I.*

* The manors of St. Giles and Bloomsbury were divided by Blemund's Dyke, afterwards Bloomsbury Great Ditch. The manor-house of the Blemunds stood on the site of Bedford Place, and is described in the St. Giles's Hospital grant as "the capital messuage of William Blemund."

When the changeable tide of fashion in the last century flowed north from the neighbourhood of St. Clement Danes and Whitehall, it settled with a deceptive grasp, which seemed likely to be permanent, on the estate of the Duke of Bedford. Everything here commemorates the glories of that great ducal family. Bloomsbury Street and Square, Chenies Street, Francis Street, Tavistock Square, Russell Square, Bedford Square, and many places less important, have their names and titles. Howland Street and Streatham Street record the marriage of the second duke with the daughter of John Howland of Streatham in 1696. Gower Street and Keppel Street, built 1778—86, commemorate his son, who was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1756; and two other marriages of the family have left their mark in Torrington Square and Gordon Square.

On the left of Oxford Street, Bloomsbury Street now leads into *Bedford Square*, decorated with a statue of Francis, Duke of Bedford, by *Westmacott*. No. 6 was the residence of Lord Eldon from 1809 to 1815, and it was here that the Prince Regent, by his insistance at the Chancellor's sick-bed, wrung from him the appointment to the vacant post of Master in Chancery for his friend Jekyll the wit.

In Gower Street, which leads north from Bedford Square, is *University College*, built by Wilkins, 1827-28. Under the central cupola is the *Flaxman Hall*, containing models of the principal works of John Flaxman, presented by his sister-in-law, Miss Denman.

On the east of Bedford Square rose the magnificent Montague House. Writing of the year 1685, Macaulay says—

"A little way from Holborn, and on the verge of pastures and cornfields, rose two celebrated palaces, each with an ample garden. One of them, then called Southampton House, and subsequently Bedford House, was removed early in the present century to make room for a new city which now covers, with its squares, streets, and churches, a vast area renowned in the seventeenth century for peaches and snipes. The other, known as Montague House, celebrated for its furniture and frescoes, was, a few months after the death of King Charles II., burned to the ground, and was speedily succeeded by a more magnificent Montague House, which, having long been the repository of such various and precious treasures of art, science, and learning as were scarce ever before assembled under a single roof, has since given place to an edifice more magnificent still."—*Hist. of England.*

Museum Street leads from Oxford Street to *the British Museum*, which was built on the site of Montague House, 1823—1847, from designs of Sir Robert Smirke, continued under his brother Sydney. Otherwise handsome, it is dwarfed and spoilt by having no suitable base. Its collections originated in the purchase of those of Sir Hans Sloane in 1753. The most important gifts have been those of the Royal Library by George II., and of George III.'s library by George IV.; the most important purchases those of Sir William Hamilton's collections, the Townley, Phigalian, and Elgin Marbles, Dr. Burney's MSS., and the Lansdowne and Arundel MSS.

The British Museum is *open* to the Public (Free admission)

	From 10 to 4.	From 10 to 5	From 10 to 6.
Mondays. Wednesdays. Fridays.	January, February, November, December,	March, April, September, October,	May, June, July, August.

Saturdays, from 12 till the hour of closing throughout the year, except as stated below.

Evenings of Monday and Saturday till 8 o'clock, from May 8 to the middle of August.

Closed—January 1 to 7, May 1 to 7, September 1 to 7 inclusive; and on Sundays, Christmas Day, Ash Wednesday, and Good Friday.

In the *Hall* are three statues—

Hon. Mrs. Seymour Damer, the sculptress, by herself.
Shakspeare by *Roubiliac*.
Sir Joseph Banks by *Chantrey*.

Turning to the left, we enter the *Roman Gallery*, lined on the left by Anglo-Roman antiquities, and on the right by Roman statues and busts. In the centre is—

*43. *A Barbarian*—a noble haughty bust, the deeply overshadowing hair descending close to the eyebrows. Found in the Forum of Trajan, and probably representing the German chieftain Arminius, conquered by Germanicus.

Deserving notice on the right are—

103. Head of *Minerva*—found in the Temple of Apollo at Cyrene.
37. Bust of *Caracalla*—found in Rome at the Quattro Fontane.
30. Bust of Lucius Verus—from the Mattei Collection.
29. Bust of Lucius Ælius, the colleague of M. Aurelius.
27. Bust of Marcus Aurelius—from Cyrene.
26. Curious Bust of Marcus Aurelius as one of the Fratres Arvales—from the Mattei Collection.
24. Bust of Antoninus Pius—from Cyrene.
19. Statue of Hadrian.
* 20. Bust of Antinous—found near the Villa Pamfili at Rome.
15. Bust of Trajan—found in the Roman Campagna.
4. Bust of Augustus.
3. Beautiful Head of the young Augustus—from the Castellani Collection.
2. Head of Julius Cæsar.
1. Head supposed to represent Cnæus L.L. Marcellinus, Proprætor of Cyrene—found in the Temple of Apollo at Cyrene.

In the *First Græco-Roman Room* we may notice—

109. Satyr with the Infant Bacchus—from the Farnese Collection.
110. Bacchus—from the Temple of Bacchus at Cyrene.
111. Bust of Juno—found at Rome.
112. Statue of Diana—found at La Storta, much restored.
114. Apollo Citharœdus—from his temple at Cyrene.
115. Bust of Apollo - from the Albani Collection.

116. Statue of Venus preparing for the bath—given by William IV

* 117. Bust of Homer—in old age and blind. From Baiæ.

118. The Satyr called the "Rondinini Faun"—greatly restored. From the Palazzo Rondinini at Rome.

126. Canephora—found on the Via Appia.

128. Bust of Minerva—from the Villa Casali at Rome. Much restored, and the bronze helmet and breast modern.

The *Second Græco-Roman Room* contains—

(Left) 139. A Male Head from the Villa of Hadrian called Pantanella.

* 136. The Townley Venus—a beautiful statue, found in the Baths of Claudius at Ostia.

* (Right) 135. The Discobolus, or Quoit-thrower—an early copy of the famous bronze statue by Myron, found in the Villa Adriana at Tivoli.

* 138. A noble Head of Apollo—from the Giustiniani Collection.

The *Third Græco-Roman Room* contains, beginning on the right wall—

144. Relief of Hercules seizing the Keryneian Stag.

145. Cupid bending his Bow.

146. A beautiful statuette of Cupid bending a Bow—found 1776 at Castello di Guido (Lorium). It has no restorations.

147. Relief of a Youth holding a Horse—from Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli.

* 149. Beautiful Female Bust resting on the calyx of a flower. This was formerly called "Clytie," and was the most cherished possession of Mr. Townley, who escaped with it in his arms when he was expecting his house to be sacked and burnt during the Gordon riots.

151. A noble Heroic Bust—restored by Flaxman. From the collection of Mr. Rogers.

154. Beautiful Head of a Youth—found near Rome.

155. Statue of Thalia (the Muse of Comedy) crowned with ivy—from Ostia.

157. Relief of a Female carried off by a Centaur—from the Villa Verospi.

158. Noble Head of a Muse—from Frascati.

* 159. A very curious Relief representing the Apotheosis of Homer, found at Bovillæ in the seventeenth century, and probably executed in the time of the Emperor Tiberius.

160. Female Head in a Phrygian Hood—from the Villa Montalto at Rome.

161. Iconic Bust.

103. Mithras sacrificing a Bull—much restored. The worship of Mithras, the Persian Sun-god, was introduced under the Empire. He is represented here, in a Persian cap and tunic, pressing a bull to the ground, and stabbing him with a dagger. A dog and serpent lick the blood which trickles from the wound, and a scorpion fastens on the bull beneath.

165. Actæon devoured by his Hounds on Mount Cithæron—from Civita Lavinia.

166. Female Head—from the Pourtales Collection.

* 171. The Farnese Mercury—purchased 1865.

176. Relief of the Visit of Bacchus to Icarius, whom he instructed in the art of making wine—from the collection of Sixtus V. in the Villa Montalto.

178. Recumbent Satyr.

179. A beautiful Bacchic Relief—from Gabii.

188. Youthful Satyr—from the Palazzo Maccarani at Rome.

184. Youthful Satyr—from Antium.

185. Venus—from Ostia.

186. Remains of a group of two Boys fighting over a game of Astragali (knuckle-bones)—from the Baths of Titus at Rome.

189. Bacchus, and his beloved Ampelus, who is being transformed into a vine, to which his affection was thenceforth transferred—a very beautiful group found at La Storta, on the Via Cassia.

190. Paniskos, or Youthful Pan. The name of the artist, Marcus Cossutius Cerdo, is inscribed.

196. A Nymph of Diana seated on the ground.

199. Head of the Young Hercules—from Genzano.

204. Head of the Young Hercules—from the Barberini Collection.

In this room is placed provisionally a fine Etruscan sarcophagus, with two reclining figures—from Cervetri.

Behind the statue of Mercury a staircase leads to the *Græco-Roman Basement*, where we may notice—

54. Two Greyhounds—from Monte Cagnolo. A beautiful group.

56. Mithraic Group, with an inscription which says, "Alcimus, the slave bailiff of Titus Claudius Livianus, dedicates this to the Sun-god, Mithras, in fulfilment of a vow."

From the Third Græco-Roman Room we enter the *Lycian Saloon*, filled with sculptures and casts of sculptures, brought 1841—44 by Sir Charles Fellows from the ruins of Xanthus, the most important city of Lycia, which was twice destroyed—first in the reign of Cyrus, when it was besieged by Harpagus with a Persian army, and the Xanthians buried themselves and all their possessions beneath the ruins of their city; and, secondly, by the army of Brutus, who took the city by stratagem, when the inhabitants again destroyed themselves, with their wives and children. On the right of the entrance of the room is a model of the principal temple at Xanthus, to which most of the sculptures in this room (No. 34—140) belong, and where they are marked at the appropriate points in the model. Three tombs from Xanthus, or portions of them, are likewise preserved here.

Left. The Harpy Tomb — supposed to have been raised for a Prince of Lycia, who claimed descent from the mythical hero Pandarus. In its relief the Harpies are represented carrying off the daughters of Pandarus.

The House Tomb. On the roof is a chariot with four horses, and beneath it a relief of Bellerophon attacking the Chimæra.

Right. Tomb of the Satrap Piafa, with a roof and reliefs.

A Pillar covered with inscriptions in the ancient Lycian language.

The *Mausoleum Room* contains the remains of the famous Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, on the coast of Asia Minor, one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," erected B.C. 352 by Artemisia, Princess of Caria, who during her short reign destroyed the fleet of Rhodes, and became mistress of the island. She is chiefly celebrated, however, for her violent grief for the loss of her husband (who was also her brother), whose ashes she mixed daily with her drink, of whom she

induced the most eminent Greek rhetoricians to proclaim the praises, and for whose loss she died in two years of a broken heart, having erected to his memory a mausoleum which surpassed in splendour all the monuments of the ancient world. It was an edifice like an Ionic temple, raised on a lofty basement, and surmounted by a pyramid, with a chariot group on the summit. The whole was of Parian marble. Its architects were Satyros and Pythios. Four great sculptors—Scopas, Leochares, Bryaxis, and Timotheos—were employed on its decorations; a fifth, probably Pythios, made the crowning chariot group. From its beauty the name of mausoleum came to be applied to all similar monuments. The Mausoleum of Halicarnassus is mentioned by Vitruvius, Pliny, and Lucian, and is alluded to as a still-existing wonder by Eustathius, who wrote in the twelfth century. After this it ceased to excite attention till, in 1846, thirteen sculptured slabs were sent to England by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe from the Castle of Budrum, which had been built by the Knights of St. John in the ruins of Halicarnassus. In 1855 Mr. C. J. Newton, Keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities of the British Museum, visited Budrum, and his discovery of the colossal lions inserted in the walls of the castle and other evident remains of the Mausoleum led the Government, in Nov. 1856, to send out the steam corvette *Gorgon*, with workmen, and a firman permitting them to excavate.

The most remarkable of the remains brought over are the Lions, guardians of the tomb, with the expression varied in each; and the colossal statue believed to represent the despotic and unscrupulous satrap Mausolus himself (B.C. 377—353), which was found broken into sixty-five frag-

ments, but is now nearly complete, wanting only the arms and one foot.

"The aspect of the figure accords well with the description which Mausolus is made to give of himself in Lucian's Dialogue. 'I was,' he says, addressing Diogenes, 'a tall, handsome man, and formidable in war.'"—*C. J. Newton.*

A female figure either represents the goddess who acted as charioteer to Mausolus, or Artemisia herself when deified.

"In this statue and that of Mausolus great skill has been shown in the treatment of the drapery. Each fold is traced home to its origin, and wrought to its full depth; a master hand has passed over the whole surface, leaving no sign of that slurred and careless treatment which characterizes the meretricious art of a later period. One foot of this statue has been preserved, and is an exquisite specimen of sculpture, the more precious because we possess so few examples of extremities finished by the hands of the great masters of the earlier Greek schools." —*C. J. Newton.*

In this room is placed, provisionally, a noble Head of Æsculapius from the Isle of Melos.

The *Elgin Room* is almost entirely devoted to the precious marbles removed by Lord Elgin from the Parthenon in 1801, lost by shipwreck, recovered by divers, and purchased by Government, after long controversy, in 1816. It is almost forgotten now with what vituperation the marbles were assailed on their arrival in England—they were "not originals," they were "of the time of Hadrian," they were the "works of journeymen, not deserving the name of artists," they were "too much broken to be of any value." The sum paid to Lord Elgin was less than he had expended upon the marbles, and far less than Napoleon was willing to pay for them. Yet now they are

recognised as the greatest masterpieces of Greek art in this or any other country. A model of the Parthenon (the Temple of Athene) here shows their original position. Around the room are the glorious frieze and metopes of the temple (their subjects are described beneath): we must remember that here they are, as it were, turned inside out. The frieze represents the procession which took place every five years in honour of the goddess. The south side is the least perfect, having been injured by the winds from the sea: it is chiefly occupied by the victims, who made this procession a kind of cattle-show, as each of the Athenian colonies contributed, and, by their anxiety to shine in this, Athens knew the disposition of her colonies. Here also we see the maidens carrying the sacrificial vessels, the flat vessels being used for libations. To meet this procession comes from the north side a long cavalcade of chariots and horsemen, many of the latter most glorious. From the east end of the temple, where the processions united, are representations of the gods, without whose presence no Greek festival was considered complete, and of the delivery of the *peplos*, the embroidered veil of Athene, given every five years.

"The Temple of Minerva in the Acropolis of Athens, erected by Ictinus and Callicrates, was under the direction of Phidias, and to him we probably owe the composition, style, and character of the sculpture, in addition to much assistance in drawing, modelling, choice of the naked, and draperies, as well as occasional execution of parts in the marble.

"The emulators of Phidias were Alcamenes, Critias, Nestocles, and Hegias; twenty years after, Agelades, Callon, Polycletus, Phragmon, Gorgias, Lacon, Myron, Scopas, Pythagoras, and Perelius.

* * * * * *

"It is the peculiar character and praise of Phidias's style that he represented gods better than men. As this sculptor determined the

visible idea of Jupiter, his successors employed a hundred years on the forms of the inferior divinities. This must, therefore, be denominated the sublime era of sculpture.

* * * * * *

"We possess in England the most precious examples of Grecian power in the sculpture of animals. The horses of the frieze in the Elgin Collection appear to live and move, to roll their eyes, to gallop, prance, and curvet; the veins of their faces and legs seem distended with circulation; in them are distinguished the hardness and decision of bony forms, from the elasticity of tendon and the softness of flesh. The beholder is charmed with the deer-like lightness and elegance of their make, and although the relief is not above an inch from the back-ground, and they are so much smaller than nature, we can scarcely suffer reason to persuade us they are not alive."—*Flaxman. Lectures on Sculpture.*

"It is the union of nature with ideal beauty, the probabilities and accidents of bone, flesh, and tendon, from extension, flexion, compression, gravitation, action, or repose, that rank at once the Elgin Marbles above all other works of art in the world. The finest form that man ever imagined, or God ever created, must have been formed on these eternal principles. . . . Every truth of shape, the result of the inherent organization of man as an intellectual being; every variation of that shape, produced by the slightest variation of motion, in consequence of the slightest variation of intention, acting on it; every result of repose on flesh as a soft substance, and on bone as a hard—both being influenced by the common principles of life and gravitation; every harmony of line in composition, from geometrical principle,—all proving the science of the artist; every beauty of conception proving his genius; and every grace of execution proving that practice has given his hand power, can be shown to exist in the Elgin Marbles. . . . Were the Elgin Marbles lost, there would be as great a gap in art as there would be in philosophy if Newton had never existed."—*B. R. Haydon.*

On the left of the room are the sculptures from the eastern pediment of the temple, at which they occupied platforms at the two ends, a much larger space in the middle than is seen here having been filled by figures which are lost. The subject of the whole is the Birth of Athene from the brain of Zeus. The father of the gods complaining

of a violent pain in his head, Hephæstus split it open with his axe, when Athene sprang forth in full armour. The central figures are wanting: those of which we see the remnants represent the gods and goddesses who were present at the event, which is supposed to have taken place on Olympus. At the south end of the pediment the horses of Helios, or the Sun, are rising from the waves; at the north end Selene, or Night, is going down. Of the intermediate figures only one in rapid movement can, with some probability, be identified as Iris, the messenger of the gods, going to announce the event. The noble male figure reclining on a rock covered with a lion's skin (No. 7) has generally, but without reason, been called Theseus.

"I prefer the Theseus to the Apollo Belvidere, which I believe to be only a copy. It has more ideal beauty than any male statue I know."—*Flaxman.*

On the right are the remains of the western pediment, of which the missing portions are better known than those of the eastern pediment, owing to the existence of drawings taken in 1670. The subject is the Contest of Athene, tutelary goddess of Athens, with Poseidon, or Neptune, who had inundated Attica.

"1810. I used to go down in the evening with a little portfolio and bribe the porter at Burlington House, to which the Elgin Marbles were now removed, to lend me a lantern, and then, locking myself in, take the candle out and make different sketches, till the cold damp would almost put the candle out. As the light streamed across the room and died away into obscurity, there was something awful and solemn in the grand forms and heads and trunks and fragments of mighty temples and columns that lay scattered about in sublime insensibility,—the remains, the only actual remains, of a mighty people. The grand back of the Theseus would come towering close to my eye, and his broad shadow spread over the place a depth of mystery and

awe. Why were such beautiful productions ever suffered to be destroyed? Why in a succession of ages has the world again to begin? Why is knowledge ever suffered to ebb? And why not allowed to proceed from where it left off to an endless perfection? . . . . These questions would occur to me in the intervals of drawing, and perplex my mind to an endless musing."—*Haydon's Autobiography.*

At the northern end of the room are some noble fragments from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and a colossal lion brought from a Doric tomb on a promontory at Cnidus in 1858.

On the east side of the room is one of the Canephoræ of the Erectheum, a temple at Athens dedicated jointly to Athene Polias and Pandrosos, daughter of Kekrops. The portico of this temple, called the Pandroseion, and its Canephoræ, have been imitated at St. Pancras Church in the New Road.

The *Hellenic Room* (entered from the east of the Elgin Room) is surrounded by reliefs from the Temple of Apollo Epicurius (or the Deliverer), discovered in 1812 on the site of Phigalia in Arcadia; they represent contests between the Lapithæ and Centaurs, and between the Greeks and Amazons. Though beautiful in composition, they are full of gross disproportions and mannerisms, and are immeasurably inferior to the Elgin Marbles, though, at the time of their arrival in England (1816), they were attributed to the hand of Phidias, an honour which was denied to the great marbles of the Parthenon.

Here are two statues of an Athlete binding his head with a fillet —from the Farnese Collection.

From the east side of the Hellenic Room we enter

the *Assyrian Galleries*, filled with the sculptures brought by Mr. Layard from the Assyrian ruins of Nimroud, Kouyunjik, and Khorsabad in 1847—50. Taking the later monuments first, we enter, by a door on the left, the *Kouyunjik Gallery*, lined with sculptures brought from an Assyrian edifice at Kouyunjik (opposite Mosul, on the Tigris), supposed to have been the palace of Sennacherib. Kouyunjik is believed to have been Nineveh itself, while the mound now called Nimroud, which is twenty miles below the modern Mosul, is believed to have been the Calah of Scripture (Gen. x. 8—11).

The first series of slabs (Nos. 2 to 44) in the Kouyunjik Gallery represent events in the history of Sennacherib, especially his expedition against Merodach Baladan (Jeremiah l. 2), the king who sent letters to Hezekiah (Isaiah xxxix. 1), and to whose messenger the Jewish monarch exhibited all the treasures of his house.

The second series, of later date (Nos. 45 to 50), exhibit the victories of Assurbanipal, grandson of Sennacherib, over the Elamites.

The remaining slabs are of the period of Sennacherib (Isaiah xxxvii. 37), and illustrate his conquests and the employment of his prisoners in his architectural works. In Nos. 51, 52, and 53 they are represented dragging to their sites the human-headed bulls which may be seen in the next room.

No. 1 is a cast from a Relief of Esarhaddon, son of Sennacherib (2 Kings xix. 37; Ezra iv. 2), on a rock at the mouth of the Nahr el Kelb River, near Beyrout in Syria.

Returning to the *Nimroud Central Saloon*, we find—

Left. Reliefs from the Palace of Nimroud (Calah), supposed to have been constructed by Esarhaddon. An inscription on one of these records the payment of tribute by Menahem, King of Israel (2 Kings xv. 20), and so indicates that the sculpture was made for Tiglath Pileser II., and transferred by Esarhaddon to his own palace.

Right. A colossal head of a human-headed bull, the largest yet found, believed to be of the time of Esarhaddon.

(Beyond the door to the Hellenic Room) Reliefs representing a siege. On one of these are two heads, shown by an inscription to represent Tiglath Pileser II. and an attendant (2 Kings xiv. 29, xvi. 7; 1 Chron. v. 6, 26; 2 Chron. xxviii. 20).

In the centre of the room, a black marble Obelisk, found near the centre of the great mound of Nimroud. Its reliefs record the annals of Shalmaneser (2 Kings xvii. 3) for thirty-one years, beginning c. B.C. 860. They exhibit various tributary kings bringing offerings, amongst whom the inscriptions mention "Jehu of the House of Omri," King of Israel, and Hazael, King of Syria.

Opposite are two round-headed tablets, with reliefs and inscriptions of Shalmaneser and Assur-izir-pal; on one of them Ahab is mentioned.

The colossal lion at the door of the Kouyunjik Gallery decorated a doorway in a small temple in the north-west quarter of Nimroud. By its side was the small statue which stands near it (on its original pedestal), representing Assur-izir-pal.

Opposite are a colossal winged and human-headed lion and a bull, from the north-western edifice of Nimroud. Those who look upon these gigantic remains will read with interest Mr. Layard's thrilling account of their discovery beneath the green mounds which now alone mark the great cities of Assyria (Isaiah xxv. 2):—

"What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temples of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature, by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and modesty than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion, than the wings of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy: their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished 3,000 years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognised by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried and their existence may have been unknown before the foundation of the eternal city. For twenty-five centuries they have been hidden from the eye of man."—*Layard's Nineveh.*

The *Nimroud Gallery* is filled with slabs which continue the history of Assur-izir-pal (B.C. 880), the earliest Assyrian

monarch of whom any large monuments have been found. We may especially notice—

No. 20, as representing the King, in a rich dress with a royal cap, and a sword.

No. 29, as representing Dagon, or the Fish-god. (See Judges xvi. 23; 1 Samuel v. 2, 3, 4, 7; 1 Chron. x. 10.)

No. 33, an eagle-headed god, supposed to represent Nisroch, in whose temple Sennacherib was murdered by Adrammelech and Sharezer (2 Kings xix. 37).

At the north-west angle of the Nimroud Gallery is the door leading to the *Assyrian Side Room*, containing—

A four-sided stela of limestone with a relief of King Simsivul, son of Shalmaneser—from the south-eastern edifice of Nimroud.

(In the cases) Curious cylinders of terra-cotta. One of them is inscribed with the history of the first eight expeditions of Sennacherib, including that against Judæa (2 Kings xviii. 13).

Hence a staircase leads to the *Assyrian Basement Room*, surrounded with reliefs which portray the history of Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus), grandson of Sennacherib, and his wars with the Arabians.

"She doted upon the Assyrians her neighbours, captains and rulers clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses. . . . She saw men portrayed upon the wall, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermilion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to, after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea, the land of their nativity." —*Ezekiel* xxiii. 12, 14, 15.

We must now return through the Nimroud Gallery and the Assyrian Transept, whence we enter the *Egyptian Galleries*. The larger monuments here are, as far as possible, arranged chronologically, and, ascending to at least 2,000 years before the Christian era, close with the Mahom-

medan invasion of Egypt, A.D. 640. We may especially notice—

Southern Gallery.

In the centre. The famous Rosetta Stone. Its three inscriptions are to the same purport—*i.e.* a decree of the priesthood at Memphis c. B.C. 196 in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes. This has furnished the key to the knowledge of Egyptian characters, as one inscription is in Greek, while the others are in Hieroglyphic and Enchorial, the two forms of the Egyptian language. The stone was found amongst the remains of a temple dedicated by Pharaoh-Necho to the god Necho, near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile.

The splendid black Sarcophagus of Ankhsenpiraneferhat, daughter of Sammeticus II., and Queen of Amasis II., B.C. 538—527.

Statue of Sekhet (Pasht), inscribed with the name of Sheshonk I. (Shishak)—from Carnac. (See 1 Kings xiv. 25; 2 Chron. xii. 5, 7.)

Sarcophagus of Nekhterhebi (Nectanabes), B.C. 378—360—from Alexandria.

Statue of Rameses II.—from the tombs of the kings at Thebes.

The *Central Saloon* contains—

Monuments of the age of Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, especially the upper part of a gigantic statue of that king from the Memnonium of Thebes.

In the *Northern Gallery* are—

Two granite lions dedicated by Amenophis III. (Memnon), and inscriptions and statues in honour of that king, under whose rule Egypt was especially prosperous.

Colossal Head and Relief of Thothmes III.—from Karnak.

At the end of the Northern Gallery a *staircase* (lined with Egyptian papyri, showing the three forms of writing —Hieroglyphic, Hieratic, and Enchorial), leads to the *Egyptian Ante-Room*, lined with reliefs. In this and the succeeding rooms it is unnecessary to notice the contents in detail. Each object is admirably described on a label placed beneath it, and its position will probably be changed

in a short time. The Zoological Collections will be removed to South Kensington as soon as the galleries intended for their reception are completed. The present order of the Rooms (1877) is—

The *First Egyptian Room.*

The *Second Egyptian Room*, which also contains the collections of ancient Glass.

The *First Vase Room.* The vases are chiefly of Greek fabric, and are decorated with subjects from the divine or heroic legends of the Greeks. Notice especially in the last table-case on the right a vase with Aphrodite on a wild swan painted on a white ground.

The *Second Vase Room.*

(Notice especially) *Right. Wall Cases.* The black Vases with gilt ornaments found by Castellani at Capua.

Right. 1st Table Case. A Duck as a toilet ornament, of an exquisite enamel, adopted by the Greeks from Egypt.

Left. 1st Table Case. A number of Curses on those who had offended the writers, fixed in the temple of the infernal deities (Pluto, Demeter, Persephone). The usual form is "May they never find Proserpine propitious." Sometimes the saving clause, "but with me may it be well," is added.

An Urn for bones, with the fee for Charon, which was placed in the mouth of the dead.

A number of powerful little figures from Tanagora in Bœotia. One of an old nurse is very amusing.

Left. Table Case L. 1. An Amphora with the surprise of Helen by Peleus from Causicus in Rhodes. Secured for the Museum after a sharp competition with the Empress Eugénie.

Left. Wall Cases. 29—31. Specimens of Pompeian art—good, though few. The dawn of the Venetian style of colouring may be seen here.

The *Bronze Room.*

Central Table. The glorious head of Artemis found in Armenia—from the Castellani Collection.

Left. Table Case E. Winged head of Hypnos, the god of sleep, found at Perugia.

Iconic bust, from Cyrene, with enamelled eyes.

The Payne Knight Mercury, on its original base inlaid with silver.

The Satyr Marsyas in the act of stepping back as Athena threw down the flute. The subject is known from a relief.

Beautiful lamp representing a Greyhound's head with a Hare's head in its mouth—from Nocera.

Wall Case, left. A Philosopher—from the harbour of Rhodes.

The *British and Mediæval Room.*

Right. Wall Case 70. Bust of the Emperor Hadrian, found in the Thames.

Helmet like a mask, found at Ribchester in Lancashire, the hair waving into the battlements of a city.

Right. 1*st Table Case.* Bronze statuette of the Emperor Severus, with an enamel breast-plate.

The *Collection of Gems and Gold Ornaments.* Here the famous Portland Vase is preserved, which was found early in the seventeenth century in the Monte del Grano near Rome, and placed in the Barberini Palace. Hence it was purchased by Sir W. Hamilton, and sold to the Duchess of Portland. It is still the property of the Portland family. It was smashed to pieces by a madman in 1845, but has been wonderfully well restored.

The *Ethnographical Room.*

The *Central Saloon* (Zoological—two small rooms on the east of this are devoted to the *Botanical Collections*).

The *Southern Zoological Gallery.*

The *Mammalia Saloon.*

The *Eastern Zoological Gallery.* (Here, above the cases, are a series of Portraits, including several of much interest, but, in their present position, they are almost invisible.)

The *Northern Zoological Gallery.*

The *North Gallery* (of Minerals and Fossils), entered from the lobby at the end of the Eastern Zoological Gallery.

Descending the staircase at the end of the Eastern Zoological Gallery, we come to the *King's Library*, devoted to the books collected by George III., and acquired by the nation under George IV. The glass cases in this room are devoted to *Specimens of the Arts of Printing and Illustration*, from the earliest times in England and other countries, and *Books containing Historic Autographs.*

The *Manuscript Saloon* has a number of cases which exhibit, among other curiosities—

The MS. Prayer-book used by Lady Jane Grey on the scaffold.

The Draft of the Will of Mary Queen of Scots, written by her at Sheffield, 1577.

The Agreement signed by Milton for the sale of "Paradise Lost," April 27, 1667.

An autograph sketch by Lord Nelson, describing the Battle of the Nile.

An autograph note of the Duke of Wellington written on the Field of Waterloo.

MS. works of Ben Jonson, John Locke, Rousseau, Walter Scott, &c.

Autograph Letters of Ariosto, Galileo, Calvin, Luther, Erasmus, Melancthon, More, Sidney, Raleigh, Knox, Bacon, Hampden, Penn, Newton, Addison, Dryden, Prior, Swift Racine, Voltaire, Johnson, Byron, Southey, Washington, Franklin, &c.

The *Grenville Library* contains the valuable collection of books bequeathed to the nation by the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville in 1847.

The *Medal and Print Rooms* are only shown by especial permission. In the Print Room is an exquisite collection of *Drawings and Sketches by the Great Masters*. From the centre of the Entrance Hall we enter (with a ticket obtained on the right of the main entrance) the magnificent circular *Reading Room* of the Library.

Open daily except Sundays, Christmas Day, Ash Wednesday, and Good Friday—and between the 1st and 7th of January, the 1st and 7th of May, and the 1st and 7th of September, inclusive.

A printed ticket giving permission to read for six months is granted on presenting a written application, with a recommendation from a London householder, to the principal Librarian. This ticket is renewed on application. Persons under twenty-one years of age are not admitted.

The Reading Room, built from designs of Sydney Smirke, occupies the central court of the Museum, and is one hundred

and forty feet in diameter, and one hundred and six feet high. The reading-tables converge to a common centre occupied by the circular tables containing the catalogue.

Returning to Oxford Street, on the left, at the corner of Hart Street, is the *Church of St. George, Bloomsbury*, built by *Nicholas Hawksmoor*, 1731. It has a very handsome portico, but a most ridiculous steeple, planned from the description in Pliny of the tomb of King Mausolus in Caria, and surmounted by a statue of George I., whence the epigram—

> "When Harry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,
> The Protestants made him the head of the Church;
> But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,
> Instead of the church, made him head of the steeple." *

There is a tablet here to the great Earl of Mansfield, who lived hard by in Bloomsbury Square, where his house and library were destroyed in the Gordon riots of 1780. In the porch is a monument, with lines by Sir John Hawkins, to the popular and benevolent Justice Welch, the friend of Dr. Johnson, who at one time thought of proposing to his sister Mary, afterwards married to Nollekens, the sculptor.

[Southampton Street leads from Oxford Street (left) into *Bloomsbury Square*, called Southampton Square when it was first built, in 1665, by Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, father of Lady Rachel Russell. His house—Southampton House—occupied the whole north side of the square till 1800. In its early days this square was so

* This steeple is seen in the back of Hogarth's "Gin Lane."

fashionable that "foreign princes were carried to see Bloomsbury Square as one of the wonders of England."

> "In Palace-yard, at nine, you'll find me there,
> At ten, for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury Square."—*Pope.*

Among the residents in the square were the Earl of Chesterfield, Sir Hans Sloane, Lord Mansfield, and Dr. Radcliffe. Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature" were written in No. 6. Richard Baxter lived in the square, and here his wife died, June 14, 1681. On the north side is a seated statue (bronze) of Charles James Fox, by *Westmacott.*

Opposite this, Bedford Place (occupying the site of the old house of the Dukes of Bedford, pulled down in 1800) leads into *Russell Square,* a name which will recall to many minds the homes of the Selbys and Osbornes in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." On its north side is a seated statue of Francis Russell, Duke of Bedford, by *Westmacott.* It was in No. 21 that Sir Samuel Romilly died by his own hand in 1818. In No. 66, Sir Thomas Lawrence, who had lived and painted in that house for twenty-five years, died January 7, 1830. Cossacks, "mounted on their small white horses, with their long spears grounded,"* stood sentinels at its door while he was painting their general, Platoff. From the north-west angle of Bedford Square we may proceed, through Woburn Square, to *Gordon Square,* containing the modern *Catholic Apostolic* (Irvingite) *Church,* a very handsome building in the Early English style, by *Brandon and Ritchie.*

Parallel with Bedford Place was *Upper Montague Street,*

* Rev. J. Mitford in the *Gent. Mag.*, Jan., 1818.

behind which was "the Field of Forty Footsteps." Legend tells that two brothers were in love with one lady, who would not declare which she preferred, but sate in the field to watch the duel which was fatal to both; and that the bank where she sate, and the footprints of the brothers, never bore grass again.

On the east side of Russell Square opens Guildford Street, which leads to the *Foundling Hospital*, founded in 1739 by the benevolent Thomas Coram, captain of a trading vessel, for "the reception, maintenance, and education of exposed and deserted young children." In 1760, the Institution ceased to be a "Foundling" Hospital except in name, but is still applied to the reception of illegitimate children. The girls wear brown dresses with white caps, tuckers, and aprons: the boys have red sashes and cap-bands.

A characteristic statue of Coram by *Calder Marshall* stands on the gates leading into the wide open space in front of the Hospital. On Mondays, between ten and four, visitors are admitted to see the collection of pictures, for the most part presented to the Hospital by their artists. The works of Hogarth, who was a great benefactor to the charity, were first publicly exhibited here, and the interest they excited may be considered to have suggested the first exhibition of the Royal Academy. The collection is important as containing two great works of Hogarth, and interesting as being generally illustrative of the works of the earlier British artists, and for its views of the charitable institutions of London in the middle of the eighteenth century.

First Room.

P. van Schendel. A Poulterer's Shop.

A. Tidemand. A Mother teaching her Boy to read.

* *Hogarth.* 1750. The March to Finchley. This famous picture was disposed of by a lottery of 2,000 tickets. Hogarth sold 1,843 chances, and gave the remaining 157 to the Hospital, which drew the prize.

Sir G. Kneller. Portrait of Handel.

Second Room.

Wale. Greenwich Hospital. 1746.
Highmore. Hagar and Ishmael. Gen. xxi. 17.
Haytley. Bethlem Hospital. 1746.
Gainsborough. The Charter-House. 1746.
Wale. Christ's Hospital. 1746.
Haytley. Chelsea Hospital. 1746.
Hayman. Pharaoh's daughter giving Moses to nurse. Ex. ii. 9.
Wale. St. Thomas's Hospital. 1746.
Wilson. St. George's Hospital. 1746.
Hogarth. Moses brought to Pharaoh's daughter. Ex. ii. 10.
Wilson. The Foundling Hospital. 1746.

Fourth Room.

Raffaelle. Cartoon of the Massacre of the Innocents—bequeathed by Prince Hoare.
Collet. The Press Gang.
Hudson. Portrait of John Milner.
Allan Ramsay. Portrait of Dr. Mead. 1746.
Sir J. Reynolds. Portrait of Lord Dartmouth.
Highmore. Portrait of Thomas Emerson. 1746.
Shackleton. Portrait of George II. 1758.
Wilson. Portrait of the Earl of Macclesfield. 1760.
* *Hogarth.* Portrait of Captain Thomas Coram. 1740.

"The portrait I painted with most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first I painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it."—*Hogarth.*

Wilson. Portrait of Francis Fauquier, Lieut.-Governor of Virginia. 1760.

In this room are preserved a sketch for the Arms of the Hospital, presented by Hogarth; the pocket-book of Captain Coram, 1729; and the MS. of the *Messiah*—the score and all the parts—bequeathed to the Hospital by the will of the great composer. A fine bust of Handel is by *Roubiliac*.

In the *Chapel* Handel performed his oratorio of the *Messiah* in aid of the funds of the Hospital with a result of £7,000. The existing organ was given by Handel. The altar-piece of Christ blessing little children is by *West*. At the suggestion of Handel, the singing has been kept up, with a view to the contributions at the doors after the services. Tenterden, the Canterbury barber's boy who rose to become Chief Justice of England (*ob.* 1832), is buried in the chapel. The Founder was the first person buried in the vaults.

Behind the Hospital is the *Cemetery of St. George the Martyr*, where Robert Nelson, the friend of the Nonjurors, is buried, with an epitaph of eighty lines on his gravestone. Here also are the graves of Jonathan Richardson, the painter, 1771; John Campbell, author of the "Lives of the Admirals," 1775; and Zachary Macaulay, father of the historian, 1838.]

Beyond the opening of Southampton Street, the name of the street along which we have been walking so long is changed. It is no longer Oxford Street. In other parts of London we have already seen how great a feature of the London of the Henrys and Edwards were the numerous streams which rose on the different hill-sides, and flowed towards the Thames or the Fleet, and which are now either swallowed up or arched over, though they sometimes leave the association of their name to a street which marks their rise or their

course. One of the most important of these streamlets, one which flowed down the steep hill-side to join the Turnmill Brook where Farringdon Street now stands, was the Old Bourne or Hill Bourne, which broke out at the point now called Holborn Bars, and which, though it has totally disappeared now, still gives a name to the Old Bourne or Holborn Hill. Till the end of the sixteenth century this hill was almost in the open country, and, in the old maps of 1560, only a single row of houses will be seen on the north side of the thoroughfare. The street called Field Lane was a path between open fields, and Saffron Hill was an open park attached to the gardens of Ely House, and famous for its saffron. To the south were the broad acres of pasturage called Lincoln's Inn Fields, and barriers were erected to prevent the cattle which fed there from straying into the neighbouring highway, which are still commemorated in the openings called Great, Little, and New Turnstile. Gerard the herbalist, writing in 1597, mentions the large garden behind his house in Holborn, and the number of rare plants which grew there.

Holborn, which escaped the Great Fire, still contains many old houses anterior to the reign of Charles II., those beyond Holborn Bars to the west being outside the liberties of the City. Milton lived here from 1647 to 1649, and here wrote his "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," "Eikonoclastes," and the "Defence of the People of England against Salmasius." The hill of Holborn was called the "Heavy Hill," for by it the condemned were driven to Tyburn from Newgate and the Tower, wearing on their breasts the nosegays which, by old custom, were always presented to them as they reached St. Sepulchre's Church. Often their progress

was almost triumphal as they passed between the crowded windows on either side the way. Gay in the *Beggars' Opera* makes one of his characters, Polly, say of Captain Macheath, "Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand! I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity! What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn that so comely a youth should be brought to the sack!" And Swift, describing the last hours of Tom Clinch, says—

> "As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
> Rode stately through Holborn to die at his calling,
> He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
> And promised to pay for it when he came back.
> His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches were white;
> His cap had a new cherry-ribbon to tie 't.
> The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
> And said 'Lack-a-day, he's a proper young man!'
> And as from the windows the ladies he spied,
> Like a beau in a box he bow'd low on each side!
> * * * * * *
> Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
> Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch."

Opening from Holborn on the left is *Kingsgate Street*, leading into *Theobald's Road*, which marks the private road of James I. to his palace at Theobald's. Pepys describes Charles II. as being upset in his coach in Kingsgate Street, with the Duke of York, Duke of Monmouth, and Prince Rupert. The next street, Dean Street, leads into *Red Lion Square*, so called from the Red Lion Inn, whither the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were brought when exhumed from Westminster Abbey, to be dragged the next day on sledges to Tyburn. In No. 13 lived and died Jonas Hanway, the traveller, who was the first person in

England who carried an umbrella, and he only died in 1786! The handsome brick *Church of St. John the Evangelist*, on the west of the square, was built 1876—78. On the right of Holborn, between it and Lincoln's Inn Fields, is *Whetstone Park*, of immoral reputation, constantly alluded to by the dramatists and satirists of the last century. Houses were first built here, in the time of Charles I., by W. Whetstone, vestryman of St. Giles's. On the left is *Fulwood's Rents*, where Squire's Coffee House stood, whence several numbers of the *Spectator* are dated. It is now a most miserable court, but there is a curious old house on its east side. On the south side of Holborn (opposite the opening of Red Lion Street), where the *Inns of Court Hotel* now stands, No. 270 was the Blue Boar Inn (now removed to 285), where the famous letter of Charles I. to Henrietta Maria was intercepted by Cromwell and Ireton.

"There came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bedchamber, which acquainted us that on that day our final doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but that we might find it out, if we could intercept a letter sent from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the Blue Boar Inn in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons at Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received this letter, and immediately upon the receipt of it Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with trooper's habits to go to the Inn in Holborn; which accordingly we did, and set our man at the gate of the Inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when anyone came with a saddle, whilst we in the disguise of common troopers called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock. The sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately arose, and, as the

man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords and told him that we were to search his saddle and so dismiss him. Upon that we ungirt the saddle and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our sentinel: then, ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed, and having got it into our own hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bid him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had the letter we opened it; in which we found the king had acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both the factions—the Scotch Presbyterians and the Army; and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots, sooner than the other. Upon this," added Cromwell, "we took horse, and went to Windsor, and finding that we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we immediately from that time forward resolved his ruin."—*Earl of Orrery's State Papers*, fol. 1742, p. 15.

On the right, beyond the opening of Chancery Lane, Southampton Buildings mark the site of Southampton House. It was only in 1876 that (in No. 322, Holborn) the last remains of the old building were destroyed, where the Earl of Southampton, father of Lady Rachel Russell, died. Some of Lady Rachel's letters are dated from this house, and it was in passing its windows that Lord William Russell's fortitude forsook him for a single instant as he gazed upon the house where the love of his life began; then he went on his way to execution saying, "The bitterness of death is now past."

On the left is Gray's Inn Lane, by which Tom Jones is described as entering London to put up at the "Bull and Gate" in Holborn. Here are the great Offices of Messrs. Cubitt the builders, who give work to 800 men upon the premises, the numbers employed by the firm altogether amounting to 3,000.

It was in *Fox Court*, the first turning on the right, that

the Countess of Macclesfield gave birth to Richard Savage the poet, Jan. 10, 1697. On the left, opposite the wonderfully picturesque Staples Inn (see Ch. III.), is the entrance of *Brooke Street*, named from Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who felt it an honour to record in his epitaph that he had been "servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney." He was murdered (1628) in Brooke House, which stood on the site of Greville Street (which, with Warwick Market and Street and Beauchamp Street, is also named from him), by one Ralph Haywood, a dependant with whom he had quarrelled. In the garret of one of the houses (No. 38) pulled down in 1875-6, the unhappy poet Thomas Chatterton died, August 25, 1770—

"the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride."

At sixteen he had published the "Poems of Thomas Rowley" forged on parchment, which he pretended to have found in the muniment-room of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol, and that they had lain there for four hundred years, in the iron-bound chest of William Canynge, a merchant, afterwards Dean of Westbury. In the April preceding his death he came up from Bristol to London, filled with hope and ambition, but, before four months were over, often found himself on the verge of starvation, simply because his pride was such that it was almost impossible to show him kindness, and, in his eighteenth year, probably in a fit of the insanity which also showed itself in his sister, he ended his days by poison. His death passed almost unnoticed, and he received a pauper's funeral. In the words of his epitaph at Bristol—"Reader, judge not; if thou art a

Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power; to that Power alone he is answerable." Let him rather be remembered by the noble lines in his "Resignation"—

> "Oh God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
> Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
> To thee, my only rock, I fly;
> Thy mercy in thy justice praise.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The gloomy mantle of the night,
> Which on my sinking spirit steals,
> Will vanish at the morning light
> Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals."

Brooke Street ends, in Baldwin's Gardens,* in the arched gate of the *Church of St. Alban's, Holborn*, opened in 1865. It is a handsome brick church, designed by *Butterfield*, with stone, terra-cotta, and alabaster decorations, and has become celebrated from its ritualistic services, with incense and vestments. The peculiarly bad character once attached to Baldwin's Gardens and Fulwood's Rents may be owing to the fact that these were amongst the places—Cities of Refuge insulated in the midst of London—which, by royal charter, once gave sanctuary to criminals and debtors.

Now, on the left of Holborn, is Furnival's Inn, and on the right Barnard's Inn (see Ch. II.). No. 123, the *Old Bell Inn*, is an old hostelrie with balconies round a courtyard. Just at the opening of the Holborn Viaduct—which annihilated the "Heavy Hill," and was constructed in 1866-69, to the great convenience of traffic, and destruction of the picturesque—is *St. Andrew's Church*,

* Named after Baldwin, one of the royal gardeners of Elizabeth.

which escaped the Fire, but was nevertheless rebuilt by *Wren* in 1686. Internally it is a bad likeness of St. James's, Piccadilly, with encircling galleries, a waggon-headed ceiling, and some good stained glass of 1710, by *Price, of York*. The organ is that, made by Harris, which was discarded at the Temple on the judgment of Judge Jeffreys. The monuments formerly in the church are removed to the ante-chapel under the tower: they include a tablet to John Emery the comedian, 1822. His epitaph narrates that—

> "Each part he shone in, but excelled in none
> So well as husband, father, friend, and son."

The register commemorates the marriage, in the old church, of Col. Hutchinson, with the charming Lucy, second daughter of Sir Allan Apsley, late Lieutenant of the Tower of London, July 3, 1638. Other interesting entries record the burial (in the cemetery of Shoe Lane workhouse) of the unfortunate Chatterton, August 28, 1770, and the baptism here of the almost more unfortunate Richard Savage, son of Lord Rivers and the Countess of Macclesfield, who was treated with the utmost cruelty by his mother, who disowned him, abandoned him, and used all efforts to have him hung for the death of a Mr. Sinclair, killed in a fray at Charing Cross. The principal poems of Savage were the "Wanderer" and the "Bastard," in which he exposed his mother's unnatural conduct. He died in Newgate, where he was imprisoned for debt, and he was buried in St. Peter's Churchyard. Another poet, Henry Neele, author of the "Romance of English History," was buried in St. Andrew's Churchyard, in his father's grave, on which he had inscribed the lines—

"Good night, good night, sweet spirit! thou hast cast
Thy bonds of clay away from thee at last;
Broke the vile earthly fetters which alone
Held thee at distance from thy Maker's throne:
But oh! those fetters to th' immortal mind,
Were links of love to those thou'st left behind;
For thee we mourn not: as th' apostle prest
His dungeon pillow, till the angel guest
Drew nigh, and when the light that round him shone
Beamed on the prisoner, his bands were gone:
So wert thou captive to disease and pain
Till Death, the brightest of the angelic train,
Pour'd Heaven's own radiance by Divine decree
Around thy suffering soul—and it was free."

In this churchyard also was buried Thomas Wriothesley, the violent Chancellor of Henry VIII., who impeached Queen Catherine Parr for heresy, and also, not content with sitting in judgment, himself lent a hand to turn the rack by which Anne Askew was being tortured. Joseph Strutt, author of "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," was buried here in 1802. Against the north outside wall of the church, opposite the handsome steps leading to the Viaduct, is a curious relief of the Day of Judgment—the Saviour appearing in the clouds above; and below, the dead bursting open their coffins.

Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield, had been previously rector of St. Andrew's. One day while he was reading prayers here in church, a soldier of the Earl of Essex came in, and pointing a pistol at his breast, commanded him to read no further. Hacket calmly replied, "I shall do my duty as a clergyman, you may do yours as a soldier,"—and proceeded with the service. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, was also rector of St. Andrew's (presented 1665). In the chancel is the grave of another eminent rector, Dr. Henry Sacheverel

(*ob.* 1724), presented to the living by Bolingbroke in gratitude for a good story told him by Swift, and impeached before the House of Commons for his political sermons, 1709-10. He was, says Bishop Burnet "a bold insolent man, with a very small measure of religion, virtue, learning, or good sense; but he resolved to force himself into popularity and preferment, by the most petulant railings at dissenters and low churchmen, in several sermons and libels, written without either chasteness of style or liveliness of expression." The Duchess of Marlborough describes him as "an ignorant impudent incendiary; a man who was the scorn even of those who made use of him as a tool."

Almost opposite St. Andrew's Church, on the left, is the entrance of *Ely Place*, marking the site of the grand old palace of the Bishops of Ely, once entered by a great gateway, built by Bishop Arundel in 1388. The palace was bequeathed to the see by Bishop John de Kirkeby, who died in 1290. Here, in 1399, died "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," his own palace of the Savoy having been burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler. "It fell, about the feast of Christmas," says Froissart, "that Duke John of Lancaster—who lived in great displeasure, what because the king had banished his son out of the realm for so little cause, and also because of the evil governing of the realm by his nephew, King Richard—(for he saw well, if he long persevered, and were suffered to continue, the realm was likely to be utterly lost)—with these imaginations and others, the duke fell sick, whereon he died; whose death was greatly sorrowed by all his friends and lovers." It is here that, according to Shakspeare, Richard's dying uncle thus addressed him:—

"A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incagèd in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
Oh, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son would destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possessed,
Which art possessed now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not king."

The garden of Ely House was great and famous. Saffron Hill still bears witness to the saffron which grew there, and Vine Street to its adjacent vineyard, while its roses and its strawberries are both matters of history. Holinshed describes how (on the 13th of June, 1483), while the lords were sitting in council at the Tower, "devising the honourable solemnity of the young King (Edward V.'s) coronation," the Protector came in, and requested the Bishop of Ely to send for some of his strawberries from his garden in Holborn. The scene is given by Shakspeare.

Gloucester comes in and says—

"My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them!"

and the Bishop replies—

"Marry, I will, my lord, with all my heart.'

The Bishop then goes out to send for the strawberries, and, on his return, finds Gloucester gone, and exclaims—

"Where is my lord of Gloucester? I have sent for those strawberries;"

and Lord Hastings replies—

> "His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning.
> There's some conceit or other likes him well,
> When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit."

But a few minutes after Gloucester, returning, accuses Hastings of witchcraft, and he is hurried off to be beheaded in the Tower courtyard below.

Another record of the fertility of the Ely Place garden will be found in the fact that when, to please Elizabeth, Bishop Cox leased the gatehouse and garden to her favourite, Sir Christopher Hatton, for a quit-rent of a red rose, ten loads of hay, and £10 yearly, he retained the right not only of walking in the gardens, but of gathering twenty bushels of roses yearly! Sir Christopher Hatton expended a large sum upon Ely Place, and petitioned Elizabeth to alienate to him the whole of the house and gardens. She immediately desired Bishop Cox to do so, but he refused, saying that "in his conscience he could not do it, being a piece of sacrilege;" that he was intrusted with the property of the see "to be a steward, and not a scatterer." The Bishop was, however, eventually obliged to consent to the alienation of the property to Sir Christopher till all the money he had expended upon Ely Place should be repaid by the see. It was when the Queen found his successor, Dr. Martin Heton, unwilling to fulfil these terms, that she addressed to him her characteristic note—

> "Proud Prelate! I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement: but I would have you know that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by God I will immediately unfrock you. ELIZABETH."

The money which Sir Christopher had expended upon Ely

Place was borrowed from the Queen, and it was her demanding a settlement of their accounts which caused his death. "It broke his heart," says Fuller, "that the queen, which seldom gave loans, and never forgave due debts, rigorously demanded the payment of some arrears which Sir Christopher did not hope to have remitted, and did only desire to have forborne: failing herein in his expectation, it went to his heart, and cast him into a mortal disease. The queen afterwards did endeavour what she could to recover him, bringing, as some say, cordial broths unto him with her own hands; but all would not do. There's no pulley can draw up a heart once cast down, though a queen herself should set her hand thereunto." Sir Christopher died in Ely House, September 20, 1591. His residence here gave a name to Hatton Garden, which now occupies a great part of the site of the gardens of Ely Place. Here the beautiful Lady Hatton, widow of Sir Christopher's nephew, was courted at the same time by Lord Bacon and Sir Edward Coke, the famous lawyer. She married the latter, but soon quarrelled with him and refused him admittance to her house, with the same success with which she and her successors repelled the attempts of the Bishops of Ely to recover the whole of their property, though they retained the old buildings beyond the gateway, where Laney, Bishop of Ely, died in 1674-5. It was not till the death of the last Lord Hatton in 1772 that the two hundred years' dispute was settled, when the bishops resigned Ely Place to the Crown for No. 37, Dover Street, Piccadilly, which they still possess. In the reign of James I., Ely Place was inhabited by Gondomar, the famous Spanish ambassador.

The only remaining fragment of old Ely House is the chapel, dedicated to *St. Etheldreda* (630), daughter of Anna, King of the West Angles, and wife of Egfrid, King of Northumberland, whose society she forsook to become Abbess of Ely and foundress of its cathedral. She was best known after death by the popular name of St. Awdry. A fair was held in her honour, at which a particular kind of beads was sold called St. Awdry or Tawdry beads. Gradually these grew to be of the shabbiest and cheapest description, and became a by-word for anything shabby or flimsy—whence our familiar word "tawdry" commemorates St. Etheldreda. The chapel, long given up to the Welsh residents in London, is now in the hands of Roman Catholics, who have treated it with the utmost regard for its ancient characteristics. The walls of the ancient crypt are left with their rugged stonework unaltered. The ceiling is not vaulted, and the roof is formed by the chapel floor, but some stone pillars have been supplied in the place of the solid chestnut posts by which it was once sustained. A solemn half-light steals into this shadowy church from its deeply recessed stained windows, and barely allows one to distinguish the robed figures of the nuns who are constantly at prayers here. The church has not been "restored" into something utterly unlike its original state, as is usually the case in England.

In the upper church, which retains its grand old decorated window, the last "Mystery" was publicly performed in England—the Passion—in the time of James I. It was here also that John Evelyn's daughter Susanna was married (April 27, 1693) to William Draper, by Dr. Tenison, then Bishop of Lincoln. Cowper, in the "Task," commemorates

the over-loyalty of the chapel clerk, who astonished the congregation by singing God save King George on the arrival of the news (1746) of the defeat of Prince Charles Edward by the Duke of Cumberland.

> "So in the chapel of old Ely House,
> When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,
> Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
> The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
> And eke did roar, right merrily, two staves
> Sung to the praise and glory of King George."

A relic of the bishops' residence in Ely Place may be observed in a blue mitre, with the date 1540, on the wall of a court leading from hence to Hatton Garden.

At the entrance of the Viaduct from Holborn is an Equestrian Statue of the Prince Consort, Albert of Saxe Gotha, saluting the City of London, by *Bacon*, erected in 1873. Since the opening of the Viaduct people have ceased to remember the steepness of *Snow Hill*, down which the pestilent street-marauders called Mohocks in Queen Anne's time used to amuse themselves by rolling defenceless women in barrels.

> "Who has not heard the Scourer's midnight fame?
> Who has not trembled at the Mohocks' name?
> I pass their desperate deeds and mischief, done
> Where from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run,
> How matrons, hooped within the hogshead's womb,
> Were tumbled furious thence."—*Gay. Trivia.*

CHAPTER V.

WHITEHALL.

ALMOST the whole of the space between Charing Cross and Westminster on one side, and between St. James's Park and the Thames on the other, was once occupied by the great royal palace of Whitehall.

The first palace on this site was built by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, the minister of Henry III., who bought the land from the monks of Westminster for 140 marks of silver and the annual tribute of a wax taper. He bequeathed his property here to the Convent of the Black Friars in Holborn, where he was buried, and they, in 1248, sold it to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York, after which it continued, as York Place, to be the town-house of the Archbishops of York till the time of Wolsey.

By Wolsey, York Place was almost entirely rebuilt. Storer, in his "Metrical Life of Wolsey," says—

> "Where fruitful Thames salutes the learned shoare
> Was this grave prelate and the muses placed,
> And by those waves he builded had before
> A royal house with learned muses graced,
> But by his death imperfect and defaced."

Here the cardinal lived in more than regal magnificence,

"sweet as summer to all that sought him," and with a household of eight hundred persons.

"Of gentlemen ushers he had twelve daily waiters, besides one in the privy chamber, and of gentlemen waiters in his privy chamber he had six, of lords nine or ten, who had each of them two men allowed to attend upon them, except the Earl of Derby, who always was allowed five men. Then had he of gentlemen cup-bearers, carvers, servers, both of the privy chamber and of the great chamber, with gentlemen and daily waiters, forty persons; of yeomen ushers, six; of grooms in his chamber, eight; of yeomen in his chamber, forty-five daily. He had also almsmen, sometimes more in number than at other times."—*Stow.*

Hither Henry VIII. came masked to a banquet,* where, after the king had intrigued, danced, and accompanied the ladies at mumchance, he took off his disguise, and they "passed the whole night with banquetting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled." It is at this banquet that Shakspeare portrays the first meeting of the king with Anne Boleyn.†

It was hither that, when his disgrace befell, the Duke of Suffolk came to bid Wolsey resign the Great Seal, and hence, having delivered an inventory of all his treasures to the king, the Cardinal "took barge at his privy stairs, and so went by water to Putney," on his way to Esher, leaving his palace to his master, who almost immediately occupied it.

Henry VIII. changed the name of York Place to "the King's Manor of Westminster," more generally known as Whitehall, and greatly enlarged it. He also obtained an Act of Parliament enacting that "the entire space between Charing Cross and the Sanctuary at Westminster, from the Thames on the east side to the park wall westward, should

* Cavendish's "Life of Wolsey." † *Henry VIII.*, act i. sc. 4.

from henceforth be deemed the King's whole Palace of Westminster." He erected buildings—a tennis-court, cock-pit, &c.—along the whole southern side of the Park, and formed a vast courtyard by the erection of two gates, the Whitehall Gate and the King Street Gate, over the highway leading to Westminster. The first of these gates, which stood on the Charing Cross side of the present Banqueting House, was a noble work of Holbein, "built with bricks of two colours, glazed, and disposed in a tesselated fashion."* It was embattled at the top, and adorned with eight terra-cotta medallions of noble Italian workmanship.† This gate was pulled down in 1750: the Duke of Cumberland intended to have rebuilt it at the end of the Long Avenue at Windsor, but never carried out his idea. The King Street Gate, which had dome-capped turrets at the sides, was pulled down in 1723.

Henry VIII. began at Whitehall the Royal Gallery of pictures which was continued by Charles I. Holbein had rooms in the palace and a pension of 200 florins. It was "in his closet, at Whitehall, being St. Paul's day" (Jan. 25, 1533), that Henry was married by Dr. Rowland Lee, afterwards Bishop of Chester, to Anne Boleyn (for whom he had previously obtained Suffolk House as a near residence) in the presence of only three witnesses, one of whom was Henry Norris, Groom of the Chamber, afterwards a fellow-victim with her upon the scaffold. From the windows of the great gallery which Henry VIII. built on the site of the present Horse Guards, overlooking the Tilt-Yard, he reviewed 15,000 armed citizens in May, 1539, when an inva-

* Pennant's "Hist. of London," p. 93.

† Three of these—Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Bishop Fisher—are at Hatfield Priory, near Witham, in Essex. Two are at Hampton Court.

sion of England was threatened by the Catholic sovereigns. And at Whitehall he died, Jan. 28, 1546.

"When the physicians announced to those in attendance on the sovereign that his hour of departure was at hand, they shrank from the pain of incurring the last ebullition of his vindictive temper by warning him of the awful change that awaited him. Sir Anthony Denny was the only person who had the courage to inform the king of his real state. He approached the bed, and leaning over it, told him 'that all human help was now in vain; and that it was meet for him to review his past life, and seek for God's mercy through Christ.' Henry, who was uttering loud cries of pain and impatience, regarded him with a stern look, and asked, 'What judge had sent him to pass this sentence upon him.' 'Your grace's physicians,' Denny replied. When these physicians next approached the royal patient to offer him medicine, he repelled them in these words: 'After the judges have once passed sentence on a criminal, they have no more to do with him; therefore begone!' It was then suggested that he should confer with some of his divines. 'I will see none but Cranmer,' replied the king, 'and not him as yet. Let me repose a little, and as I find myself, so shall I determine.' . . . Before the archbishop entered, Henry was speechless. Cranmer besought him to testify by some sign his hope in the saving mercy of Christ; the king regarded him steadily for a moment, wrung his hand, and expired."—*Strickland's Life of Katherine Parr.*

In the next two reigns Whitehall was the scene of few especial events, though it was from hence that Mary I. set forth to her coronation by water, with her sister Elizabeth bearing the crown before her. Hence also on Palm Sunday, 1554, Elizabeth was sent to the Tower, for an imaginary share in Sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy. Here, on Nov. 13, 1555, died Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, his last words being, "I have sinned; I have not wept with Peter."

With Elizabeth, Whitehall again became the scene of festivities. Hence she rode in her robes to open her first Parliament. In the Great Gallery, built by her father, she

received the Speaker and the House of Commons, who came "to move her grace to marriage." The Queen's passion for tournaments was indulged with great magnificence in 1581, before the commissioners who came to urge her to a marriage with the Duc d'Anjou. She seated herself with her ladies in a gallery overhanging the Tilt-Yard, to which was given the name of "The Fortresse of Perfect Beautie." This was stormed by a number of knights singing the Challenge of Desire—"a delectable song"—and by a cannonade of sweet powders and waters. The assailants eventually were attacked by the "Defenders of Beauty," with whom they held a regular tournament, and overwhelmed by whom they confessed their "degeneracy and unworthiness in making Violence accompany Desire." Elizabeth continued to be devoted to masques to her last years, and at sixty-seven, when Hentzner describes her as having a wrinkled face, little eyes, a hooked nose, and black teeth, would still "have solemn dancing," and herself "rise up and dance."* Hither, March 24, 1603, the great Queen's corpse was brought, "covered up," from her favourite palace of Richmond, where she died.

> "The Queen did come by water to Whitehall,
> The oars at every stroke did tears let fall." †

Here it lay in state till its interment; and here, while six ladies were watching round her coffin through the night, "her body burst with such a crack, that it splitted the wood, lead, and cere-cloth; whereupon, the next day she was fain to be new trimmed up."‡

It was from "the Orchard" at Whitehall that the Lords

* Sidney Papers. † Camden's "Remains," p. 524.
‡ Lady Southwell's MS.

6. the Council sent a messenger to James I. to acquaint him with the Queen's death and his own accession, and on May 7, 1603, he arrived to take possession of the palace; and in the garden, a few days afterwards, he knighted three hundred gentlemen. It was in this garden, also, that Lord Mounteagle first told the Earl of Salisbury of the Gunpowder Plot. From the cellar of the House of Lords Guy Fawkes was dragged for examination to the bedchamber of James I. at Whitehall, and there being asked by one of the King's Scottish favourites what he had intended to do with so many barrels of gunpowder, replied, "One thing I meant to do was to blow Scotchmen back to Scotland."

Ben Jonson first became known as a poet in the reign of James I., and, to celebrate Prince Charles being made Duke of York and a Knight of the Bath at four years old, his *Masque of Blackness* was acted by the Court in Whitehall, Queen Anne of Denmark and her ladies being painted black, as the daughters of Niger. "A most glorious maske" and many other pageants celebrated the creation of Prince Henry as Prince of Wales in June, 1610. At Whitehall, also, while still wearing deep mourning for this her eldest brother, the Princess Elizabeth was married (Dec. 27, 1612) to the Elector Palatine, commonly known as the "Palsgrave." Another marriage which was celebrated here with great magnificence (Dec. 26, 1613) was that of the king's favourite, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, with the notorious Frances Howard, Countess of Essex.

James I. rebuilt the "old rotten slight-builded Banqueting House" of Elizabeth in 1608, but this building was destroyed by fire in 1619. The present Banqueting

House was then begun by Inigo Jones, and completed in 1622, forming only the central portion of one wing in his immense design for a new palace, which, if completed, would have been the finest in the world. The masonry is by a master-mason, Nicholas Stone, several of whose works we have seen in other parts of London.* "Little did James think that he was raising a pile from which his son was to step from the throne to a scaffold."† The plan of Inigo Jones would have covered 24 acres, and one may best judge of its intended size by comparison with other buildings. Hampton Court covers 8 acres, St. James's Palace 4 acres, Buckingham Palace 2½ acres.‡ It would have been as large as Versailles, and larger than the Louvre. Inigo Jones received only 8*s.* 4*d.* a day while he was employed at Whitehall, and £46 per annum for house-rent. The huge palace always remained unfinished.

"Whitehall, the palace of our English kings, which one term'd a good hypocrite, promising less than it performeth, and more convenient within than comely without; to which the nursery of St. James's was an appendant."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Whitehall attained its greatest splendour in the reign of Charles I.

"During the prosperous state of the King's affairs, the pleasures of the Court were carried on with much taste and magnificence. Poetry, painting, music, and architecture were all called in to make them rational amusements: and I have no doubt that the celebrated festivals of Louis the Fourteenth were copied from the shows exhibited at Whitehall, in its time the most polite court in Europe. Ben Jonson was the laureate, Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations; Laniere

* He was "payed four shillings and tenpence the day." See his own notes, published by Walpole.

† Pennant.

‡ Timbs, "Curiosities of London."

and Ferabosco composed the symphonies; the King, the Queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes."—*Walpole's Works*, iii. 271.

The masque of *Comus* was one of those acted here before the king; but Charles was so afraid of the pictures in the Banqueting House being injured by the number of wax lights which were used, that he built for the purpose a boarded room called the "King's Masking House," afterwards destroyed by the Parliament. The gallery towards Privy Garden was used for the king's collection of pictures, afterwards either sold or burnt. The Banqueting House was the scene of hospitalities almost boundless.

"There were daily at his (Charles's) court, eighty-six tables, well furnished each meal; whereof the King's table had twenty-eight dishes; the Queen's twenty-four; four other tables, sixteen dishes each; three other, ten dishes; twelve other, seven dishes; seventeen other, five dishes; three other, four; thirty-two had three; and thirteen had each two; in all about five hundred dishes each meal, with bread, beer, wine, and all other things necessary. There was spent yearly in the King's house, of gross meat, fifteen hundred oxen; seven thousand sheep; twelve hundred calves; three hundred porkers; four hundred young beefs; six thousand eight hundred lambs; three hundred flitches of bacon; and twenty-six boars. Also one hundred and forty dozen of geese; two hundred and fifty dozen of capons; four hundred and seventy dozen of hens; seven hundred and fifty dozen of pullets; fourteen hundred and seventy dozen of chickens; for bread, three hundred and sixty-four thousand bushels of wheat; and for drink, six hundred tons of wine and seventeen hundred tons of beer; together with fish and fowl, fruit and spice, proportionably."—*Present State of London*. 1681.

The different accounts of Charles I.'s execution introduce us to several names of the rooms in the old palace. We are able to follow him through the whole of the last scenes of the 30th of January, 1648. When he arrived, having walked from St. James's, "the King went up

the stairs leading to the Long Gallery" of Henry VIII., and so to the west side of the palace. In the "Horn Chamber" he was given up to the officers who held the warrant for his execution. Then he passed on to the "Cabinet Chamber," looking upon Privy Garden. Here, the scaffold not being ready, he prayed and conversed with Bishop Juxon, ate some bread, and drank some claret. Several of the Puritan clergy knocked at the door and offered to pray with him, but he said that they had prayed *against* him too often for him to wish to pray with them in his last moments. Meanwhile, in a small distant room, Cromwell was signing the order to the executioner, and workmen were employed in breaking a passage through the west wall of the Banqueting House, that the warrant for the execution might be carried out which ordained it to be held "in the open street before Whitehall."

"The reason for breaking through the wall is obvious. Had Charles passed through one of the *lower* windows, the scaffold must necessarily have been so low that it would have been on a level with the heads of the people, a circumstance, for many evident reasons, to be carefully avoided; while, on the other hand, had he passed through one of the *upper* windows, the height would have been so great that no one could have witnessed the scene except those who were immediately on the scaffold."—*Jesse. Memorials of London.*

When Colonel Hacker knocked at the door of the "Cabinet Chamber," the king stretched out his hands to Bishop Juxon and his faithful attendant Herbert, which they kissed, falling upon their knees and weeping. The king himself assisted the old bishop to rise. Then, says Herbert, "the king was led along all the galleries and Banqueting House, and there was a passage broken through the wall, by which the king passed to the scaffold." Below,

in the court between the two gates, through which passed the highway to Westminster, were vast crowds of spectators, while others stood upon the opposite roofs; amongst whom the aged Archbishop Usher was led up to have a last sight of his royal master, but fainted when he beheld him. The regiments of foot and horse drawn up around the scaffold prevented the people from hearing the final words of the king, which were consequently addressed to those immediately around him. He declared his innocence of the crimes laid to his charge, and prayed to God with St. Stephen for forgiveness to his murderers. He said to the Bishop, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world," and gave him his George, with the single word "Remember." Then, after praying awhile, he laid his neck upon the block, and when he made the sign which was agreed upon, by stretching out his hands, the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body, and held it up, saying, "Behold the head of a traitor." But "a universal groan was uttered by the people (as if by one consent), such as never was heard before." *

Almost from the time of Charles's execution Cromwell occupied rooms in the Cockpit, where the Treasury is now, but soon after he was installed "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth" (Dec. 16, 1653), he took up his abode in the royal apartments, with his "Lady Protectress" and his family. Cromwell's puritanical tastes did not make him averse to the luxury he found there, and, when Evelyn visited Whitehall after a long interval in 1656, he found it "very glorious and well furnished." But the Protectress

* Ellis's "Letters," vol. iii. 333.

could not give up her habits of nimble housewifery, and "employed a surveyor to make her some little labyrinths and trap-stairs, by which she might, at all times, unseen, pass to and fro, and come unawares upon her servants, and keep them vigilant in their places and honest in the discharge thereof." * With Cromwell in Whitehall lived Milton, as his Latin Secretary. Here the Protector's daughters, Mrs. Rich and Mrs. Claypole, were married, and here Oliver Cromwell died (Sept. 3, 1658) while a great storm was raging which tore up the finest elms in the Park, and hurled them to the ground, beneath the northern windows of the palace.

> "His dying groans, his last breath, shakes our isle,
> And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile;
> About his palace their broad roots are toss'd
> Into the air." †

In the words of Hume, Cromwell upon his death-bed "assumed more the character of a mediator, interceding for his people, than that of a criminal, whose atrocious violation of social duty had, from every tribunal, human and divine, merited the severest vengeance." Having inquired of Godwin, the divine who attended him, whether a person who had once been in a state of grace could afterwards be damned, and being assured it was impossible, he said, "Then I am safe, for I am sure that I was once in a state of grace."

Richard Cromwell continued to reside in Whitehall till his resignation of the Protectorate.

On his birthday, the 29th of May, 1660, Charles II.

* The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth Cromwell, 1664.
† Waller's Poems.

returned to Whitehall. The vast labyrinthine chambers of the palace were soon filled to overflowing by his crowded court. The queen's rooms were facing the river to the east of the Water Gate. Prince Rupert had rooms in the Stone Gallery, which ran along the south side of Privy Gardens, beyond the main buildings of the palace, and beneath him were the apartments of the king's mistresses, Barbara Palmer, Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, and Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. The rooms of the latter, who first came to England with Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, to entice Charles II. into an alliance with Louis XIV., and whose "childish, simple, baby-face" is described by Evelyn, were three times rebuilt to please her, having "ten times the richness and glory" of the queen's.* Nell Gwynne did not live in the palace, though she was one of Queen Catherine's Maids of Honour! At times, when the river was at high tide, the water would flood the apartments of these ladies. Thus it happened in the kitchen of Lady Castlemaine when the king was coming to sup with her. The cook came to tell her that the chine of beef could not be roasted, for the water had put the fire out. "Zounds," replied the lady, "you may burn the palace down, but the beef must be roasted," so "it was carried to Mrs. Sarah's husband's, and there roasted."† Just before Queen Catherine of Braganza's arrival the king requested the Lords and Commons "to put that compliment upon her that she might not find Whitehall surrounded by water."

The taste for gardening which Charles brought back from Holland was exemplified in the decorations of the Privy

* Evelyn. † Pepys.

Garden. It contained the famous dial, made for him when Prince of Wales by Professor Gunter, and the defacement of which by a drunken nobleman led to the lines of Andrew Marvel—

> "This place for a dial was too insecure,
> Since a guard and a garden could not it defend;
> For so near to the Court they will never endure
> Any witness to show how their time they misspend."

It was from Whitehall that one of the king's mistresses, "La belle Stuart," eloped (March, 1667) with the Duke of Richmond. Pepys has left us descriptions of the balls at Whitehall at this time, how the room was crammed with fine ladies, "to whom the King and Queen came in, with the Duke and Duchess of York and all the great ones;" and, "after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of York, and the Duke the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth my Lady Castlemaine, and so other lords other ladies, and they danced the brantle. After that, the King led a lady a single coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies; very noble it was, and great pleasure to see." The last scenes of this reign of pleasure at Whitehall are described by Evelyn—

"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'night I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine &c., a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after all was in the dust."

Charles died in Whitehall on Feb. 6, 1684. With his successor the character of the palace changed. James II.,

who continued to make it his principal residence, established a Roman Catholic chapel there.

"March 5, 1685. To my great griefe I saw the new pulpit set up in the Popish Oratorie at Whitehall, for the Lent preaching, masse being publicly said, and the Romanists swarming at Court with greater confidence than had ever been seene in England since the Reformation." —*Evelyn.*

It was from Whitehall that Queen Mary Beatrice made her escape on the night of Dec. 9, 1688. The adventure was confided to the Count de Lauzun and his friend M. de St. Victor, a gentleman of Avignon. The queen on that terrible evening vainly entreated to be allowed to remain and share the perils of her husband; he assured her that it was absolutely necessary that she should precede him, and that he would follow her in twenty-four hours. The king and queen went to bed as usual to avoid suspicion, but rose soon after, when the queen put on a disguise provided by St. Victor. The royal pair then descended to the rooms of Madame de Labadie, where they found Lauzun, with the infant Prince James and his two nurses. The king, turning to Lauzun, said, "I confide my queen and my son to your care: all must be hazarded to convey them with the utmost speed to France." Lauzun then gave his hand to the queen to lead her away, and, followed by the two nurses with the child, they crossed the Great Gallery, and descended by a back staircase and a postern gate to Privy Gardens. At the garden gate a coach was waiting, the queen entered with Lauzun, the nurses, and her child, who slept the whole time, St. Victor mounted by the coachman, and they drove to the "Horse Ferry" at Westminster, where a boat was waiting in which they crossed to Lambeth.

On the 11th the Dutch troops had entered London, and James, having commanded the gallant Lord Craven, who was prepared to defend the palace to the utmost, to draw off the guard which he commanded, escaped himself in a boat from the water-entrance of the palace at three o'clock in the morning. At Feversham his flight was arrested, and he returned amid bonfires, bell-ringing, and every symptom of joy from the fickle populace. Once more he slept in Whitehall, but in the middle of the night was aroused by order of his son-in-law, and hurried forcibly down the river to Rochester, whence, on Dec. 23, he escaped to France. On the 25th of November the Princess Anne had declared against her unfortunate father, by absconding at night by a back staircase from her lodgings in the Cockpit, as the north-western angle of the palace was called, which looked on St. James's Park. Compton, Bishop of London, was waiting for her with a hackney coach, and she fled to his house in Aldersgate Street. Mary II. arrived in the middle of February, and "came into Whitehall, jolly as to a wedding, seeming quite transported with joy."

"She rose early in the morning, and, in her undress, before her women were up, went about from room to room, to see the conveniences of Whitehall. She slept in the same bed where the queen of James II. had slept, and within a night or two sat down to basset. She smiled upon all, and talked to everybody, so that no change seemed to have taken place at Court as to queens, save that infinite throngs of people came to see her, and that she went to our prayers. Her demeanour was censured by many. She seems to be of a good temper, but takes nothing to heart."—*Evelyn. Diary.*

But the glories of Whitehall were now over; William III., occupied with his buildings at Hampton Court and Kensington, never cared to live there, and Mary doubtless stayed

there as little as possible, feeling oppressed by the recollections of her youth spent there with an indulgent father whom she had cruelly wronged, and a stepmother whom she had once loved with sisterly as well as filial affection, and from whom she had parted with passionate grief on her marriage, only nine years before. The Stone Gallery and the late apartments of the royal mistresses in Whitehall were burnt down in 1691, and the whole edifice was almost totally destroyed by fire through the negligence of a Dutch maid-servant in 1697.

The principal remaining fragment of the palace is the *Banqueting House* of Inigo Jones, from which Charles I. passed to execution. Built in the dawn of the style of Wren, it is one of the most grandiose examples of that style, and is perfect alike in symmetry and proportion. That it has no entrance apparent at first sight is due to the fact that it was only intended as a portion of a larger building. In the same way we must remember that the appearance of two stories externally, while the whole is one room, is due to the Banqueting House being only one of four intended blocks, of which one was to be a chapel surrounded by galleries, and the other two divided into two tiers of apartments. The Banqueting House was turned into a chapel by George I., but has never been consecrated, and the aspect of a hall is retained by the ugly false red curtains which surround the interior of the building. It is called the *Chapel Royal of Whitehall*, is served by the chaplains of the sovereign, and is one of the dreariest places of worship in London. The ceiling is still decorated with canvas pictures by Rubens (1635) representing the apotheosis of James I. The painter received £3,000 for

these works. The walls were to have been painted by Vandyke with the History of the Order of the Garter. "What," says Walpole, "had the Banqueting House been if completed?"* Over the entrance is a bronze bust of James I. attributed to Le Sœur.

To this chapel the Seven Bishops came to return thanks immediately after their acquittal. It was St. Peter's Day, and it was remarked that the Epistle was singularly appropriate, being part of the 12th chapter of the Acts, recording Peter's miraculous deliverance from prison.† Archbishop Tillotson (1694) was seized with paralysis here during Divine service on Sunday.‡ "He felt it coming on him; but not thinking it decent to interrupt the Divine service, he neglected it too long." His death immediately preceded that of Queen Mary, who was greatly attached to him.

The *Weathercock* on the north end of the Banqueting House is of historic interest, as having been placed there by James II., that he might watch from his chamber whether it was a wind which would bring the Dutch fleet to England. According as the wind blew from east or west, it was called a Popish or a Protestant wind. Hence the lines in the ballad of Lilibulero—

> "Oh, but why does he stay behind?
> By my soul, 'tis a Protestant wind."

The exterior of the Banqueting House has always been much studied by architects. A dirty little ragged chimney-sweeper was once found drawing its front in chalk upon the basement stones of the building itself, and begged with tears

* Anecdotes of Painting.

† D'Oyley's "Life of Archbishop Sancroft."

‡ Archbishop Whitgift had been similarly attacked with a fatal paralytic seizure at Whitehall.

not to be exposed to his master. The gentleman who found him purchased his indentures and sent him to Rome to study, and he lived to make a large fortune as Isaac Ware the architect.*

In a courtyard behind the Banqueting House is one of our best London statues, that of James II. by Grinling Gibbons. It was erected Dec. 31, 1686, at the expense of Tobias Rustat, a faithful page of the chamber to Charles II. and James II., who thus expended in their honour the money earned in their service. This statue was neither removed in the revolution of 1688, nor injured by the fire which destroyed the palace.

In the wall adjoining Fife House in Whitehall Yard may still, or might lately, be seen the arch of the Gate which led to the Royal Stairs upon the river. On the left of the court is the *United Service Institution*, with a small *Museum*, containing examples of naval, military, and militia uniforms, models of ships, and weapons of all kinds. Amongst historic objects preserved here we may notice—

The Sword of Cromwell at the siege of Drogheda.

The Sword borne by General Wolfe at the siege of Quebec, Sept. 13, 1751.

The Dirk of Lord Nelson as a Midshipman, and the Sword with which he boarded the St. Joseph.

Relics of Captain Cooke, including his chronometer, taken out again by Captain Bligh in 1787, and carried by the mutineers of the *Bounty* to Pitcairn's Island.

Relics of Sir John Franklin's Arctic Expedition, including the chronometers of the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, which sailed May, 1845.

Relics of the Crimean war, amid which many will look with interest on the stuffed form of "Bob," the dog of the Scots Fusilier Guards, which was present at Alma and Inkerman, and marched into London at the head of the regiment.

* *Builder*, Feb. 5, 1876.

To the east of the Banqueting House is *Scotland Yard*, chiefly known now from its Police Office and Lost Property Office. It derives its name from having been a London residence for the Scottish kings. It was given to them in 959 by King Edgar, when Kenneth III., coming to do homage for his kingdom, was enjoined to return every year "to assist in the forming of the laws." It remained in the hands of the Kings of Scotland till the rebellion of William of Scotland in the reign of Henry II. Afterwards it continued to bear their name, and when Margaret, widow of James IV., slain at Flodden, was reconciled to her brother Henry VIII., after her second marriage with the Earl of Angus, she went to reside there. Scotland Yard had the immunities of a royal palace, and no one could be arrested for debt within its precincts. Milton, when he was Cromwell's Latin Secretary, resided in Scotland Yard. Other famous residents were Inigo Jones (who, with Nicholas Stone the sculptor, buried his money here during the Commonwealth); Sir John Denham the poet; and Sir Christopher Wren. Sir John Vanbrugh the architect built here, from the ruins of the palace, the semi-Grecian semi-Gothic house satirized by Swift in the lines—

"Now Poets from all quarters ran,
To see the house of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round,
But no such house was to be found:
One asks a waterman hard by,
'Where may the Poet's palace lie?'
Another of the Thames enquires
If he has seen its gilded spires?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a *Goose-pie*."

It was in Scotland Yard that (in the time of James I.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury was attacked by Sir John Ayres and four ruffians, who tried to assassinate him, on a groundless suspicion of his being the favoured lover of Lady Ayres. He so gallantly defended himself that, though wounded, he put all his assailants to flight.

Beyond the Banqueting House, a row of houses facing the river still commemorates, in its name, the *Privy Gardens* where Latimer preached in a pulpit to Edward VI., who listened to him from a window of the palace, and where Pepys, in a different age, said that "it did him good" to look at Lady Castlemaine's "linen petticoats, laced with rich lace at the bottom."*

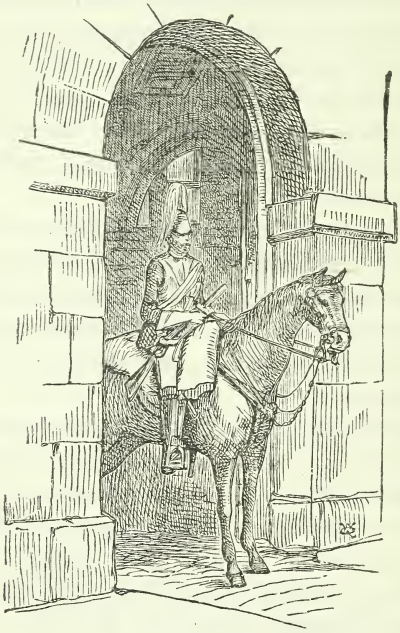
In the last days of June, 1850, an anxious crowd were gathered before the gates of No. 4, Privy Gardens to read the bulletins which announced the fluctuations in the health of Sir Robert Peel, who was carried home after his fatal accident on Constitution Hill, and expired in the dining-room of this house.

Opposite Whitehall is, first, the *Admiralty Office*, built by T. Ripley, 1726, on the site of Wallingford House, on the roof of which Archbishop Usher fainted on seeing Charles I. led forth to the scaffold. It has a screen by Adam, with ornaments supposed to be typical of the duties of the place. There is a fine portrait of Nelson here, which was painted at Naples by *Leonardo Guzzardi* for Sir William Hamilton in 1799.

The next building is the *Horse Guards*, so called from the troop constantly on guard here, and first established here in an edifice overlooking the Tilt-Yard, "to watch and restrain the prentices from overawing Parliament." The

* Diary, 21st May, 1662.

building was erected by Vardy in 1753. Two splendid cuirassed and helmeted figures sit like statues on their horses under the little stone pavilions on either side the gate, and are relieved every two hours, while two others on foot,



On Guard at the Horse Guards.

as Taine describes, "posent avec majesté devant les gamins."* The archway in the centre is the royal entrance to St. James's Park, by the ancient Tilt-Yard, now the parade-ground. It was from the Horse Guards

* Notes sur l'Angleterre

that the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington set forth.

The next line of buildings, surmounted by a row of the meaningless tea-urns beloved by unimaginative architects, is the *Treasury*, which was first established in the Cockpit of Whitehall by Charles II., and has remained there ever since. It occupies the site of the apartment in the palace where General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, died, Jan. 4, 1670, and his low-born duchess, Nan Clarges, in the same month. It was from hence also that Anne escaped, and here Guiscard tried to stab Harley, Earl of Oxford, March 8, 1711, but fell under the wounds of Lord Paulet and Mr. St. John. The present buildings, erected by Sir C. Barry, 1846-7, include the Board of Trade, the Home Office, and the Privy Council Office.

In *Downing Street* (named from Sir G. Downing, Secretary of State in 1668) the public offices have now swallowed up all the private residences.

There is a fascination in the air of this little *cul-de-sac*: an hour's inhalation of its atmosphere affects some men with giddiness, others with blindness, and very frequently with the most oblivious boastfulness."—*Theodore Hook.*

The south side of Downing Street is formed by the magnificent pile of modern Italian buildings by Sir Gilbert Scott, erected 1868—73, to include the *Home Office*, *Foreign Office*, *Colonial Office*, and *East India Office*. The Foreign Office, presided over by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is at the north-west corner of the building, with a grand staircase: cabinet councils are frequently held here. The Colonial Office, facing Parliament Street, is presided over by the Secretary of State for the

Colonies. Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington had their only meeting in a waiting-room of the old building. The affairs of the India Office were formerly transacted in the East India House in Leadenhall Street, but were transferred to the Crown when the East India Company came to an end by Act of Parliament, Sept. 1, 1858, and are now managed by a council of twelve members under a Secretary of State. Facing Downing Street is the *Exchequer*, so called from a four-cornered table covered with parti-coloured cloth, which heralds call *chequy*, round which the old court was held.

The stately modern house with high roofs, on the left of Whitehall, is *Montagu House*,* built in 1863 by the Duke of Buccleuch, upon the site of an old family mansion erected immediately after the Court had abandoned Whitehall. The house contains some magnificent Vandykes and one of the noblest collections of *Historical Miniatures* in England, beautifully arranged in large frames on the walls of the principal rooms. The important English miniatures begin with Henry VIII., Catherine of Arragon, Catherine Howard, and those who surrounded them. Elizabeth is represented over and over again, with almost all the leading characters of her age. The Stuart Kings follow, with their wives, mistresses, courtiers, and the chief literary men of their time; and the reigns of the Georges are represented with equal completeness. Many cases are devoted to the Foreign miniatures, of which most are French, and belong to the reigns of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. Amongst the pictures especially deserving notice are—

In the *Duke's Sitting Room*—

* Montagu House is not shown to the public.

Sir J. Reynolds. Lady Elizabeth Montagu, Duchess of Buccleuch —a most noble portrait.
Lely. Lady Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Northumberland (*ob.* 1722), as a child, with a dog.
Walker. Portrait of Oliver Cromwell.
Dobson. Portrait of Thomas Hobbes.

Drawing Room.

Rembrandt. Portraits of Himself and his Mother.
D. Teniers. The Harvest Field—at the artist's château of Perck.
Vandevelde. Shipping—a beautiful specimen of the master.
Murillo. St. John and the Lamb.
Andrea Mantegna. A Sibyl and Prophet—in monochrome.
Rubens. The Watering Place.

Music Room.

Raffaelle. Fragment of a Cartoon.

Dining Room.

Vandyke. James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox.
Vandyke. James Hamilton, Duke of Hamilton.
Mengs. John, Marquis of Monthermer.
Vandyke. Henry Rich, Earl of Holland.
Vandyke. George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntly.
Lely. Anna Maria Brudenel, Countess of Shrewsbury.
Lely. Lady Dorothy Brudenel, Countess of Westmoreland.

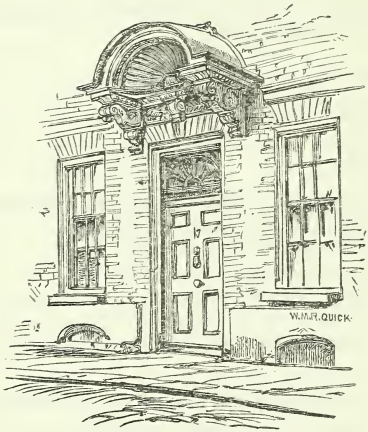
Richmond Terrace occupies the site of Richmond House (burnt 1791), built by the Earl of Burlington for Charles, second Duke of Richmond.

On the right is the turn into *King Street*, now a by-way, but long the principal approach to Westminster, in which divers people were smothered when pressing to see Queen Elizabeth and her nobles ride to open Parliament. Here it was that Edmund Spenser the poet "died for lacke of bread," having refused twenty pieces of silver sent him by Lord Essex when it was too late, saying he was "sorry he

had no time to spend them." Here lived Thomas Carew, who wrote—

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires," &c.

Here also, in a house now destroyed, near Blue Boar's Head Yard, resided Mrs. Cromwell, the anxious mother of the Protector, never happy unless she saw her son twice a



Judge Jeffreys' House.

day, and calling out, whenever she heard the report of a gun, "My son is shot." Oliver Cromwell was living here himself when Charles I. was carried in a sedan chair through the street to his trial in Westminster Hall, and hence, six months after the king's execution, he set off in his coach drawn by "six gallant Flanders mares," to his campaign in Ireland. It was down King Street that the

Protector's funeral passed from Whitehall to the Abbey, with his waxen effigy lying upon the coffin.

Behind King Street is *Delahay Street*, where Judge Jeffreys lived in a house marked by its picturesque porch. It was the only house which was allowed to have a private entrance to the Park on the other side. To the left of Parliament Street is *Cannon Row* (originally Channel Row, from a branch of the Thames which once helped to make Thorney Island), where the widow of the Protector Somerset lived. Here is the Office of the Civil Service Commission. *Dorset Court*, opening from hence, formerly commemorated the birthplace of Anne Clifford, "Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery."

But we must hasten on, for down Parliament Street we look into a sunlit square, and beyond it rise, in a grim greyness which is scarcely enlivened by their lace-like fret-work, the wondrous buttresses of the most beautiful chapel in the world—that of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER VI.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—I.

THE first church on this site was built on the Isle of Thorns —"Thorney Island"— an almost insulated peninsula of dry sand and gravel, girt on one side by the Thames, and on the other by the marshes formed by the little stream Eye,* which gave its name to Tyburn, before it fell into the river. Here Sebert, King of the East Saxons, who died in 616, having been baptized by Mellitus, is said to have founded a church, which he dedicated to St. Peter, either from an association with the great church in Rome, from which Augustine had lately come, or to balance his rival foundation in honour of St. Paul upon a neighbouring hill. Sulcard, the first historian of the Abbey, relates that on a Sunday night, being the eve of the day on which the church was to be consecrated by Bishop Mellitus, Edric the fisherman was watching his nets by the bank of the island. On the opposite shore he saw a gleaming light, and, when he approached it in his boat, he found a venerable man, who desired to be ferried across the stream. Upon their arrival at the island, the myste-

* The Eye, now a sewer, still passes under New Bond Street, the Green Park and Buckingham Palace, to join the Thames near Vauxhall Bridge.

rious stranger landed, and proceeded to the church, calling up on his way two springs of water, which still exist, by two blows of his staff. Then a host of angels miraculously appeared, and held candles which lighted him as he went through all the usual forms of a church consecration, while throughout the service other angels were seen ascending and descending over the church, as in Jacob's vision. When the old man returned to the boat, he bade Edric tell Mellitus that the church was already consecrated by St. Peter, who held the keys of heaven, and promised that a plentiful supply of fish would never fail him as a fisherman if he ceased to work on a Sunday, and did not forget to bear a tithe of that which he caught to the Abbey of Westminster.

On the following day, when Mellitus came to consecrate the church, Edric presented himself and told his story, showing, in proof of it, the marks of consecration in the traces of the chrism, the crosses on the doors, and the droppings of the angelic candles. The bishop acknowledged that his work had been already done by saintly hands, and changed the name of the place from Thorney to Westminster, and in recollection of the story of Edric a tithe of fish was paid by the Thames fishermen to the Abbey till 1382,* the bearer having a right to sit that day at the prior's table, and to ask for bread and ale from the cellarman.

Beside the church of Sebert arose the palace of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, to which it served as a chapel, as

* In 1231 the monks of Westminster went to law with the vicar of Rotherhithe for the tithe of salmon caught in his parish, protesting that it had been granted by St. Peter to their Abbey at its consecration.—*Flete.*

St. George's does to Windsor. It is connected with many of the legends of that picturesque age. Here, while he was attending mass with Leofric of Mercia and his wife, the famous Godiva, Edward the Confessor announced that he saw the Saviour appear as a luminous child. By the wayside between the palace and the chapel sate Michael, the crippled Irishman, who assured Hugolin, the chamberlain, that St. Peter had promised his cure if the king would himself bear him on his shoulders to the church, upon which Edward bore him to the altar, where he was received by Godric, the sacristan, and walked away whole.

Whilst he was an exile Edward had vowed that if he returned to England in safety he would make a pilgrimage to Rome. This promise, after his coronation, he was most anxious to perform, but his nobles refused to let him go, and the pope (Leo IX.) released him from his vow, on condition of his founding or restoring a church in honour of St. Peter. Then, to an ancient hermit near Worcester, St. Peter appeared, "bright and beautiful, like to a clerk," and bade him tell the king that the church to which he must devote himself, and where he must establish a Benedictine monastery, was no other than the ancient minster of Thorney, which he knew so well.

Edward, henceforth devoting a tenth of his whole substance to the work, destroyed the old church, and rebuilt it from the foundation, as the "Collegiate Church of St. Peter at Westminster." It was the first cruciform church erected in England,* and was of immense size for the age, covering the whole of the ground occupied by the present building. The foundation was laid in 1049, and the

* "Novo compositionis genere."—*Matthew Paris.*

church was consecrated December 28, 1065, eight days before the death of the king. Of this church and monastery of the Confessor nothing remains now but the Chapel of the Pyx, the lower part of the Refectory underlying the Westminster schoolroom, part of the Dormitory, and the whole of the lower walls of the South Cloister; but the Bayeux tapestry still shows us in outline the church of the Confessor as it existed in its glory.

The second founder of the Abbey was Henry III., who pulled down most of the Confessor's work, and from 1245 to 1272 devoted himself to rebuilding. The material he employed was first the green sandstone, which has given the name of God-stone to the place in Surrey whence it came, and afterwards Caen stone. The portions which remain to us from his time are the Confessor's Chapel, the side aisles and their chapels, and the choir and transepts. The work of Henry was continued by his son Edward I., who built the eastern portion of the nave, and it was carried on by different abbots till the great west window was erected by Abbot Estney in 1498. Meantime, Abbot Littlington, in 1380, had added the College Hall, the Abbot's House, Jerusalem Chamber, and part of the cloisters. In 1502 Henry VII. pulled down the Lady Chapel, and built his beautiful Perpendicular chapel instead. The western towers were only completed from designs of Sir Christopher Wren (1714), under whom much of the exterior was refaced with Oxfordshire stone, and its original details mercilessly defaced and pared down.

"The Abbey Church formerly arose a magnificent apex to a royal palace, surrounded by its own greater and lesser sanctuaries and almonries; its bell-towers, chapels, prisons, gate-houses, boundary-

walls, and a train of other buildings, of which at the present day we can scarcely form an idea. In addition to all the land around it, extending from the Thames to Oxford Street, and from Vauxhall Bridge Road to the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, the Abbey possessed 97 towns and villages, 17 hamlets, and 216 manors."—*Bardwell's Ancient and Modern Westminster.*

At the dissolution Abbot Benson was rewarded for his facile resignation by being made dean of the college which was established in place of the monastery. In 1541 a bishopric of Westminster was formed, with Middlesex as a diocese, but it was of short existence, for Mary refounded the monastery, and Elizabeth turned her attention entirely to the college, which she re-established under a dean and twelve secular canons.

No one can understand Westminster Abbey, and few can realise its beauties, in a single visit. Too many tombs will produce the same satiety as too many pictures. There can be no advantage, and there will be less pleasure, in filling the brain with a hopeless jumble in which kings and statesmen, warriors, ecclesiastics, and poets, are tossing about together. Even those who give the shortest time to their London sight-seeing should not pay less than three visits to the Abbey. On the first, unwearied by detail, let them have the luxury of enjoying the architectural beauties of the place, with a general view of the interior, the chapter-house, cloisters, and their monastic surroundings. On the second let them study the glorious chapels which surround the choir, and which contain nearly all the tombs of antiquarian or artistic interest. On the third let them labour as far as they can through the mass of monuments which crowd the transepts and nave, which are often mere cenotaphs, and which almost always derive their only interest

from those they commemorate. These three visits may enable visitors to *see* Westminster Abbey, but it will require many more to *know* it—visits at all hours of the day to drink in the glories of the light and shadow in the one great church of England which retains its beautiful ancient colouring undestroyed by so-called "restoration"—visits employed in learning the way by which the minster has grown, arch upon arch, and monument upon monument; and other visits given to studying the epitaphs on the tombs, and considering the reminiscences they awaken.

"Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone—
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empires held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven."

Tickell.

In approaching the Abbey from Parliament Street, the first portion seen is the richly decorated buttresses of Henry VII.'s Chapel. Then we emerge into the open square which still bears the name of Broad Sanctuary, and have the whole building rising before us.

"That antique pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep,
Making the circle of their reign complete,
These suns of empire, where they rise they set."

Waller.

The outline of the Abbey is beautifully varied and broken by St. Margaret's Church, which is not only

deeply interesting in itself, but is invaluable as presenting the greater edifice behind it in its true proportions. Facing us is the north transept, the front of which, with its statueless niches, beautiful rose-window, and its great triple entrance—imitated from French cathedrals—sometimes called "Solomon's Porch," is the richest part of the building externally, and a splendid example of the Pointed

At Westminster.

style. Beyond Wren's poor towers is the low line of grey wall which indicates the Jerusalem Chamber.

Facing the Abbey, on the left, are Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament, which occupy the site of the ancient palace of our sovereigns. Leaving these and St. Margaret's for a later chapter, let us proceed at once to enter the Abbey.

The nave and transepts are open free; the chapels surrounding the choir are shown on payment of 6*d.*

Hours of Divine service, 7.45 A.M., 10 A.M., and 3 P.M. From the first Sunday after Easter till the last Sunday in July there is a special evening service with a sermon in the nave at 7 P.M. "Vox quidem dissona, sed una religio" has been the maxim of Dean Stanley in his choice of the preachers for the services.

Three miles of hot water completely warm the Abbey in winter.

Behind the rich lace-work of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and under one of the grand flying buttresses of the Chapter-House, through a passage hard by which Chaucer lived, we reach the door of the Poets' Corner, where Queen Caroline vainly knocked for admission to share in the coronation of her husband George IV. This is the door by which visitors generally enter the Abbey.

"The moment I entered Westminster Abbey I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred."—*Edmund Burke.*

"On entering, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and earth with their renown."—*Washington Irving.*

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable.
Looking tranquillity!"—*Congreve.*

"They dreamed not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here,
And through the aisles of Westminster to roam,
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold."—*W. Wordsworth.*

"Here where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings,
Where stiff the hand and still the tongue
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung,
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke again,
'All peace on earth, goodwill to man,'
If ever from an English heart,
Oh, here let prejudice depart!"—*Walter Scott.*

The name *Poets' Corner*, as applied to the southern end of the south transept, is first mentioned by Goldsmith. The attraction to the spot as the burial-place of the poets arose from its containing the grave of Chaucer, "the father of English poets," whose tomb, though it was not erected till more than a hundred years after his death (1551), is the only ancient monument in the transept. Here, as Addison says, "there are many poets who have no monuments, and many monuments which have no poets." Though many of the later monuments are only cenotaphs, they are still for the most part interesting as portraying those they commemorate. That which strikes every one is the wonderful beauty of the colouring in the interior. Architects will pause to admire the Purbeck marble columns with their moulded, not sculptured, capitals; the beauty of the triforium arcades, their richness so greatly enhanced by the wall-surface above being covered with a square diaper; the noble rose-windows; and, above all, the perfect proportions of the whole. But no knowledge of architecture is needed for the enjoyment of the colouring—of the radiant hues of the stained-glass, which enhances the depth of the shadows amid the time-stained arches, and floods the roof and its beautiful tracery with light.

Few, however, among the hundreds who visit it daily are led to the Abbey by its intrinsic beauty, but rather because it is "the silent meeting-place of the great dead of eight centuries"—the burial-place of those of her sons whom, at different times of her taste and judgment, England has delighted to honour with sepulture in "the great temple of silence and reconciliation, where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried." *

"Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding. Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions. Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing: rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations. All these were honoured in their generation, and were the glory of their times. . . . . Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore."—*Ecclesiasticus* xliv. 1—7, 14.

"When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness that is not disagreeable.

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every notion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by the side of those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."—*Addison, Spectator*, **No. 26.**

* **Macaulay.**

"Death openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy; above all, believe it, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations, the sweetest canticle is 'Nunc Dimittis.'"—*Lord Bacon.*

"O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two words, *Hic jacet.*"—*Sir W. Raleigh. Hist. of the World.*

"The best of men are but men at the best."—*General Lambert.*

Those who look upon the tombs of the poets can scarcely fail to observe, with surprise, how very few are commemorated here whose works are read now, how many whose very existence is generally forgotten.*

"I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remain longest about the simple memorials in Poets' Corner. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions."—*Washington Irving. The Sketch Book.*

Beginning to the right from the entrance, we find the monuments of—

Michael Drayton, author of the "Polyolbion," who "exchanged his laurell for a crowne of glory" in 1631. His bust was erected here by Anne Clifford, "Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery."

* We look in vain for any monuments to Sir Philip Sidney, Christopher Marlowe, Robert Southwell, John Donne, Thomas Carew, Philip Massinger, Sir John Suckling, George Sandys, Francis Quarles, Thomas Heywood, Richard Lovelace, Robert Herrick, George Withers, Henry Vaughan, Andrew Marvell, Thomas Otway, Izaak Walton, Thomas Parnell, Edmund Waller, William Somerville, William Collins, Edward Moore, Allan Ramsay, William Shenstone, William Falconer, Mark Akenside, Thomas Chatterton, Tobias Smollett, Thomas Wharton, Robert Burns, James Beattie, James Hogg, George Crabbe, Felicia Hemans, L. E. Landon, and John Keats. Even the far greater memories of Walter Scott, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Walter Savage Landor are unrepresented. Stained windows are supposed to commemorate George Herbert and William Cowper.

"Doe pious marble! let thy readers knowe
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his mem'ry, and preserve his storye,
Remaine a lastinge monument of his glorye;
And when thy ruines shall disclame
To be the treasrer of his name:
His name, that canot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee."

"Mr. Marshall, the stone-cutter of Fetter Lane, told me that these verses were made by Mr. Francis Quarles, who was his great friend. 'Tis pity they should be lost. Mr. Quarles was a very good man."—*Aubrey.*

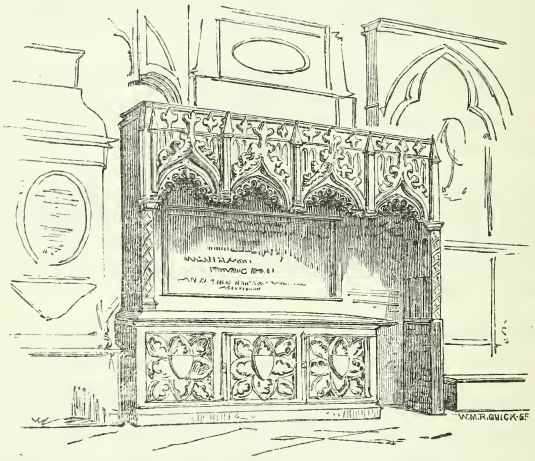
"There is probably no poem of this kind in any other language comparable together in extent and excellence to the Poly-olbion. Yet perhaps no English poem, known as well by name, is so little known beyond its name."—*Hallam. Intro. to Lit. Hist.*

Barton Booth, the actor, 1733, with a medallion. Being educated at Westminster, where he was the favourite of Dr. Busby, he was first induced to take to the stage by the admiration he excited while acting in one of Terence's plays as a schoolboy. He was the original "Cato" in Addison's play.

John Philips, 1708, buried at Hereford, an author, whose once celebrated poem, "The Splendid Shilling," is now almost forgotten. Milton was his model, and "whatever there is in Milton which the reader wishes away, all that is obsolete, peculiar, or licentious, is accumulated with great care by Philips."* The monument was erected by the poet's friend, Sir Simon Harcourt. The epitaph is attributed to Dr. Smalridge. The line, "Uni Miltono secundus, primoque pæne par." was effaced under Dean Sprat, not because of its almost profane arrogance, but because the royalist dean would not allow even the name of the regicide Milton to appear within the Abbey—it was "too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion." The line was restored under Dean Atterbury.† Philips's poem of "Cyder" is commemorated in the bower of apple entwined with laurel which encircles his bust, and the inscription, "Honos erat huic quoque Pomo."

* Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." † Ibid.

Geoffrey Chaucer, 1400. A grey marble altar-tomb with a canopy, erected by Nicholas Bingham in the reign of Edward VI. This "Maister Chaucer, the Flour of Poetes," is chiefly known from his "Canterbury Tales," by which a company of pilgrims, who meet at the Tabard Inn in Southwark on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, are supposed to beguile their journey. The fortunes of Chaucer followed those of John of Gaunt, who married the sister of the poet's wife, Philippa de Rouet, and he was at one time imprisoned for his championship of the followers of Wickliffe. He was buried



Chaucer's Tomb.

"in the Abbey of Westminster, before the chapel of St. Bennet."* The window above the tomb was erected to the poet's memory in 1868.

"Chaucer lies buried in the south aisle of St. Peter's, Westminster, and now hath got the company of Spenser and Drayton, a pair royal of poets, enough almost to make passengers' feet to move metricall, who go over the place where so much poetical dust is interred."—*Fuller.*

* Caxton in his ed. of Chaucer's trans. of Boethius.

Abraham Cowley, 1667. The monument stands above the grave of the poet, and was erected by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. Dean Swift wrote the inscription to "the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of England, and the delight, ornament, and admiration of his age." Cowley was zealously devoted to the cause of Charles I., but was cruelly neglected by Charles II., though, on hearing of his death, the king is reported to have said that "he (Cowley) had not left a better man behind him." The popularity of Cowley had already waned in the days of Pope, who wrote—

> "Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
> His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
> Forget his epic, nay, Pindaric, art,
> But still I love the language of his heart."

(Above Chaucer) an epitaph to *John Roberts*, 1776, the "very faithful secretary" to Henry Pelham.

John Dryden, 1700. A bust by Scheemakers, erected by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. Pope wrote the couplet—

> "This Sheffield raised; the sacred dust below
> Was Dryden once: the rest who does not know?"

Dryden, who succeeded Sir William Davenant as poet-laureate, was educated at Westminster School. He shifted his politics with the Restoration, having previously been an ardent admirer of Cromwell. His twenty-seven plays are now almost forgotten, and so are his prose works, however admirable. His reputation chiefly rests on his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," and the musical opening lines of his "Hind and Panther," written after his secession to the Church of Rome, in the second part of which he represented the milk-white hind (Rome) and the spotted panther (the Church of England) as discussing theology. He was buried at the feet of Chaucer (see Ch. III.).

Near Dryden lies *Francis Beaumont*, the dramatist, 1616.

Returning to the south entrance, and turning left, we find monuments to—

Ben Jonson, 1637, who was educated at Westminster School, but afterwards became a bricklayer, then a soldier, and then an actor. His comedies found such favour with James I. that he received a pension of a hundred marks, with the title of poet-laureate, in 1616. His pension was increased by Charles I., but he died in great poverty in the neigh-

bourhood of the Abbey, where he was buried in the north aisle of the nave. "*Every Man in His Humour* and *The Alchymist* are perhaps the best of his comedies; but there is hardly one of his pieces which, as it stands, would please on the stage in the present day, even as most of them failed to please in his own time."* His allegorical monument, by *Rysbrack*, was erected in 1737.

Samuel Butler, 1680, buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden; the author of "Hu'ibras," a work which, when it came out, "was incomparably more popular than "Paradise Lost;" no poem in our language rose at once to greater reputation."†

"By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more constrained to astonishment. But astonishment is a tiresome pleasure; he is soon weary of wondering, and longs to be diverted."—*Johnson.*

The bust was erected by John Barber, Lord Mayor, "that he who was destitute of all things when alive, might not want a monument when dead."

Edmond Spenser, 1598, with the epitaph, "Here lyes expecting the second comminge of our Saviour Christ Jesus, the body of Edmond Spencer, the Prince of Poets in his tyme, whose divine spirrit needs noe othir witnesse then the workes which he left behinde him." He died in King Street, Westminster, and was buried here at the expense of Devereux, Earl of Essex, the spot being selected for his grave on account of its vicinity to Chaucer.

"His hearse was attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb. What a funeral was that at which Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and, in all probability, Shakspeare, attended!—what a grave in which the pen of Shakspeare may be mouldering away!"—*Stanley. Memorials of Westminster.*

It is by his "Faerie Queene" that Spenser is chiefly known now, but his "Shepheardes Calendar" was so much admired by Dryden that he considered it "not to be matched in any modern language."

"Our sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas."—*Milton.*

"The grave and diligent Spenser."—*Ben Jonson.*

"Here's that creates a poet."—*Quarles.*

Thomas Gray, 1771, buried at Stoke Pogis, chiefly known as the uthor of the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," which Byron

* Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Art and Lit."
† Hallam, "Introduct. to Lit. Hist."

justly calls "the corner-stone of his glory." The monument is by *John Bacon.* The Lyric Muse is represented as holding his medal ion-portrait, and points to a bust of Milton. Beneath are the lines of Mason—

"No more the Græcian muse unrival'd reigns;
To Britain let the nations homage pay:
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

John Milton, 1671, buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate (see Vol. I. Ch. VII.). The monument, by *Rysbrack*, was erected in 1737, when Dr. Gregory said to Dr. Johnson, "I have seen erected in the church a bust of that man whose name I once knew considered as a pollution of its walls." * It was set up at the expense of Auditor Benson, who "has bestowed more words upon himself than upon Milton," † whence Pope's line in the Dunciad—

"On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ."

William Mason, 1797, buried at Aston in Yorkshire, of which he was rector. His dramatic poems of "Elfrida" and "Caractacus" are the least forgotten of his works. His monument, by the elder Bacon, bears a profile medallion, with an inscription by Bishop Hurd—"Poetæ, si quis alius culto, casto, pio."

Thomas Shadwell, 1692, who died of opium, and is buried at Chelsea. He was poet-laureate in the time of William III. He "endeavoured to make the stage as grossly immoral as his talents admitted," but "was not destitute of humour." ‡ Rochester said of him that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet. His rivalry with Dryden excited the ill-natured lines—

"Mature in dulness from his tender years,
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity:
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense." §

The monument, erected by the poet's son, Sir John Shadwell, bears his pert-looking bust crowned with laurel, by *Ryswick.*

Matthew Prior, 1721, educated at Westminster School, whence he was removed to serve as tapster in the public-house of an uncle at

* Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."
† Johnson.
‡ Hallam, "Lit. Hist. of Europe."
§ Mac Flecknoe

Charing Cross. His knowledge of the Odes of Horace here attracted the attention of Lord Dorset, who sent him to St. John's College at Cambridge, and under the same patronage he rose to be Gentleman of the Bedchamber to William III. and Under Secretary of State, &c. "Alma" and "Solomon" were considered his best works by his contemporaries; now no one reads them. He died at Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, and was buried by his own desire at the feet of Spenser. His bust, by *Coysevox*, was given by Louis XIV. His epitaph, by Dr. Freind, tells how, "while he was writing the History of his own Times, Death interfered, and broke the thread of his discourse."

Granville Sharp, 1813, buried at Fulham. His monument, with a profile medallion by *Chantrey*, was erected by the African Institution, in gratitude for his philanthropic exertions for the abolition of slavery.

Charles de St. Denis, M. de St. Evremond, 1703, the witty and dissolute favourite of Charles II. A tablet and bust.

Christopher Anstey, 1805, whose fame rests solely upon the "New Bath Guide," which, however, made him one of the most popular poets of his day!

Thomas Campbell, 1844. The author of "Hohenlinden" and "Gertrude of Wyoming." Beneath his statue by *Marshall* are engraved some striking lines from his "Pleasures of Hope," which Byron considered "one of the most beautiful didactic poems in our language."

Mrs. (Hannah) Pritchard, 1768, the actress, "by Nature for the stage designed," as she is described in her epitaph by Whitehead.

Robert Southey, poet-laureate, 1843, buried at Crosthwaite. A bust by *Weekes*. He left above fifty published works, but is immortalised by his "Thalaba," "Madoc," "Roderick," and the "Curse of Kehama."

William Shakspeare, 1616, buried at Stratford-on-Avon.

> "In poetry there is but one supreme,
> Though there are other angels round his throne,
> Mighty and beauteous, while his face is hid."
>
> *W. S. Landor.*

The monument, by *Kent* and *Scheemakers*, was erected by public subscription in 1740. The lines from the *Tempest* inscribed on the scroll which the figure holds in his hand seem to have a peculiar application in the noble building where they are placed—

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

James Thomson, 1748, buried at Richmond. His monument, designed by *Robert Adam*, is a figure leaning upon a pedestal, which bears in relief the Seasons, in commemoration of the work which has caused Thomson to rank amongst the best of our descriptive poets.

Nicholas Rowe, 1718, poet-laureate of George I., the translator of Lucan's "Pharsalia," and author of the *Fair Penitent* and *Jane Shore*. His only daughter, Charlotte Fane, is commemorated with him in a monument by *Rysbrack*. The epitaph, by Pope, alludes to Rowe's widow in the lines—

"To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own."

But, to the poet's excessive annoyance, after the stone was put up, the widow married again.

John Gay, 1732, chiefly known by his "Fables," and by the play called the *Beggars' Opera*, which was thought to do so much towards corrupting the morals of his time, and which gave its author the name of the "Orpheus of Highwaymen." His monument, by *Rysbrack*, was erected by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who "loved this excellent person living, and regretted him dead." The Duchess was the "lovely Kitty" of Prior's verse, when

"Gay was nursed in Queensberry's ducal halls."

Under a medallion portrait of the poet are his own strange lines—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, and now I know it."

And beneath is an epitaph by Pope, who was his intimate friend.

Oliver Goldsmith, 1774, buried at the Temple, author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Deserted Village." Sir J. Reynolds chose the site for the monument, and Dr. Johnson wrote the inscription in Latin, flatly refusing to accede to the petition of all the other friends of Goldsmith (expressed in a round-robin), that he would celebrate the poet's fame in the language in which he wrote. The medallion is by *Nollekens*.

Beyond this, we may consider ourselves to pass from the Poets' Corner, and to enter upon the "historical and learned side of the south transept."

John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, 1743, buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel. A Roman statue with allegorical figures, by *Roubiliac*. Canova considered the figure of Eloquence (deeply attentive to the Duke's oratory) "one of the noblest statues he had seen in England." The epitaph is by Paul Whitehead.

"It is said that, through the influence of Sir Edward Walpole, the monument in memory of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, was confided to the hands of Roubiliac. The design is a splendid conceit —the noble warrior and orator is stretched out and expiring at the foot of a pyramid, on which History is writing his actions, while Minerva looks mournfully on, and Eloquence deplores his fall. The common allegorical materials of other monuments are here. Even History is inscribing a conceit—she has written John, Duke of Argyle and Gr—— there she pauses and weeps. There is a visible want of unity in the action, and in this work at least Roubiliac merits the reproach of Flaxman, that 'he did not know how to combine figures together so as to form an intelligible story.' Yet no one, before or since, has shown finer skill in rendering his figures individually excellent. Argyle indeed seems reluctant to die, and History is a little too theatrical in her posture; but all defects are forgotten in looking at the figure of Eloquence, with her supplicating hand and earnest brow."—*Allan Cunningham.*

George Frederick Handel, 1759. The tomb is the last work of *Roubiliac*, who cast the face after death. The skill of Roubiliac is conspicuous in the ease which he has given to the unwieldy figure of the great musician. "He who composed the *Messiah* and the *Israel in Egypt* must have been a poet, no less than a musician, of no ordinary degree. Therefore he was not unfitly buried in Poets' Corner, apart from his tuneful brethren. Not less than three thousand persons of all ranks attended the funeral."—*Stanley.*

William Makepeace Thackeray, buried at Kensal Green, the honoured author of "Vanity Fair," "Esmond," and "The Newcomes." A bust.

Joseph Addison, 1719, whose contributions to the *Tatler* and *Spectator* have caused him to be regarded as the greatest of English essayists, and whose character stood equally high as an author, a man, and a Christian. His statue, by *Westmacott*, stands on a pedestal

surrounded by the nine Muses. As we look at it we may remember how he was accustomed to walk by himself in Westminster Abbey, and meditate on the condition of those who lay in it.

"It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlour at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's *Spectator*, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism."—*Macaulay.*

Thomas Babington Macaulay, the poet and historian, 1859. A bust. On his gravestone is inscribed, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth evermore."

Isaac Barrow, 1677, the wit, mathematician, and divine. He was the college tutor of Sir Isaac Newton, whose optical lectures were published at his expense. He died (being Master of Trinity, Cambridge) at one of the canonical houses in the cloisters. In the words of his epitaph, he was "a man almost divine, and truly great, if greatness be comprised in piety, probity, and faith, the deepest learning, equal modesty, and morals in every respect sanctified and sweet."

James Wyatt, the architect, 1813. A tablet.

(Above) *Dr. Stephen Hales*, 1761, philosopher and botanist. The monument, by *Wilton*, was erected by Augusta, "the mother of that best of kings, George III." Religion stands on one side of the monument lamenting the deceased, while Botany, on the other, holds his medallion, and, beneath, the Winds appear on a globe, in allusion to the invention of ventilation by Hales.

Isaac Casaubon, 1619, the famous critic and scholar, editor of Persius and Polybius, who received a canonry of Westminster from James I. On the monument, erected by Bishop Morton, is to be seen the monogram of Izaak Walton, scratched by the angler himself, with the date 1658.

John Ernest Grabe, 1714, the orientalist, buried at St. Pancras. He was induced to reside in England by his veneration for the Reformed Church, and was editor of a valuable edition of the Septuagint.

William Camden, 1623 (buried before St. Nicholas's Chapel), the antiquary—"the British Pausanias," who, a house-painter's son, became head-master of Westminster. The office of Clarencieux King at Arms, which was bestowed upon him in 1597, gave him time to become the author of the "Britannia," which caused him to be looked upon as one of the glories of the reign of Elizabeth: he was afterwards induced by Lord Burleigh to write the annals of that reign. The nose of the effigy was broken by some Cavaliers, who broke into the abbey to destroy the hearse of the Earl of Essex, but it was restored by the University of Oxford.

"It is most worthy to be observed with what diligence he (Camden) inquired after ancient places, making hue and cry after many a city which was run away, and by certain marks and tokens pursuing to find it; as by the situation on the Roman highways, by just distance from other ancient cities, by some affinity of name, by tradition of the inhabitants, by Roman coins digged up, and by some appearance of ruins. A broken urn is a whole evidence; or an old gate still surviving, out of which the city is run out. Besides, commonly some new spruce town not far off is grown out of the ashes thereof, which yet hath as much natural affection as dutifully to own these reverend ruins for her mother."—*Fuller.*

David Garrick, 1779, the actor. His figure, throwing aside a curtain and disclosing a medallion of Shakspeare, is intended to be allegorical of the way in which his theatrical performance unveiled the beauties of Shakspeare's works.

"To paint fair nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakspeare rose,—then to expand his fame,
Wide o'er this 'breathing world,' a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the Poet drew,
The Actor's genius bade them breathe anew:
Though, like the Bard himself in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick called them back to day."

Epitaph by Pratt.

George Grote, 1871, the historian of Greece. A bust by *G. Bacon.*

Amongst the illustrious dead who have tombstones in this transept, but no monuments upon the walls, are (beginning from the south wall)—

Sir John Denham, 1618, the poet of "Cooper's Hill," "deservedly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry." *

Dr. Samuel Johnson, 1784, the essayist, critic, and lexicographer. He was buried here by his friend Garrick, contrary to his desire that he might rest at Adderley in Shropshire, which belonged to his friend Lady Corbet, cousin of Mrs. Thrale. His monument is in St. Paul's.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1816, the dramatist (author of the *Rivals*, the *Duenna*, and the *School for Scandal*), who, being for many years in Parliament, obtained an extraordinary reputation as an orator by his "Begum Charge" before the House of Commons, in the proceedings against Warren Hastings. He was suffered to die in great poverty, yet his funeral was conducted with a magnificence which called forth the verses of Moore—

"Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born,
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn!

How proud can they press to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow:—
The bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow."

John Henderson, the actor, 1785—equally great in comedy and tragedy.

Mary Eleanor Bowes, 1800, the beautiful and unfortunate ninth Countess of Strathmore, buried amongst the poets on account of her brilliant wit and her extraordinary mental acquirements.

Dr. Thomas Parr, "of ye county of Salop, born in A.D. 1483. He lived in the reignes of ten princes, viz.—King Edward IV., King Edward V., King Richard III., King Henry VII., King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James, King Charles; aged 152 years, and was buryed here, 1635."

Charles Dickens, 1870 (the grave is near that of Thackeray), the illustrious author of many works, of which the "Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Dombey and Son," and "David Copperfield" are the best known.

Sir William Davenant, 1668, who succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureate to Charles I., being son of a vintner at Oxford. He was

* Dr. Johnson.

buried in the grave of Thomas May, the poet (disinterred at the Restoration), with the inscription, "O Rare Sir William Davenant."

Sir Richard Moray, 1673, one of the founders of the Royal Society, called by Bishop Burnet "the wisest and worthiest man of his age."

James Macpherson, 1796, author of "Ossian," brought hither from Inverness.

Robert Adam, 1792, architect of the Adelphi Terrace and Osterley Park, &c.

Sir William Chambers, 1796, architect of Somerset House.

William Gifford, 1826, the eminent critic, best known as the editor of the *Quarterly Review* from its commencement in 1819 to 1824.

John Ireland, Dean of Westminster, 1842, founder of the Ireland scholarships at Oxford.

(By the grave of Grote) *Connop Thirlwall*, Bishop of St. David's, the rival historian of Greece, 1875.

Between the pillars opposite Dryden's tomb is a slab from which the brass has been torn away, covering the grave of Hawle, the knight murdered in the choir, 1378, during the Abbey service, by a breach of the rights of sanctuary.

Against the screen of the choir, on the right of its entrance, are the tombs of—

Dr. Richard Busby, 1695, for fifty-five years head-master of Westminster School. His noble statue (by *F. Bird*) does not seem suggestive of the man who declared that "the rod was his sieve, and that whoever could not pass through that, was no boy for him." He is celebrated for having persistently kept his hat on when Charles II. came to visit his school, saying that it would never do for the boys to think any one superior to himself.

"As we stood before Dr. Busby's tomb, the knight (Sir Roger de Coverley) uttered himself again: 'Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!"—*Addison, in the Spectator.*

Dr. William Vincent, 1815, head-master and dean. A tablet.

Dr. Robert South, 1716, [illegible] master. As a West-

minster boy, when leading the devotions of the school, he boldly prayed for Charles I. by name on the morning of his execution. He was afterwards chaplain to James, Duke of York; Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and of Westminster, of which he refused the Deanery when it was offered to him on the death of Dean Sprat. He was equally famous for his learning and wit, and for his theological and political intolerance. Bishop Burnet speaks of him as "this learned but ill-natured divine."

"South had great qualifications for that popularity which attends the pulpit, and his manner was at that time original. Not diffuse, not learned, not formal in argument like Barrow, with a more natural structure of sentences, a more pointed, though by no means a more fair and satisfactory, turn of reasoning, with a style clear and English, free from all pedantry, but abounding with those colloquial novelties of idiom which, though now become vulgar and offensive, the age of Charles II. affected; sparing no personal or temporary sarcasm; but if he seems for a moment to tread on the verge of buffoonery, recovering himself by some stroke of vigorous sense and language; such was the witty Dr. South, whom the courtiers delighted to hear."—*Hallam. Lit. Hist. of Europe.*

"South's sentences are gems, hard and shining: Voltaire's look like them, but are only French paste."—*Guesses at Truth.*

We may now enter "the solemn by-ways of the Abbey"—the aisles surrounding the choir, outside which are a number of hexagonal chapels, which were probably built by Henry III. in imitation of those which he had himself seen in the course of construction in several of the northern cathedrals of France. These chapels contain all that is most precious in the Abbey. The gates of the choir-aisles are guarded by vergers.

[The chapels are freely opened to the public on Mondays; on other days a fee of sixpence is deposited on entering, and visitors are shown round by a verger.

Visitors may, however, on application, obtain permission to linger in the chapels and to examine them by themselves, which will be imperative with all who are interested in the historic or art treasures they contain.

Permission to draw in the chapels may be obtained by personal or

written application to the Dean; and no church in the world—not even St. Mark's at Venice, St. Stephen's at Vienna, or the Mosque at Cordova—affords such picturesque subjects.

Royal tombs, when given here in small type, with other tombs most important in the history of art, are marked with an asterisk.]

On entering the aisles of the choir, we pass at once from the false taste of the last two centuries, to find the surroundings in harmony with the architecture. The ancient altars are gone, very little of the old stained glass remains, several of the canopies and many of the brasses and statuettes have been torn from the tombs; but, with these exceptions, the hand of the worst of destroyers—the "restorers"—has been allowed to rest here more than any other of our great English churches, and, except in the introduction of the atrocious statue of Watt and the destruction of some ancient screens for the monuments of Lord Bath and General Wolfe, there is little which jars upon the exquisite colouring and harmonious beauty of the surroundings.

On the left is the Gothic "tomb of touchstone" erected by Henry III. to *Sebert, King of the East Saxons*, 616, and his *Queen, Ethelgoda*, when he moved their bodies from the chapter-house, where they were first buried. Over this tomb, under glass, is a curious altar-decoration of the fourteenth century.

"In the centre is a figure which appears to be intended for Christ, holding the globe and in the act of blessing; an angel with a palm branch is on each side. The single figure at the left hand of the whole decoration is St. Peter; the figure that should correspond on the right, and all the Scripture subjects on that side, are gone. In the compartments to the left, between the figure of St. Peter and the centre figures, portions of three subjects remain: one represents the Adoration of the Kings; another, apparently, the Raising of Lazarus; the subject of the third is doubtful, though some figures remain; the fourth is destroyed. These single figures and subjects

are worthy of a good Italian artist of the fourteenth century. The remaining decorations were splendid and costly: the small compartments in the architectural enrichments are filled with variously coloured pieces of glass inlaid on tin-foil, and have still a brilliant effect. This interesting work of art is supposed to have originally formed part of the decorations of the high altar."—*Eastlake. Hist. of Oil Painting*, i. 176.

Beyond this, the eye, wearied with the pagan sculptures of the transept, rests in ecstasy upon the lovely details of the tombs of Richard II. and Edward III.

"In St. Peter's at Rome one is convinced that it was built by great princes. In Westminster Abbey one thinks not of the builder; the religion of the place makes the first impression, and, though stripped of its shrines and altars, it is nearer converting one to Popery than all the regular pageantry of Roman domes. One must have taste to be sensible of the beauties of Grecian architecture; one only wants passion to feel Gothic. Gothic churches infuse superstition, Grecian temples admiration. The Papal see amassed its wealth by Gothic cathedrals, and displays it in Grecian temples."—*Walpole*, i. 108.

We must now turn to the chapels.

"I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with rare illustrious names, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armour, as if reposing after battle; prelates with croziers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being has been suddenly transmuted into stone."—*Washington Irving.*

On the right is the *Chapel of St. Benedict*, or *Bennet*, only separated by a screen of monuments from the south transept. The fine tomb in the centre is that of Lionel Cran-

field, Earl of Middlesex, 1645, Lord High Treasurer in the time of James I., and Anne, his wife; it is one of the latest instances of a monument in which the figures have animals at their feet.* His grave, with those of other members of his family, is beneath the pavement of the aisle. Other tombs are—

(South Wall) *George Sprat* (1682), son of the Dean of Westminster.

Gabriel Goodman, Dean of Westminster (1601), of whom Fuller says, "Goodman was his name, and goodness was his nature." It was under this dean that the Protestant services of the Abbey were re-established.

(At the east end, on the site of the altar) *Frances Howard*, Countess of Hertford (1598), sister of Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral who repulsed the Armada, daughter-in-law of the Protector Somerset, and cousin of Edward VI. She lived till the fortieth year of Elizabeth, "greately favoured by her gratious sovereigne, and dearly beloved of her lord."

Abbot Curtlyngton (1334), the first person buried in the chapel. His brass is torn away.

* (East Wall) *Abbot Simon Langham* (1376). A noble alabaster statue in great preservation on an altar-tomb: it once had a canopy, and a statue of Mary Magdalen, on the eve of whose feast the abbot died, stood at his feet. He was in turn Bishop of Ely, Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Bishop of Prænestе, Lord High Treasurer, and Lord Chancellor. He was brought back to be buried here from Avignon, where he died. His immense benefactions to the Abbey are recorded by Godwin, yet his unpopularity appears in the verses which commemorate his translation from Ely to Canterbury—

> "The Isle of Ely laught when Simon from her went,
> But hundred thousand wept at his coming into Kent."†

William Bill (1561), the first Elizabethan Dean of Westminster, Grand Almoner to the Queen, a good and learned man, and "a friend to those that were so."

John Spottiswoode, Archbishop of Glasgow, is believed to be buried

* Gough, "Sepulchral Effigies." † Weaver's "Funeral Monuments."

here. He wrote the "History of the Scottish Church" at the command of James I., "who, being told that some passages in it might possibly bear too hard upon the memory of his Majesty's mother, bid him 'write the truth and spare not.'" *

Between the Chapels of St. Benedict and St. Edmund is a tomb of four of the *Children of Henry III.* (Richard, John, Henry, and Katharine), once adorned with mosaics. The State Records contain the king's order of its erection, and for allowing Simon de Wells five marks and a half for bringing a brass image from the City, and William de Gloucester seventy marks for a silver image—both being for the tomb of the king's little dumb daughter Katharine, of five years old, for whom mass was daily said in the hermitage of Charing.

"Katharine, third daughter of King Henry III. and Queen Eleanor, was born at London, A.D. 1252, Nov. 25th, being St. Katharine's day, whose name was therefore given unto her at the Font, by Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, her uncle and godfather. She dyed in her very infancy, on whom we will presume to bestow this epitaph—

'Wak't from the wombe, she on this world did peep,
Dislik't it, clos'd her eyes, fell fast asleep.'"

Fuller's Worthies.

In the pavement of the aisle are the tombs of *Robert Tounsen*, Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Salisbury, 1621; of *Cicely Ratcliffe*, 1396; of *Thomas Bilson*, Bishop of Winchester, the "deep and profound scholar;† and of *Sir John de Bewerley* and his wife, *Anne Buxall*, which once bore brasses. Beneath the tomb of Richard II. is believed to lie *Queen Anne of Warwick*, the unhappy Anne Nevile, who married first the Prince of Wales, Edward, son of Henry VI. After his murder at Tewkesbury she fled from the addresses of his cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards

* Bishop Nicholson, "Scot. Hist." † Fuller's "Worthies."

Richard III., but was discovered disguised as a kitchen-maid, and married to him against her will. She died in less than two years after her coronation, of grief for the loss of her only child, Edward, Prince of Wales.

St. Edmund's Chapel (the first of the hexagonal chapels), dedicated to the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, is separated from the aisle by an ancient wooden screen. It is crowded with interesting monuments. In the centre are three tombs.

* That in the midst bears a glorious brass in memory of *Eleanor de Bohun, Duchess of Gloucester*, daughter of the Earl of Hertford, and wife of Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III., buried in the Confessor's Chapel. After her husband's arrest and assassination, she became a nun of Barking Abbey, where she died in 1399. Her figure, in a widow's dress, lies under a triple canopy.

Beyond Eleanor, on the south, are the tomb and cross of *Robert de Waldeby, Archbishop of York* (1391), the friend of the Black Prince and tutor of Richard II. On the north is *Mary Villiers, Countess of Stafford* (1693), wife of William Howard, the Earl beheaded under Charles II. At her feet rests *Henry Ferne, Bishop of Chester* (1661), who attended Charles I. during his imprisonment, and "whose only fault it was that he could not be angry." *

Making the circuit of the chapel from the right, we find the tombs of—

* *William de Valence*, Earl of Pembroke (1296). He was half-brother to Henry III., being the son of Queen Isabella, widow of John, by her second marriage with Hugh le Brune, Earl of March and Poictiers. William, surnamed from his birthplace, was sent to England with his brothers in 1247, and the distinction with which they were treated was one of the grievances which led to the war with the barons. He fought in the battle of Lewes, and flying the kingdom afterwards, was killed at Bayonne. An indulgence of a hundred days was granted to all who prayed by this tomb, which is very curious. It was erected by William's son, Aylmer, and is a stone altar-tomb,

* See Stanley, "Memorials," 243.

supporting a wooden sarcophagus, upon which lies the effigy, which is of wood covered with gilt copper. The belt and cushion, and, above all, the shield, are most beautiful examples of the use of enamelled metal as applied to monumental decoration. Many of the small shields upon the cushion and surcoat bear the arms of Valence, others those of England.

Edward Talbot, eighth Earl of Shrewsbury, and his wife, Jane Cuthbert (1617). A fine Elizabethan tomb, once richly gilt, with effigies in the costume of James I. A little daughter kneels at her mother's feet.

(In the pavement) *Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury* (1678), grandson of the famous Lord Herbert. A blue stone.

Sir Richard Pecksall (1571), Master of the Buckhounds to Elizabeth, kneeling with his two wives, under three Corinthian arches. Four daughters kneel beneath their father.

A great Gothic recess containing the effigy of *Sir Bernard Brocas* (1399-1400), Chamberlain to the Queen of Richard II., beheaded on Tower Hill for joining in a conspiracy to reinstate him. He won the head of a crowned Moor, on which his helmet rests, and it was before this tomb that Sir Roger de Coverley listened particularly to the account of the lord who had "cut off the King of Morocco's head."* The statue is in complete armour.

(In front) *Humphrey Bourchier*, son of Lord Berners, who died 1470, fighting for Edward IV. in the battle of Barnet. The brass figure is gone, but some shields and other ornaments remain.

John, Lord Russell (1548), second son of the second earl. He lies with his face towards the spectator. At his feet is his infant son Francis, who died in the same year. His widow, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and sister of Lady Burleigh, who "from Deathe would take his memorie," commemorates his virtues in Latin, Greek, and English. She was first married to Sir Thomas Hobby of Bisham Abbey, where she is supposed to have beaten her little boy to death for blotting his copy-book, and which is still haunted by her ghost.

Elizabeth Russell, daughter of the above John, seated asleep in her osier chair, with her foot upon a scroll, and the epitaph, "Dormit, non mortua est." The pedestal is very richly decorated. This figure was formerly shown as that of a lady who died of the prick of a needle.

* An inscription recording this feat formerly hung above the tomb. See Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments."

"(Sir Roger de Coverley) was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'"—*Spectator*, No. 329.

(In the pavement, most inappropriately placed here) *Edward Bulwer Lytton, Lord Lytton* (1866), the novelist, chiefly known as the author of "Rienzi," "The Last Days of Pompeii," and "The Caxtons."

Lady Jane Seymour, daughter of Edward, Duke of Somerset, and cousin of Edward VI. (1561). A tablet.

Katherine, Lady Knollys (1568), daughter of William Carey and his wife Mary Boleyn, and sister to Lord Hunsdon. She attended her aunt, Queen Anne Boleyn, upon the scaffold, and was afterwards Chief Lady of the Bedchamber to her cousin Elizabeth. A tablet.

On a pedestal, the seated figure of *Francis Holles*, third son of John Earl of Clare, 1622, who died at eighteen on his return from the Flemish war. He is represented (by *Nicholas Stone*) in Roman armour, with the epitaph—

> "Man's life is measured by the worke, not dayes,
> No aged sloth, but active youth, hath prayse."

* *Frances Grey, Duchess of Suffolk* (1559), niece of Henry VIII., "daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Southfolke, and Marie the French queen, first wife to Henrie, Duke of Southfolke, after to Adrian Stocke, Esq." By her second husband, married during the great poverty and distress into which she fell in the reign of Mary (after the death of her daughter, Lady Jane Grey), this tomb was erected, bearing a beautiful coroneted effigy. Her funeral service was the first English Protestant service after the accession of Elizabeth, by whom she was restored to favour.

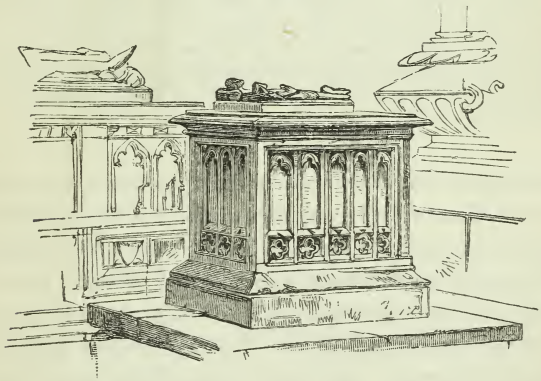
Nicholas Monk, Bishop of Hereford (1661), brother of the famous Duke of Albemarle.

(In the corner) Tablet to *John Paul Howard, Earl Stafford* (1762), surrounded by the quarterings of the Stafford family, who descend by ten different marriages from the royal blood of France and England. The epitaph tells how "his heart was entirely great and noble as his high descent; faithful to his God; a lover of his country; a relation to relations; a detestor of detraction; a friend to mankind."

* *William of Windsor and Blanche of the Tower* (1340), infant children of Edward III. A tiny altar-tomb bears their effigies—the boy in a short doublet, with flowing hair encircled by a band; the girl in studded bodice, petticoat, and mantle, with a horned head-dress.

It is interesting to remember that all the illustrious brothers and sisters of the little Princess Blanche stood around this her grave at her funeral—Edward the Black Prince, Lionel of Clarence, John of Gaunt, Edmund of Langley, Isabella de Coucy, and Joanna, afterwards Queen of Castile.

* *John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall* (1334), second son of Edward



Tomb of the Children of Edward III.

III. (named from his birthplace), who died in his nineteenth year, and was expressly ordered to be buried "entre les royals." The effigy is of great antiquarian interest from the details of its plate armour. The effigy wears a surcoat, gorget, and a helmet, open in front to show the features, and surrounded by a coronet of large and small trefoil leaves alternated, being the earliest known representation of the ducal form of coronet.* Two angels sit by the pillow, and around the tomb are mutilated figures of the royal relations of the dead. The statuettes of the French relations are towards the chapel, and have been cruelly mutilated, but the English relations facing St. Edward's Chapel have been protected

* There were no Dukes in England until two years after his death.

by the strong oak screen, and are of the most intense interest. Edward II. is represented here, who is buried at Gloucester Cathedral. Here, on the left hand of the husband whose cruel murder she caused, is the only known portrait of the wicked Isabella the Fair, daughter of Philip le Bel, who died at Castle Rising, in 1358; she wears a crown at the top of her widow's hood, and holds a sceptre in her right hand. Here also alone can we become acquainted with the characteristics of her aunt, the stainless Marguerite of France, the granddaughter of St. Louis, who at the age of twenty became the second wife of Edward I., and dying at Marlborough Castle in 1317, was buried in the Grey Friars' Church in London; she wears a crown of fleur-de-lis over her widow's veil. This tomb of Prince John was once shaded by a canopy of exquisite beauty, supported on eight stone pillars—a forest of Gothic spires intermingled with statues; it was destroyed in a rush of spectators at the funeral of the Duchess of Northumberland in 1776. Fuller mentions John of Eltham as the last son of a King of England who died a plain earl; the title of Duke afterwards came into fashion.

Passing, on the right wall of the ambulatory, the monument of *Richard Tufton*, brother of the first Earl of Thanet (1631), who gave his name to Tufton Street, Westminster; and treading on the grave of *Sir Henry Spelman*, the antiquary (1641), whose pennon formerly hung above his grave,* we enter the *Chapel of St. Nicholas* (Bishop of Myra), separated from the aisle by a perpendicular stone screen adorned with a frieze of shields and roses. It is filled with Elizabethan tombs, and is still the especial burial-place of the Percys. In the centre is a noble altar-tomb by *Nicholas Stone*† to Sir George Villiers, 1605, the Leicestershire squire, who was the father of the famous Duke of Buckingham, and his wife, Mary Beaumont. This Sir George Villiers was the subject of the famous ghost story given by Clarendon,‡ the "man of venerable aspect" who thrice drew the curtains of

* Aubrey

† At a cost of £560.

‡ History of the Rebellion, i. 74—77.

the bed of a humble friend at Windsor, and bade him go to his son the Duke of Buckingham, and warn him that, if he did not seek to ingratiate himself with the people, he would have but a short time to live. This Mary Beaumont it was who, as Countess of Buckingham, also so vividly foresaw her son's death, that though she had been "overwhelmed in tears and in the highest agony imaginable," after taking leave of him upon his last visit to her, yet, when she received the news of his murder, "seemed not in the least degree surprised."

Close beside this tomb now rests the body of *Queen Katherine de Valois*, daughter of Charles VI. of France and Isabeau of Bavaria. After the close of her brief married life, in which, as the queen of Henry V., she was "received in England as if she had been an angel of God,"* being widowed at twenty-one, she sank at once into obscurity. Her son Henry VI. was taken from her guardianship and brought up by the Earl of Warwick, and falling in love with Owen Tudor, a handsome Welsh squire of her Windsor guard, and marrying him secretly, she became the mother of three sons and a daughter; but the indignation excited by her *mésalliance* caused her children to be taken from her, her husband to be imprisoned in Newgate, and herself confined in Bermondsey Abbey, where she died in 1437. She was buried in the Lady Chapel at the east end of the Abbey. When that chapel was destroyed by Henry VII., her coffin was placed by her husband's tomb, where her mummified body was exposed to view, and was kissed by Pepys on his birthday. It was buried here in 1776. Making the circuit of the chapel from the right, we see the tombs of—

* Monstrelet.

* *Philippa, Duchess of York*, daughter of John, Lord Mohun, and wife of Lord Fitzwalter, Sir John Golofre, and lastly of Edmund Plantagenet ("Edmund of Langley"), fifth son of Edward III., killed at the Battle of Agincourt. After his death she obtained the Lordship of the Isle of Wight, and resided in Carisbrook Castle, where she died, and whence she was brought with royal honours to Westminster. Her effigy (much injured) wears a long cloak and mantle, with a wimple and plaited veil. Her tomb is the earliest in this chapel, in the centre of which it formerly stood. It once had a canopy decorated with stars and a painting of the Passion.

Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Northumberland (1776), "in her own right Baroness Percy, Lucy, Poynings, Fitz Payne, Brian, and Latimer; sole heiress of Algernon, Duke of Somerset, and of the ancient Earls of Northumberland."

Winifred Brydges, Marchioness of Winchester (1581). Above this the effigy of *Lady Ross*, wife of the Earl of Exeter, grandson of Lord Burleigh.

Elizabeth Cecil, Countess of Exeter, 1591.

The Gothic canopied altar-tomb of *William Dudley*, first Dean of Windsor, and Bishop of Durham (1483), uncle of Henry VII.'s financier. His figure is gone. Lying upon the tomb is the effigy of *Catherine, Lady St. John* (1614), moved from the Chapel of St. Michael to make way for the Nightingale monument.

An obelisk of white marble on a black pedestal supports a vase containing the heart of *Anne Sophia*, the infant *daughter of Count Bellamonte*, ambassador from France to James I. She died in 1605.

Tomb of *Mildred Cecil, Lady Burleigh*, one of the four learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, 1589. and *Anne Vere, Countess of Oxford*, 1588, the wife and daughter of the great Lord Burleigh. An enormous Corinthian tomb, twenty-four feet high. The figure of Lady Burleigh lies on a sarcophagus; at her head and feet are her only son Robert Cecil, and her three grand-daughters, Elizabeth, Bridget, and Susannah. In a recess is the recumbent figure of the Countess of Oxford. In the upper story Lord Burleigh is seen, kneeling in his robes—the effigy in which Sir Roger de Coverley was "well pleased to see the statesman Cecil on his knees." The epitaphs are from his pen, and tell how "his eyes were dim with tears for those who were dear to him beyond the whole race of womankind." Lord Burleigh himself lay in state here, but was buried at Stamford.

Sir G. Fane (1618), and his wife Elizabeth le Despencer. A mural monument, with kneeling statues.

Nicholas, Lord Carew (1470), the friend of Edward IV., and his wife. A plain altar-tomb.

Nicholas Bagnall, an infant of two months old, "by his nvrs unfortvnately overlayed" (1687-8). A pedestal with a black pyramid and urn.

* *Anne Seymour, Duchess of Somerset* (1587), widow of the great Protector, sister-in-law of Queen Jane, and aunt of Edward VI. She died aged ninety, far on in the reign of Elizabeth. The tomb was erected by her son, Lord Hertford, "in this doleful dutie carefull and diligent."

Lady Jane Clifford, 1679. An odd square sarcophagus.

* *Sir Humphrey Stanley* (1505), who fought for Henry VII. at the Battle of Bosworth, where he was knighted on the field of battle. A brass of a figure in plate armour.

Elizabeth Brooke (1591), wife of Sir Robert Cecil, son of the great Lord Burleigh. An altar-tomb.

Returning to the aisle, on the left is the monument of *Sir Robert Aiton*, the poet, Secretary to James I., 1638, with a noble bust. On the right is that of *Sir Thomas Ingram*, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1671. Beneath the pavement lie *Abbot Berkynge*, Lord High Treasurer, 1246, and *Sir John Golofre*, 1396, second husband of Philippa, Duchess of York.

We now reach the glorious portico which overarches the aisle under the *Oratory of Henry V.* Beneath it, in an awful gloom which is rendered more solemn by the play of golden light within, a grand flight of steps leads to the *Chapel of Henry VII.*, erected under the care of Bolton, the Architect-Prior of St. Bartholomew's, in the place of the Lady Chapel of Henry III.,* the burial-place of almost all the sovereigns from Henry VII. to George II., the finest

* Found, by the excavations made at a recent funeral, to have been nearly of the same dimensions as the present Chapel.

Perpendicular building in England, called by Leland "the miracle of the world,"—far finer than its rival, King's College at Cambridge.

"The Chapel of Henry VII. is indeed well called by his name, for it breathes of himself through every part. It is the most signal example of the contrast between his closeness in life, and his 'magnificence in the structures he hath left to posterity'—King's College Chapel, the Savoy, Westminster. Its very style was a reminiscence of his exile, being 'learned in France' by himself and his companion Fox. His pride in its grandeur was commemorated by the ship, vast for those times, which he built, 'of equal cost with his chapel,' 'which afterwards, in the reign of Mary, sank in the sea, and vanished in a moment.'

"It was to be his chantry as well as his tomb, for he was determined not to be behind the Lancastrian princes in devotion; and this unusual anxiety for the sake of a soul not too heavenward in its affections expended itself in the immense apparatus of services which he provided. Almost a second abbey was needed to contain the new establishment of monks, who were to sing in their stalls 'as long as the world shall endure.' Almost a second shrine, surrounded by its blazing tapers, and shining like gold with its glittering bronze, was to contain his remains.

"To the Virgin Mary, to whom the Chapel was dedicated, he had a special devotion. Her 'in all his necessities he had made his continual refuge;' and her figure, accordingly, looks down upon his grave from the east end, between the apostolic patrons of the Abbey, Peter and Paul, with 'the holy company of heaven—that is to say, angels, archangels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, and virgins,' to 'whose singular mediation and prayers he also trusted,' including the royal saints of Britain, St. Edward, St. Edmund, St. Oswald, St. Margaret of Scotland, who stand, as he directed, sculptured, tier above tier, on every side of the Chapel, some retained from the ancient Lady Chapel, the greater part the work of his own age. Round his tomb stand his nine 'accustomed avours or guardian saints,' to whom 'he calls and cries'—'St. Michael, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, St. George, St. Anthony, St. Edward, St. Vincent, St. Anne, St. Mary Magdalene, and St. Barbara,' each with their peculiar emblems,—'so to aid, succour, and defend him, that the ancient and ghostly enemy, nor none other evil or damnable spirit, have no power to invade him, nor with their wickedness to annoy him, but with holy prayers to be intercessors for him to his Maker and Redeemer.' These were the adjurations of the last me-

diæval king, as the Chapel was the climax of the latest mediæval architecture. In the very urgency of the King's anxiety for the perpetuity of those funeral ceremonies, we seem to discern an unconscious presentiment of terror lest their days were numbered."—*Dean Stanley.*

It is said that on looking back from the portico of Henry VII.'s Chapel, every phase of Gothic architecture, from Henry III. to Henry VII., may be seen. The glorious brass gates are adorned with all the badges of the founder—the fleur-de-lis, the portcullis and crown, the falcon and fetterlock, the thistle and crown, the united roses of York and Lancaster entwined with the crown, the initials R. H., the royal crown, and the three lions of England. The devices of Henry VII. are also borne by the angels sculptured on the frieze at the west end of the chapel. The windows have traces of the white roses of Lancaster and of the fleur-de-lis and H's with which they were once filled; from the end window the figure of Henry VII. looks down upon the whole. Seventy-three statues, whose "natural simplicity and grandeur of character and drapery" are greatly commended by Flaxman, surround the walls.

"The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb."—*Washington Irving.*

The stalls of the Knights of the Bath surround the chapel, with the seats for the esquires in front. The end stall on the right is decorated with a figure of Henry VII. The sculptures on the misereres are exceedingly quaint, chiefly monkish satires on the evil lives of their brethren. Amongst them are combats between monks and nuns, a monk seized

and a monk carried off by the devil, one boy whipping another, apes gathering nuts, and a fox in armour riding a goose. The best is the Judgment of Solomon; the cause of the contention—the substitution of the dead for the living child—is represented with ludicrous simplicity, repeated on either side of the bracket.

The centre of the chapel towards the east is occupied by the glorious tomb of *Henry VII.* (1509) and *Elizabeth of*

Henry VII. (Wooden Figure).

York (1503), "one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe," * executed for £1,500 by the famous *Pietro Torrigiano;* the screen, which is no less beautiful, being the work of English artisans. The tomb is chiefly of bl ck marble, but the figures and surrounding alto-relievos and pilasters are of gilt copper. The figures, wrapped in long mantles which descend to the feet, are most simple and

* Lord Bacon.

beautiful. They once wore crowns, which have been stolen. Within the screen, Henry enjoined by his will that there should be a small altar, enriched with relics—one of the legs of St. George and a great piece of the Holy Cross.

Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV., by whose marriage the long feud between the houses of York and Lancaster was terminated, died in childbirth at the Tower, on her birthday, February 11, 1502-3. Her sister, Lady Katharine Courtenay, was chief mourner at her magnificent funeral in the Abbey. Henry survived his wife for seven years, and died at Richmond in 1509. Bishop Fisher preached his funeral sermon, which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, at the desire of the "king's moder."

"In this chappel the founder thereof, with his queen, lieth interr'd, under a monument of solid brass, most richly gilded, and artificially carved. Some slight it for the cheapness, because it cost but a thousand pounds in the making thereof. Such do not consider it as the work of so thrifty a prince, who would make a little money go far; besides that it was just at the turning of the tide (as one may term it) of money, which *flowed* after the finding out of the West Indies, though *ebbing* before."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Henry VII. "was of a high mind, and loved his own will and his own way; as one that revered himself, and would reign indeed. Had he been a private man he would have been termed proud. But in a wise prince, it was but keeping of distance, which indeed he did towards all. . . . . To his confederates he was constant and just, but not open. . . . . He was a prince, sad, virtuous, and full of thoughts and secret observations, and full of notes and memorials of his own hand, especially touching persons. . . . . No doubt, in him, as in all men, and most of all in him, his fortune wrought upon his nature, and his nature upon his fortune. He attained to the crown, not only from a private fortune, which might endow him with moderation; but also from the fortune of an exiled man, which had quickened in him all seeds of observation and industry. And his times being rather prosperous than calm, had raised his confidence by success, but almost marred his nature by troubles."—*Bacon's Life of Henry VII.*

In the same vault with Henry and Elizabeth rests the huge coffin of *James I.* (1625). His funeral sermon was preached by Dean Williams, who compared him to Solomon in eight particulars!

In front of the tomb of his grandparents is the restored altar which marks the burial-place of *King Edward VI.* (1553), who died at Greenwich in his fifteenth year—the good and strangely learned prince of whom Hooker says that "though he died young, he lived long, for life is in *action*." The ancient altar—a splendid work of Torrigiano—was destroyed in the Civil Wars, but part of the frieze was found in 1869 in the young king's grave, and has been let into the modern altar. It is admirable carving of the Renaissance, and shows the Tudor roses and the lilies of France interwoven with a scroll-work pattern. On the coffin-plate of the young king is inscribed—after his royal titles—"On earth under Christ of the Church of England and Ireland supreme head"—having been evidently engraved during the nine days' reign of Lady Jane Grey. The revived altar was first used in 1870, on the strange occasion when Dean Stanley administered the Sacrament to the revisers of the New Testament—"representatives of almost every form of Christian belief in England"—before they commenced their labours.

Inserted in this altar of toleration, by a quaint power of seeing threads of connection where they are not generally apparent, are—a fragment of an Abyssinian altar brought from Magdala in 1868; a fragment of a Greek Church in Damascus destroyed in the Christian massacre of 1860; a fragment of the high altar of Canterbury, destroyed when the cathedral was burnt in 1174.

Making the circuit of the chapel from the right, we see in the pavement the inscribed graves of—

Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland (1790), fourth son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the hero of Culloden.

Caroline (1757), third daughter, and *Amelia* (1786), second daughter, of George II.

Louisa (1768), third daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and *Edward, Duke of York* (1769), his second son, who died at Monaco.

Queen Caroline of Anspach (1737), buried here with Handel's newly composed anthem, "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her," &c.

King George II. (1760), the last sovereign buried at Westminster, who desired that his dust might mingle with that of his beloved wife, in accordance with which one side of each of the coffins was withdrawn, and they rest together.

We now reach a chantry, separated from the chapel by a screen, of which only the basement remains, containing the gigantic monument of—

Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox (1623-4), cousin of James I., Lord Chamberlain, and Lord High Admiral of Scotland. Huge figures of Faith, Hope, Prudence, and Charity support the canopy. The monument was erected by the Duke's widow, who is buried here with all his family. Here also rest the natural son of Charles II. and the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was created Duke of Richmond on the extinction of the former family, and his widow, "La belle Stuart" of lax morality, whose effigy, by her own request, was placed by her tomb after death "as well done in wax as could be, under crown glass and none other," wearing the robes which she bore at the coronation of Queen Anne, and accompanied by the parrot "which lived with her grace forty years and survived her only a few days." The black marble pyramid at the foot of the tomb commemorates the infant Esme, Duke of Richmond.

"One curious feature in the tomb deserves notice. In the inscription the date of the year of the Duke's death is apparently omitted, though the month and day are mentioned. The year, however, is given in what is called a chronogram. The Latin translation of the

verse in the Bible, 'Know ye not that a prince and a great man has this day fallen?" (the words uttered by David in his lament over Abner,) contains fourteen Roman numeral letters, and these being elongated into capitals are MDCVVVIIIIIIII, which give the date 1623. It is remarkable that words so appropriate to this nobleman should contain the date for this identical year, and it shows much ingenuity on the part of the writer of the inscription that he should have discovered it." —*The Builder*, June 19, 1875.

We now come to the first of the three eastern chapels. On the left is the tomb, by *Westmacott*, of Antoine, Duc de Montpensier, brother of Louis Philippe, who died in exile at Salthill, 1807. The inscription is by General Dumouriez. This is the only monument placed in the Abbey for two centuries which is in accordance with the taste in which it was built. In the same vault with the Duke lay for some time Louise of Savoy, queen of Louis XVIII., who died in exile at Hartwell in Buckinghamshire. Her remains were removed to Sardinia in 1811.

In the centre of the chapel is the grave of *Lady Augusta Stanley* (1876), "for thirty years the devoted servant of Queen Victoria, and of the queen's mother and children."

The *Central Eastern Chapel* was the burial-place of the magnates of the Commonwealth, who, with few exceptions, were exhumed after the Restoration. The bodies of Cromwell, his son-in-law Ireton, and Bradshaw, the regicide judge, were hanged at Tyburn; the mother of Cromwell, with most of her kindred and friends, was buried in a pit near St. Margaret's Church; Elizabeth Claypole, the favourite daughter of the Protector, was left in peace. Here were once buried—

Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector, 1658.
General Henry Ireton, 1651.

Elizabeth Cromwell, mother of the Protector, 1654.
Jane Desborough, sister of the Protector, 1656.
Anne Fleetwood, daughter of the Protector.
Robert Deane, 1653.
Humphrey Mackworth, 1654.
Sir William Constable, 1655.
Admiral Robert Blake, 1657.
Dennis Bond, 1658.
John Bradshaw, 1659.
Mary Bradshaw, 1659.

The vault vacated when the rebels were exhumed was afterwards used as the burial-place of *James Butler, Duke of Ormond* (1688), and all his family. Here also were interred many of the illegitimate descendants of Charles II., including—

The *Earl of Doncaster*, son of the Duke of Monmouth, 1673-4.
Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Cleveland, 1730.
Charles Fitz Charles, Earl of Plymouth, who died at Tangiers, 1680-81.
Here also the *Duke of Portland*, the friend of William III., was buried (1709), with the *Duke of Schomberg* and several of his family.

In the *Third Chapel* lie—

Right. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham (1721), and his duchess *Catherine*, who was so proud of being the illegitimate daughter of James II. and Catherine Sedley, and who kept the anniversary of the martyrdom of her royal grandfather Charles I. seated in a chair of state, attended by her women in weeds.* The monument is by *Scheemakers*, who has represented the duchess in English dress, while the duke is in Roman armour. In the reign of Charles II. he was general of the Dutch troop of horse, Governor of Kingston Castle upon Hull, and First Gentleman of the Bedchamber; in that of James II., Lord Chamberlain; in that of Queen Anne, Lord Privy Seal, and President of the Council. The concluding lines of his self-composed epitaph are striking—"Dubius sed non improbus vixi; incertus morior, non perturbatus. Humanum est nescire et errare. Deo confido omnipotenti, benevolentissimo. Ens entium miserere mei." Before the words "Deo confido," "Christum adveneror" was originally inserted, but

* Walpole's "Reminiscences."

was effaced by Dean Atterbury, on the ground that "adveneror" was not a sufficient expression as applied to Christ.

Opposite is preserved the wooden *Pulpit* from which Cranmer preached at the coronation and funeral of his royal godson, Edward VI.

Beneath it, alone, in a spacious vault, lies the body of *Queen Anne of Denmark* (1619-20), wife of James I., who died at Somerset House. She never had any monument, but her hearse stood over her grave till the Commonwealth.

Hard by is the grave of *John Campbell, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich* (1743), whose monument we have seen in the south transept. With him lies his daughter, Lady Mary Coke (1811), "the 'lively little lady' who, in the 'Heart of Midlothian,' banters her father after the interview with Jeanie Deans." *

The next *Chapel*, with a low screen, has its western decorations ruined by the tomb of—

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (1628), the passionately loved favourite of James I., murdered by Felton, and his duchess. His children kneel at his head. Several of his sons, including Francis and George, whose handsome features are well known from Vandyke's noble picture, rest in their father's grave, together with the last duke, the George Villiers who was the "Zimri" of Dryden, and whose death-bed is described in the lines of Pope.

"Had the Duke of Buckingham been blessed with a faithful friend, qualified with wisdom and integrity, the duke would have committed as few faults and done as transcendent worthy actions as any man in that age in Europe."—*Clarendon.*

"After Buckingham's death, Charles the First cherished his memory warmly as his life, advanced his friends, and designed to raise a magnificent monument to his memory; and if any one accused the duke, the king always imputed the fault to himself. He very often said the world was much mistaken in the duke's character; for it was commonly thought the duke ruled his majesty; but it was much the contrary, having been his most faithful and obedient servant in all things, as the king said he would make sensibly appear to the world."—*Disraeli. Curiosities of Literature.*

Near the next pillar is the grave of *Elizabeth Claypole*, second daughter of Oliver Cromwell, the only member of

* Stanley.

the Protector's family allowed to remain in the Abbey, as being both a royalist and a member of the Church of England. In descending the chapel on this side we pass the graves of—

Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III., 1751.

Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, Princess of Wales, 1772.

Elizabeth Caroline (1759), and *Frederick William* (1765), children of the Prince of Wales.

William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, third son of George II., 1765.

Entering the *South Aisle of the Chapel*, we find, beneath the exquisite fan roof, three noble tombs.

* *Margaret Stuart, Countess of Lennox* (1577), first cousin of Queen Elizabeth, being daughter of the Scottish queen, Margaret Tudor, by her second marriage with the Earl of Angus. Lord Thomas Howard was imprisoned for life, for venturing to fall in love with her at the Court of Anne Boleyn, and she was married, in her thirtieth year, to the Earl of Lennox. The epitaph tells how she "had to her great-grandfather King Edward IV.; to her grandfather, King Henry VII.; to her uncle, King Henry VIII.; to her cousin-german, King Edward VI.; to her brother, King James V. of Scotland; to her son (Darnley), King Henry I. of Scotland; to her grandchild, King James VI. (of Scotland, and I. of England)." The tomb is of alabaster. It bears the effigy of Margaret in robes of state, with a small ruff and a close coif with a coronet over it. Below are the effigies of her four sons and four daughters (including that of Henry Darnley, King of Scotland, which once had a crown above its head, and that of Charles Lennox, father of the "Ladie Arbele" (Arabella Stuart). She died in poverty, but was buried here in great state by Elizabeth. An iron railing, decorated with all the armorial bearings of the family, once surrounded this monument.

* *Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots*, 1587. After her execution at Fotheringay she was buried at Peterborough, but was brought thence in 1606 by her son James I., who desired that "like honour might be done to the body of his dearest mother, and a like monument be extant of her, that had been done to his dear sister, the late Queen Elizabeth." In her second funeral she had "a translucent passage in the night through the city of London, by multitudes of torches, with all the ceremonies

and voices quires and copes could express, attended by many prelates and nobles."* The tomb is a noble work of the period, with an effigy by *Cornelius Cure*. The queen is represented as in her pictures, with small and delicate features. She wears a close coif, a laced ruff, a mantle fastened at the breast by a jewelled brooch, and high-heeled shoes; at her feet the crowned lion of Scotland sits keeping guard.

* *Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby*, the great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt, "allied, by blood or affinity, to thirty kings and queens." By her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond (son of Queen Catherine de Valois, whom rather than the Duke of Suffolk, she espoused by the advice—in a vision—of St. Nicholas, patron of wavering maidens), she was the mother of Henry VII. She married secondly Sir Humphrey Stafford; and thirdly Thomas, Lord Stanley, who placed the crown of Richard III. on the head of her son after the Battle of Bosworth Field, and was created Earl of Derby by him. She died in 1578, at the time of the coronation of her grandson, Henry VIII. She was the foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges at Cambridge. Bishop Fisher (her chaplain), who preached her funeral sermon, told truly how "Every one that knew her, loved her; and everything that she said or did became her." She was so imbued with the spirit of mediæval times, that Camden records she would often say that—"on the condition that the princes of Christendom would combine and march against the common enemy, the Turk, she would willingly attend them, and be their laundress in the camp." Her effigy, the first work executed by the great *Pietro Torrigiano* in England, is nobly simple, but "executed in a grand and expressive naturalistic manner." † Her hands are uplifted in prayer, and the aged features are evidently modelled from nature. Her epitaph, by John Skelton, the poet-laureate, ends with a quaint curse upon all who shall spoil or take it away—

> "Qui laceret, violatve, rapit, præsens epitoma,
> Hunc laceretque voret, Cerberus, absque mora."

(On the left) *Catherine Shorter, Lady Walpole* (1737), the first wife of Sir Robert, afterwards Earl of Orford. The figure is by *Valori*, after a Roman statue of "Modesty," and is beautiful, though injured by the too voluminous folds of its drapery. It was erected by her son, Horace Walpole. "She had beauty and wit without vice or vanity, and cultivated the arts without affectation. She was devout, though without bigotry of any sect, and was without prejudice to any party; tho'

* Wilson's "Hist. of the Reign of James I." † Lübke.

the wife of a minister, whose power she esteemed but when she could employ it to benefit the miserable or reward the meritorious. She loved a private life, though born to shine in public, and was an ornament to courts, untainted by them."*

(Left) *General George Monk, Duke of Albemarle*, the hero of the Restoration, whose funeral was personally attended by Charles II. The monument, by *Scheemakers* and *Kent*, was erected, as the epitaph states, in compliance with the wish of Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, in 1720. The figure of General Monk is represented in armour, without a helmet: a mourning female figure leans upon the medallion of Duke Christopher.

In front of the step of the ancient altar are buried without monuments—

King Charles II. (1685), buried "without any manner of pomp, and soon forgotten."† His waxen image stood on the grave as late as 1815.

Queen Mary II., 1694.

King William III., 1702.

Prince George of Denmark, 1708.

Queen Anne, 1714.

Thoresby, the antiquary, was present when the vault was opened to receive the remains of Queen Anne.

"It was affecting to see the silent relics of the great monarchs, Charles II., William and Mary, and Prince George; next whom remains only one space to be filled with her late Majesty Queen Anne. This sight was the more affecting to me, because, when young, I saw in one balcony six of them that were afterwards kings and queens of Great Britain, all brisk and hearty, but now entered on a boundless eternity! There were then present King Charles and his Queen Catherine, the Duke of York, the Prince and Princess of Orange, and the Princess Anne."—*Thoresby's Diary.*

Beneath the pavement in other parts of the chapel are buried the following members of the Stuart royal family:—

* Epitaph, by Horace Walpole.

† Evelyn's Diary. He was probably thus quietly buried to evade disputes as to the religion in which he died.

Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales (1612), son of James I.

"A monument all of pure gold," says Stow, "were too little for a prince of such high hope and merit."

"The short life of Henry was passed in a school of prowess, and amidst an academy of literature."—*Disraeli.*

Arabella Stuart (1615), niece of James I.

Charles, eldest son of Charles I. (1629), and *Anne* (1637), the fat baby in the famous picture of the children of Charles I.

"She was a very pregnant lady above her age, and died in her infancy when not full four years old. Being minded by those about her to call upon God even when the pangs of death were upon her; 'I am not able,' saith she, 'to say my long prayer (meaning the Lord's Prayer); but I will say my short one, Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.' This done, this little lamb gave up the ghost."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Henry, Duke of Gloucester (1660), son of Charles I., the boy who on his father's knees at St. James's, the night before his execution, said that he would be torn in pieces rather than be made king while his brothers were alive. He died of the small-pox at Whitehall.

Mary, Princess of Orange (1660), eldest daughter of Charles I.

"She came over to congratulate the happiness of her brother's miraculous restitution; when, behold, sickness arrests this royal princess, no bail being found by physick to defer the execution of her death. On the 31st of February following she was honourably (though privately) interred at Westminster, and no eye so dry but willingly afforded a tear to bemoan the loss of so worthy a princess."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia (1662), daughter of James I.

1662. Jan. 17. "This night was buried in Westminster Abby the Queene of Bohemia, after all her sorrows and afflictions, being come to die in the arms of her nephew the King."—*Evelyn's Diary.*

Prince Rupert (1682), son of the Queen of Bohemia. "The Prince" of the Cavaliers, "who, after innumerable toils and variety of heroic actions both by land and sea, spent several years in sedate studies, and the prosecution of chemical and philosophical experiments." He died in his sixty-third year, at his house in Spring Gardens, and was honoured with a very magnificent public funeral.

Anne Hyde, daughter of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, married in 1659 to the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and ten of her

children. She died in 1671, leaving two of her children living, Mary II. and Anne.

William, Duke of Gloucester, the precocious and last surviving child of Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne, who died at Windsor just after his eleventh birthday, and seventeen other of her children.

We may now turn to the *North Aisle*. At its western extremity is an enclosure used as a vestry for the chanting priests, who were to say the ten thousand masses enjoined by the will of Henry VII. for the repose of his soul. Here was formerly kept "the effigies of General Monk." The monuments include—

(Right) *Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax* (1715), the great patron of the literary men of his time, "the second great Mæcenas." *

In the vault of his patron rests *Joseph Addison*, 1719 (his monument is in the south transept). The funeral of Addison gave rise to the noble lines of Tickell—

"Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend;
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montague.
* * * * * *
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bower of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade." †

* Dr. Sewell to Addison. *British Poets.*
† Epistle to the Earl of Warwick.

"His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sung a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honoured the most accomplished of the Whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torchlight, round the shrine of St. Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. On the north side of that chapel, in the vault of the house of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montague. Yet a few months, and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened; and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison."—*Macaulay.*

James Craggs, the Secretary of State, who has a monument at the west end of the Abbey, was present at Addison's funeral, and was immediately after buried in the same grave.

"O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song?

* * * * *

Blest pair, whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues, each other's boast, farewell,
Farewell! whom, join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide." *

(Right) *George Savile, Marquis of Halifax* (1695), the statesman.

"He was a man of a very great and ready wit; full of life, and very pleasant; much turned to satire. . . . . He confessed he could not swallow down everything that divines imposed on the world: he was a Christian in submission: he believed as much as he could, and he hoped that God would not lay it to his charge, if he could not digest iron, as an ostrich did, or take into his belief things that must burst him. . . . . But with relation to the public, he went backwards and forwards, and changed sides so often, that in conclusion no one trusted him. . . . . When he talked to me as a philosopher, of his contempt of the world, I asked him, what he meant by getting so many new titles, which I called the hanging himself about with bells and tinsel. He had no other excuse for it but this, that since the world were such fools as to value those matters, a man must be a fool for company."—*Burnet. Hist. of His Own Time.*

* Tickell.

In the centre of the aisle is the noble tomb of—

* *Queen Elizabeth* (1602), who died at Richmond in the forty-fifth year of her reign, and the seventieth of her age. The monument is by *Maximilian Poultraine* and *John de Critz*. Beneath a lofty canopy supported by ten Corinthian pillars, the figure of the queen who was "one day greater than man, the next less than woman," is lying upon the low basement on a slab supported by lions. The effigy represents her as an aged woman, wearing a close coif, from which the hair descends in curls: the crown has been stolen. The tomb was once surrounded by a richly wrought railing covered with fleurs-de-lis and roses, with the initials E R interspersed. This, with all the small standards and armorial bearings at the angles, forming as much a part of the monument itself as the stonework, was most unjustifiably removed by Dean Ireland.*

"Thys queene's speech did winne all affections, and hir subjects did trye to shew all love to hir commandes; for she would say, 'hir state did require hir to commande, what she knew hir people woude willingly do from their owne love to hir.' Herein she did shewe her wisdome fullie; for who did chuse to lose her confidence; or who woude wytholde a shewe of love and obedience, when their Sovereign said it was their own choice, and not hir compulsion? . . . We did all love hir, for she said she loved us, and muche wysdome she shewed in thys matter. She did well temper herself towards all at home, and put at variance all abroad; by which means she had more quiet than hir neighbours. . . . When she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that everyone did chuse to baske in, if they could; but anon came a storm from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell in wondrous manner on all alike. I never did fynde greater shew of understandinge and learninge, than she was blest wythe, and whoever liveth longer than I can, will look backe and become *laudator temporis acti*."—*Sir John Harington's Letter to Robert Markham in* 1606, *three years after the death of Elizabeth*.

In the same tomb is buried *Mary I.* (1558). Her obsequies, conducted by Bishop Gardiner, were the last funeral service celebrated in the Abbey according to the Roman Catholic ritual, except the requiem ordered by Elizabeth for Charles V. The stones of the altars in

* The almost adoration with which Elizabeth was regarded after her death caused her so-called "monument," with a metrical epitaph, curiously varied, to be set up in all the principal London churches; notably so in St. Saviour's, Southwark; St. Mary Woolnoth; St. Lawrence Jewry; St. Mildred, Poultry; and St. Andrew Undershaft. Several of these "monuments" still exist.

Henry VII.'s Chapel destroyed at the Reformation were used in her vault. At her funeral "all the people plucked down the hangings and the armorial bearings round about the abbey, and every one tore him a piece as large as he could catch it." James I. wrote the striking inscription upon the monument—"Regno consortes et urnâ, hic obdormimus Elizabetha et Maria sorores, in spe resurrectionis." "In those words," says Dean Stanley, "the long war of the English Reformation is closed."

* The eastern end of this aisle has been called the *Innocents' Corner*. In its centre is the tomb erected in 1674 by Charles II. over the bones found at the foot of the staircase in the Tower, supposed to be those of the murdered boys, *Edward V. and Richard, Duke of York*.

* On the left is *Princess Mary*, third daughter of James I. (1607), who died at two years old, about whom her Protestant father was wont to say that he "would not pray to the Virgin Mary, but for the Virgin Mary." * Her epitaph tells how she, "received into heaven in early infancy," found joy for herself, but "left longings" to her parents.

"Such was the manner of her death, as bred a kind of admiration in us all that were present to behold it. For whereas the new-tuned organs of speech, by reason of her great and wearisome sickness, had been so greatly weakened, that for the space of twelve or fourteen hours at least, there was no sound of any word breaking from her lips; yet when it sensibly appeared that she would soon make a peaceable end of a troublesome life, she sighed out these words, 'I go, I go,' and when, not long after, there was something to be ministered unto her by those that attended her in the time of her sickness, fastening her eye upon them with a constant look, she repeated, 'Away, I go!' And yet a third time, almost immediately before she offered herself, a sweet virgin sacrifice, unto Him that made her, faintly cried, 'I go, I go.' . . . And whereas she had used many other words in the time of her extremity, yet now, at the last, she did aptly utter these, and none but these."—*Funeral Sermon for the Princess Mary, by J. Leech, preached in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Sept.* 23, 1607.

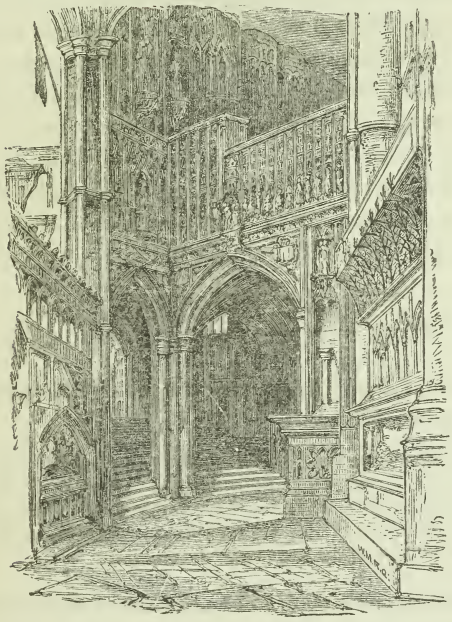
* On the right is *Princess Sophia* (1606), fourth daughter of James I., who died at Greenwich three days after her birth. It is a charming little monument of an infant in her cradle—"a royal rose-bud, plucked by premature fate, and snatched away from her parents, that she might flourish again in the rosary of Christ."

"This royal babe is represented sleeping in her cradle, wherewith

* Fuller's "Worthies," i. 490.

vulgar eyes, especially of the weaker sex, are more affected (as level to their cognizance, more capable of what is pretty than what is pompous) than with all the magnificent monuments in Westminster."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

At the foot of the steps leading to Henry VII.'s Chapel



Chantry of Henry V., Westminster.

is the grave of *Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon* (1673), grandfather of Queen Mary II. and Queen Anne, who died in exile at Rouen, having been impeached for high-treason. We must look back from the northern ambulatory upon the richly sculptured arch of Henry V.'s chantry. It is this arch

which was so greatly admired by Flaxman. The Coronation of Henry V. is here represented as it was performed in this church by Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Henry Beaufort, the uncle of the king. Over the canopies which surmount the figures are the alternate badges of the Antelope and Swan (from the king's mother, co-heiress of the Bohuns, and the same animals appear on the cornices chained to a tree, on which is a flaming cresset, a badge which was borne by Henry V. alone, and which was intended as typical of the light by which he hoped to "guide his people to follow him in all honour and virtue."*

On the left are the beautiful tombs of Queen Eleanor and of Henry III., and beyond these the simple altar-tomb of Edward I. On the right are the tombs of—

William Pulteney, Earl of Bath (1767), by *Wilton.*
Admiral Holmes, 1761.

Entering the *Chapel of St. Paul*, we see before us the noble altar-tomb of—

* *Sir Giles Daubeny* (1507) and his wife *Elizabeth.* He was Lord Lieutenant of Calais and Chamberlain to Henry VII. His effigy, which is executed with the minutest care, is in plate armour, with the insignia of the Order of the Garter. Observe the kneeling and weeping monks in relief on the soles of his shoes.

Near this is the stupid colossus, whose introduction here is the most crying evidence of the want of taste in our generation: a monument wholly unsuited in its character to the place, and in its association with its surroundings—which, on its introduction, burst through the pavement by its immense weight, laid bare the honoured coffins beneath,

* See Brooke in Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments," cut xv.

and fell into the vaults below, but unfortunately was not broken to pieces.

James Watt (1819), "who directing the force of an original genius early exercised in philosophic research to the improvement of the steam-engine, enlarged the resources of his country and increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science and the real benefactors of the world." The inscription is by Lord Brougham, the statue by *Chantrey*.

Making the circuit of the chapel from the right, we see the monuments of—

* *Ludowick Robsart* (1431), and his wife *Elizabeth*, heiress of Bartholomew Bourchier, after his marriage with whom he was created Lord Bourchier. He was distinguished in the French wars under Henry V., and made the king's standard-bearer for the courage which he displayed upon the field of Agincourt. On the marriage of Henry V. to Katharine de Valois he was immediately presented to the queen, and appointed the especial guardian of her person. His tomb, which forms part of the screen of the chapel, is, architecturally, one of the most interesting in the Abbey. It has an oaken roof in the form called "en dos d'âne," and the whole was once richly gilt and coloured, the rest of the screen being powdered with gold Catherine-wheels.

Anne, Lady Cottington (1633), a bust greatly admired by Strype for its simplicity and beauty. Beneath is the reclining effigy of *Francis, Lord Cottington* (1652), ambassador for Charles I. in Spain, who "for his faithfull adherence to ye crowne (ye usyrpers prevayling) was forc't to fly his country, and, during his exile, dyed at Valladolid." Clarendon * describes him—

"A very wise man, by the long and great experience he had in business of all kinds; and by his natural temper, which was not liable to any transport of anger, or any other passion, but could bear contradiction, and even reproach, without being moved, or put out of his way: for he was very steady in pursuing what he proposed to himself, and had a courage not to be frighted with any opposition. . . . He was of an excellent humour, and very easy to live with; and, under a grave countenance, covered the most of mirth, and caused more than any man of the most pleasant disposition. He never used anybody ill, but used many very well for whom he had no regard; his greatest

* vi. 465, 467.

fault was, that he could dissemble, and make men believe that he loved them very well, when he cared not for them. He had not very tender affections, nor bowels apt to yearn at all objects which deserved compassion: he was heartily weary of the world, and no man was more willing to die; which is an argument that he had peace of conscience. He left behind him a greater esteem of his parts than love to his person."

Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex (aunt of Sir Philip), 1589. She was the foundress of Sidney-Sussex College at Cambridge. Her recumbent statue affords a fine specimen of the rich costume of the period: at her feet is her crest, a porcupine, in wood.

Dudley Carleton, Viscount Dorchester (1631), Secretary of State under Charles I.* This tomb was executed by *Nicholas Stone* for £200.

Sir Thomas Bromley (1587), who succeeded Sir Nicholas Bacon as Lord-Chancellor in the reign of Elizabeth, and presided at the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots. The alabaster statue represents the chancellor in his robes: the official purse appears at the back: his children, by Lady Elizabeth Fortescue, kneel at an altar beneath.

Sir James Fullerton (1630-31), and *Mary* his wife. He was first Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I. "He dyed fuller of faith than of feare, fuller of resolv'ion than of paiennes; fuller of honvr than of dayes."

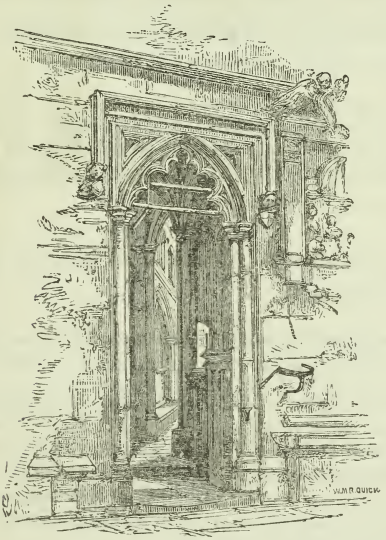
[Near the foot of this monument *Archbishop Usher* was buried in state, March, 1655-56, at the cost of Oliver Cromwell. He died at Reigate. His chaplain, Nicholas Barnard, preached his funeral sermon in the Abbey on the text, "'And Samuel died, and all the Israelites were gathered together.'"]

Sir John Puckering (1596), who prosecuted Mary, Queen of Scots, and became Keeper of the Great Seal under Elizabeth. The monument was erected by his widow, who added her own statue; their eight children kneel below.

Sir Henry Belasyse of Brancepeth (1717), "linealy descended from Belasius, one of the Norman Generals who came into England with William the Conqueror and was knighted by him." The monument is by *Scheemakers*.

* There are fine portraits of Dudley Carleton and his wife, by Cornelius Jansen, in the National Portrait Gallery.

The entrance to the next chapel, or, more properly, the *Shrine of St. Erasmus*, is one of the most picturesque "bits" in the Abbey, dating from the time of Richard II. It is a low arch supported by clustered pillars. The shield on the right bears the arms of old France and England quarterly,



Shrine of St. Erasmus.

viz. semée of fleurs-de-lis and three lions passant gardant, and that on the left the arms of Edward the Confessor. Above is "Sanctus Erasmus" in black (once golden) letters, and over this an exquisitely sculptured niche with a moulding of vine-leaves. The iron stanchion which held a lamp still remains by the entrance, and within are a holy-water

basin and a bracket for the statue of St. Erasmus (a Bishop of Campania martyred under Diocletian), with the rays which once surrounded the head of the figure still remaining on the wall. Near the entrance is the little monument of *Jane, wife of Sir Clippesly Crewe* (1639), with a curious relief representing her death.

Through this shrine we enter the *Chapel of St. John Baptist*, of which the screen is formed by tombs of bishops and abbots. In the centre is the tomb of—

Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter (1622), eldest son of Lord Burleigh, and his first wife *Dorothy Nevile*. The vacant space on the earl's left side was intended for his second wife, Frances Brydges, but she indignantly refused to allow her effigy to lie on the left side, though she is buried with her husband.

Making the circuit of the chapel from the right, we see the monuments of—

Mrs. Mary Kendall (1709-10), who "desired that her ashes might not be divided in death from those of her friend Lady Catharine Jones.*

George Fascet, Abbot of Westminster (1500), an altar-tomb with a stone canopy. On it rests the stone coffin of *Abbot Thomas Millyng*, (1474), godfather of Edward V., who was made Bishop of Hereford by Edward IV. in reward for the services he had rendered to Elizabeth Woodville when she was in sanctuary at Westminster. His coffin was probably removed from the centre of the chapel when the tomb of the Earl of Exeter was placed there.

Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham (1522), who died at Durham Place in the Strand, from grief at having sent the inventory of all his great riches to Henry VIII. in mistake for the "Breviate of the State of the Land," which he had been commissioned to draw up. He had been Secretary to Henry VII., and had made a good use of his immense wealth, having paid a third of the expense of building the great bridge of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The tomb once had a canopy.

* The charitable daughter of the Earl of Ranelagh, who built a school at Chelsea for the education of the daughters of the Poor Chelsea Pensioners.

Abbot William of Colchester (1420), who conspired, with the earls and dukes imprisoned in the abbot's house by Henry IV., in favour of the dethroned monarch, and swore to be faithful to death to King Richard.* The effigy is robed in rich vestments: there are two angels at the pillow, and a spaniel lies at the feet.

(On the site of the altar) *Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon* (1596), the first-cousin † and most faithful friend and chamberlain of Queen Elizabeth. He is said to have died of disappointment at the long delay in his elevation. The queen visited him on his death-bed, and commanded the robes and patent of an earl to be placed before him. "It is too late," he said, and declined the offered dignity. The Corinthian tomb of alabaster and marble, erected by his son, is one of the loftiest in England (36 feet).

Thomas Carey (1649), second son of the Earl of Monmouth, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I., who died of grief for the execution of his master. By this monument may be seen remains of the ancient lockers for the sacred vestments and plate.

* (Beneath) *Hugh and Mary Bohun*, children of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and the Princess Isabella, sixth daughter of Edward I. A grey marble monument close to the wall, removed by Richard II. from the Chapel of the Confessor to make room for Anne of Bohemia.

Colonel Edward Popham (1651), and *Anne* his wife. As he was a general in the Parliamentary army, his body was removed at the Restoration, but the monument was allowed to remain, on condition of the inscription being turned to the wall.

Sir Thomas Vaughan, Treasurer to Edward IV. The tomb has a beautiful but mutilated brass. Under the canopy is preserved a frag ment of the canopy of Bishop Ruthall's tomb.

The banners which still wave in this chapel are those carried at the funerals of those members of the ancient Northumbrian family of Delaval who are buried beneath — Susannah, Lady Delaval, 1783; Sarah Hussey, Countess of Tyrconnel, 1800; John Hussey, Lord Delaval, 1806.

Opposite the Chapel of St. John is the staircase by which visitors usually ascend to the centre of interest in the Abbey

* See Shakspeare's *Richard II.*

† Being son of Mary Boleyn, who married William Carey, a penniless but nobly born squire, without her father's consent.

—one may say in England—the *Chapel of St. Edward the Confessor.*

"Mortality, behold, and feare,
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royall bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones;
Here they lye, had realmes, had lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
They preach, 'In greatnesse is no trust.'
Here's an acre sown indeed,
With the richest, royall'st seed,
That the earth did ere suck in,
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
'Though gods they were, as men they dy'd:'
Here all souls, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate."

Francis Beaumont, 1586—1616.

"A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. . . . Where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world, that, when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains or our crowns shall be less."—*Jeremy Taylor's Holy Dying*, ch. i. sec. 11.

This chapel, more than any other part of the Abbey, remains as it was left by its second founder, Henry III. He made it a Holy of Holies to contain the shrine of his

sainted predecessor. For this he moved the high altar westward, and made the choir project far down into the nave, like the *coro* of a Spanish cathedral; for this he raised behind the high altar a mound of earth, "the last funeral tumulus in England." For this he imported from Rome "Peter, the Roman citizen" (absurdly supposed by Walpole and Virtue to be the famous mosaicist Pietro Cavallini, who was not born till 1279, six years after the date of the shrine), who has left us the pavement glowing with peacock hues of Opus Alexandrinum, which recalls the pavements of the Roman basilicas, and the twisted pillars of the shrine itself, which are like those of the cloisters in S. Paolo and S. Giovanni Laterano.

Edward the Confessor died in the opening days of 1066, when his church at Westminster had just been consecrated in the presence of Edith his queen. He was buried before the high altar with his crown upon his head, a golden chain and crucifix around his neck, and his pilgrim's ring upon his finger. Thus he was seen when his coffin was opened by Henry I. in the presence of Bishop Gundulf, who tried to steal a hair from his white beard. Thus he was again seen by Henry II., in whose reign he was transferred by Archbishop Becket to a new and "precious feretry," just after his canonization (Feb. 7, 1161) by Pope Alexander III., who enjoined "that his body be honoured here on earth, as his soul is glorified in heaven." Henry III. also looked upon the "incorrupt" body, before its translation to its present resting-place, on the shoulders of the royal Plantagenet princes, whose own sepulchres were afterwards to gather around it. The body lies in a stone coffin, iron-bound, within the shrine of marble and mosaic. It appears from

an illumination in the "Life of St. Edward" in the University Library at Cambridge that, after his canonization, one end of the shrine was for some time left open, that sick persons might creep through and touch the coffin. The seven recesses at the sides of the shrine were intended for pilgrims to kneel under. The inlaid wooden wainscoting on the top was added by Abbot Feckenham in the reign of Mary I., by whom the shrine was restored, for it had been partially, if not wholly, displaced at the Dissolution. Before that it probably had a Gothic canopy. At the coronation of James II. both shrine and coffin were broken by the fall of some scaffolding. It was then robbed for the last time. Henry Keepe, who wrote the "Monumenta Westmonasteriensia," relates that he himself put in his hand and drew forth the chain and crucifix of the Confessor, which were accepted by the last of the Stuart kings. The shrine, which was one of the most popular points of pilgrimage before the Reformation, is still the object of pilgrimages with Roman Catholics. Around the Confessor lie his nearest relations. On his left rests his wife, "*Edith*, of venerable memory" (1073), the daughter of Earl Godwin, and sister of Harold. On his right (moved from the old Chapter-house by Henry III.) lies his great-niece, another Edith (1118), whose Saxon name was changed to the Norman *Maud*, the daughter of Malcolm Canmore of Scotland, granddaughter of Edward Atheling, and wife of Henry I. She had been accustomed frequently to pass days and nights together, kneeling, bare-footed and dressed in haircloth, before her uncle's shrine, and had herself the reputation of a saint. She was "the very mirror of piety, humility, and princely bounty," says Florence of Wor-

cester. "Her virtues were so great," say the "Annals of Waverley," that "an entire day would not suffice to recount them." Before the shrine, as Pennant says, the *spolia opima* were offered, the Scottish regalia, and the sacred stone from Scone; and here the little Alphonso, son of Edward I., offered the golden coronet of Llewelyn, Prince of Wales.* Here also the unfortunate Joanna, widow of Henry IV., was compelled to make a public thank-offering for the victory of Agincourt, in which her brother and son-in-law were killed and her son taken prisoner. Behind the shrine, where the chantry of Henry V. now stands, were preserved the relics given by St. Edward to the church—a tooth of St. Athanasius, a stone which was believed to have been marked by the last footprint of the Saviour at His Ascension, and a phial of the precious blood.

The fantastic legend of the Confessor is told in the fourteen rude sculptures on the screen which divides the chapel from the choir. We see—

1. The Bishop and Nobles swear fealty to the yet unborn child of Queen Emma, wife of Ethelred the Unready.
2. The child, Edward, is born at Islip in Oxfordshire.
3. His Coronation on Easter Day, 1043.
4. He sees the Devil dancing on the casks in which his tax of Danegelt was collected and decides to abolish it.
5. He warns a scullion who has been stealing from his treasure-chest to escape before Hugolin his treasurer returns and catches him.
6. He sees Our Saviour in a vision, standing on the altar of the church, where he is about to receive the sacrament.
7. He has a vision of the King of Denmark, who is drowned on his way to invade England.
8. The boys Tosti and Harold, brothers-in-law of the king, have a quarrel at the king's table, prophetic of their future feuds.

* Gough. "Sepulchral Effigies," i. 7.

9. The Confessor, seated in the midst of his courtiers, has a vision of the seven Sleepers of Ephesus, who turn suddenly from the right side to the left, portending great misfortunes.
10. The Confessor meets with St. John the Evangelist as a pilgrim and beggar, and having no alms, presents him with a ring.
11. The blind are restored to sight by the water in which the Confessor has washed.
12. St. John meets two English pilgrims at Ludlow and bids them restore the ring to Edward, and warn him that within six months he would meet him in Paradise.
13. The pilgrims deliver the ring and message to the king.
14. Edward, warned of his approaching death, completes the dedication of the Abbey.*

On the left of the steps by which we ascended is the tomb of the founder, *Henry III.* (1272).

"Quiet King Henry III., our English Nestor (not for depth of brains, but for length of life), who reigned fifty-six years, in which term he buried all his contemporary princes in Christendom twice over. All the months in the year may be in a manner carved out of an April day; hot, cold, dry, moist, fair, foul weather being oft presented therein. Such the character of this king's life—certain only in uncertainty; sorrowful, successful; in plenty, in penury; in wealth, in want; conquered, conqueror."—*Fuller's Church History.*

Henry died at Bury St. Edmunds on the day of St. Edmund of Canterbury. His body was brought to London in state by the Knights Templar,† whom he had first introduced into England, and his effigy was so splendidly attired "that," says Wykes, "he shone more magnificent when dead than he had appeared when living." On the day of St. Edmund, king and martyr, he was buried here before the high altar, in the coffin in which Henry II. had laid the Confessor, and

* The date of this screen is uncertain, but it must have been later than the time of Richard II., as part of the canopy of his tomb has been cut away to make room for its stonework. The subjects of the sculptures are taken from Abbot Ailred's "Life and Miracles of St. Edward," written in the time of Edward II.

† See Gough, i. 58.

whence he himself had removed him. His son Edward, then returning from Palestine, who had lately heard of the death of his sons Henry and John, broke into passionate grief on hearing the news of this third bereavement—"God may give me more sons, but not another father." He brought from abroad the "diverse-coloured marbles and glittering stones," and "the twisted or serpentine columns of the same speckled marble,"* with which the tomb was constructed by "Peter, the Roman citizen;" and thither he transferred his father's body, at the same time fulfilling a promise which Henry had made to the abbess of Fontevault by delivering his heart to her, to be enshrined in the Norman abbey where his mother Isabella, his uncle Richard I., his grandfather Henry II., and his grandmother Eleanor were buried. The effigy of the king, by the English artist *William Torel*, is of gilt brass. The king wears a coronet, and a long mantle reaching to his feet.

Lying at her father-in-law's feet is "the queen of good memory," the beautiful *Queen Eleanor* (1290), wife of Edward I., and daughter of Ferdinand III. of Castile. Married in her tenth year to a husband of fifteen, she was separated from him till she was twenty, and then won his intense affection by a life of heroic devotion, especially during the perils of the Crusades, through which she insisted upon accompanying him, saying in answer to all remonstrances, "Nothing ought to part those whom God has joined, and the way to heaven is as near from Palestine as from England." She was the mother of four sons, of whom only one (Edward II.) survived her, and of nine daughters, of whom only four married. "To our nation," says Wal-

* Keepe.

singham, "she was a loving mother, the column and pillar of the whole realm. She was a godly, modest, and merciful princess. . . . The sorrow-stricken she consoled as became her dignity, and she made them friends that were at discord." She was taken ill at Hardeby, near Grantham, while Edward was absent on his Scottish wars, and died before he could reach her. His passionate grief expended itself in the line of nine crosses, erected at the towns where her body rested on its progress to London. Every Abbot of Westminster, as he entered on his office, was bound by oath to see that a hundred wax lights were burning round her grave on St. Andrew's Eve, the anniversary of her death. Her heart was given to the convent of Blackfriars.

The Queen's tomb, of Petworth marble, is by *William Torel*, an English artist, who built the furnace in which the statue was cast, in St. Margaret's Churchyard. The beautiful features of the dead queen are expressed in the most serene quietude: her long hair waves from beneath the circlet on her brow. One can see the character which was always able to curb the wild temper of her husband—the wife, as he wrote to the Abbot of Cluny, whom "living he loved, and dead he should never cease to love."

Edward I. himself (1307) lies on the same side of the chapel, near the screen. He died at Burgh on Solway Frith, after a reign of thirty-four years, was buried for a time at Waltham, and then removed hither to a site between his father's tomb and that of his brother Edmund. His body was embalmed like a mummy, bound in cere-cloth, and robed in cloth of gold, with a crown on his head, a sceptre in one hand, and the rod with the dove in the

other. Thus he was seen when the tomb was opened in 1771. A wooden canopy once overshadowed the tomb, but this was broken down in a tumult at the funeral of Pulteney, Earl of Bath. Now the monument of the greatest of the Plantagenets is one of the plainest in the Abbey. Five slabs of grey marble compose it, and it bears the inscription, "Edvardus Primus Scotorum malleus hic est. 1308. Pactum Serva."

"Is the unfinished tomb a fulfilment of that famous 'pact,' which the dying king required of his son, that his flesh should be boiled, his bones carried at the head of the English army till Scotland was subdued, and his heart sent to the Holy Land, which he had vainly tried in his youth to redeem from the Saracens? It is true that with the death of the king all thought of the conquest of Scotland ceased. But it may possibly have been 'to keep the pact' that the tomb was left in this rude state, which would enable his successors at any moment to take out the corpse and carry off the heart;—and it may have been with a view to this that a singular provision was left and enforced. Once every two years the tomb was to be opened, and the wax of the king's cere-cloth renewed. The renewal constantly took place as long as his dynasty lasted, perhaps with a lingering hope that a time would come when a victorious English army would once more sweep through Scotland with the conqueror's skeleton, or another crusade embark for Palestine with that true English heart. The hour never came, and when the dynasty changed with the fall of Richard II., the renewal of the cerement ceased."—*Dean Stanley.*

At Edward's death he left his second wife, Marguerite of France, a widow of twenty-six. She kept a chronicler, John o' London, to record the valiant deeds of her husband, and when Edward died the people of England were edified by her breaking forth, through his pen, into a lamentation like that for Saul and Jonathan—"At the foot of Edward's monument with my little sons, I weep and call upon him. When Edward died all men died to me," &c.*

* See Strickland's "Life of Marguerite of France."

Near the tomb of Edward was preserved in a gold cup the heart of Henry d'Almayne, nephew of Henry III., murdered (1271) by Simon de Montfort in the cathedral of Viterbo. On the other side of the shrine lie some children of his cousin, Aylmer de Valence.

The next tomb in point of date is that of *Queen Philippa* (1369), daughter of William, Earl of Hainault, and wife of Edward III., by whom she was the mother of fourteen children. In this she only fulfilled expectations, for we learn from Hardyng that when the king was sending to choose one of the earl's daughters, an English bishop advised him to choose the lady of largest frame, as promising the most numerous progeny.* She was the foundress of Queen's College at Oxford. The figure which lies upon her tomb, executed by *Hawkin Liege*, a Flemish artist, is remarkable for its cushioned headdress, and is the first attempt at a portrait. Around the tomb were placed the figures of thirty royal persons to whom she was related. "The open-work of the niches over the head of the effigy itself has been filled in with blue glass. The magnificence of the entire work may be imagined when it is known that it contained, when perfect, more than seventy statues and statuettes, besides several brass figures on the surrounding railing."†

"When the good queen perceived her end approaching, she called to the king, and extending her right hand from under the bed-clothes, put it into the right hand of the king, who was very sorrowful at heart, and thus spoke: 'We have enjoyed our union in happiness, peace, and prosperity: I entreat, therefore, of you, that on our separation you will grant me three requests.' The king, with sighs and tears, replied, 'Lady, ask: whatever you request shall be granted.' 'My Lord, I beg you will acquit me of whatever engagements I may have entered into for-

* See Hardyng, cap. 178.
† Sir G. Scott's "Gleanings."

merly with merchants for their wares, as well on this as on the other side the sea. I beseech you to fulfil whatever gifts or legacies I may have made. Thirdly, I entreat that, when it shall please God to call you hence, you will not choose any other sepulchre than mine and that you will lie beside me in the cloister of Westminster.' The king, in tears, replied, 'Lady, I grant them.' Soon after, the good lady made the sign of the cross on her breast, and having recommended to God the king and her youngest son, Thomas, who was present, gave up her spirit, which, I firmly believe, was caught by the holy angels, and carried to the glory of Heaven: for she had never done anything, by thought or deed, that could endanger her losing it."—*Froissart.*

Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, the son who was present at Philippa's death-bed, is the only one buried beside her. At five years old he had been left guardian of the kingdom while his parents were absent in French wars, and had represented his father by sitting on the throne before parliaments. He married a Bohun heiress, and was a great patron of literature, especially of Gower the poet. He was smothered at Calais in 1397, by order of his nephew, Richard II., and rests under a large stone which once bore a brass, in front of his mother's tomb. Gower in his "Vox Clamantis" has a Latin poem on the Duke of Gloucester, in which the following lines record his death—

> "Heu quam tortorum quidam de sorte malorum,
> Sic Ducis electi plumarum pondere lecti;
> Corporis quassatum jugulantque necant jugulatum."

In accordance with the promise made to the dying Philippa, the next tomb on the south is that of *King Edward III.*, 1377—

> "The honourable tomb
> That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,"

mentioned in Shakspeare's *Richard II.* He died at Sheen, was carried, with face uncovered, through the streets

of London, followed by his many children, and was laid in Philippa's grave. The features of the effigy which lies upon the tomb are believed to have been cast from the king's face as he lay in death, and "the head is almost ideal in its beauty."*

"Corpore fuit elegans, statura quæ nec justum excederet nec nimis depressioni succumberet, vultum habens humana mortalitate magis venerabilem, similem angelo, in quo relucebat tam mirifica gratia ut si quis in ejus faciem palam respexisset vel nocte de illo somniasset eo proculdubio die sperabat sibi jocunda solatia proventura."—*Walsingham.*

In the words of his epitaph, he was "flos regum preteritorum, forma futurorum." All his children were represented around the tomb in brass: six only remain—Edward the Black Prince, Joan de la Tour, Lionel Duke of Clarence, Edward Duke of York, Henry of Brittany, and William of Hatfield. We have seen two other children in the Chapel of St. Edmund.†

"Mighty victor! mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies;
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone: he rests among the dead!
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born
Gone to salute the rising morn."—*Gray.*

The Black Prince was buried at Canterbury, but *Richard II.*, his son by the Fair Maid of Kent, who succeeded his grandfather, Edward III., in his eleventh year, removed

* Lord Lindsay, "Christian Art," iii.

† Professor Westmacott in his lecture on the "Sculpture of Westminster Abbey" remarks on the shoes of this effigy being "left and right," erroneously supposed to be a modern fashion of shoemaking.

the Bohun grandchildren of Edward I. that he might lie near him, and on the death of his beloved first wife, *Queen Anne of Bohemia* (1397), sister of the Emperor Wenceslaus (who first introduced the use of pins and side-saddles into England), in the twelfth year of her married life, he erected her tomb in its place. On it *Nicholas Broker* and *Godfrey Prest*, Citizens and Coppersmiths of London, were ordered to represent her effigy with his own, their right hands tenderly clasped together, so that they might always bear witness to his devotion to the wife whom he lamented with such extravagant grief, that he caused the palace of Sheen to be razed to the ground, because it had been the scene of her death. The effigies are partly of brass and partly of copper. That of the king is attired like an ecclesiastic, his hair curls, and he has a pointed beard, but not much trace of the "surpassing beauty for which he was celebrated." The king's robe is decorated with the brooms-cods of the Plantagenets, and "the sun rising through the dark clouds of Crecy." The arms of the loving couple have been stolen, with the pillows which supported the royal heads, the two lions which once lay at Richard's feet, and the eagle and leopard which supported those of the queen. The canopy is decorated within with half-obliterated paintings of the Almighty and of the Virgin with the Saviour, on a diapered ground like that of the portrait of Richard II. Here also, when the feeble London light allows, may be seen the arms of Queen Anne—the two-headed eagle of the empire, and the lion rampant of Bohemia. After the death (probably the murder) of *King Richard II.* in Pomfret Castle in 1399, his body was brought to London, by order of Henry IV., and exposed in St. Paul's—"his visage left opyn, that men

myght see and knowe his personne," and was then interred in the church of the Preaching Friars at Langley in Hertfordshire. There it lay till the accession of Henry V., who, soon after his coronation (being then suitor for the hand of Katherine, sister of Richard's widow), exhumed it, seated it in a chair of state, and, with his whole court, followed in the strange procession which bore it to Westminster, and laid it in the grave of Queen Anne. The king's epitaph is very curious as bearing witness to the commencement of the struggle with the early Reformers—

> "Corpore procerus, animo prudens ut Homerus,
> Obruit hæreticos, et eorum stravit amicos."

The epitaph begins on the north side: the first letter contains a feather with a scroll, the badge of Edward III.*

By especial desire of Richard II. his favourite *John of Waltham* (1395), Bishop of Salisbury, Keeper of the Privy Seal and Lord High Treasurer, was buried here amongst the kings, and lies under a large stone in front of the tomb of Edward I.

We must now turn to the eastern end of the chapel, where the grand tomb of *Henry V.* (1422), "Henry of Monmouth," the hero of Agincourt, the greatest king England had known till that time, rises on a site, for which even the sacred relics collected by the Confessor were removed and placed in a chest between the shrine and the tomb of Henry III.

Henry V. died at Vincennes in his thirty-fourth year, and his funeral procession from thence to Calais, and from Dover to London, was the most magnificent ever known. Katherine

* "Londiniana," vol. i.

de Valois, his widow, followed the corpse, with James I. of Scotland, as chief mourner. On reaching London the funeral rites were celebrated first at St. Paul's and then at the Abbey. Here the king's three chargers were led up to the altar behind the waxen effigy of the king, which was first used in this instance. All England mourned.

> "Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
> King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
> England ne'er lost a king of so much worth."

"The tomb of Henry towers above the Plantagenet graves beneath, as his empire towered above their kingdom. As ruthlessly as any improvement of modern times, it devoured half the beautiful monuments of Eleanor and Philippa. Its structure is formed out of the first letter of his name—H. Its statues represent not only the glories of Westminster, in the persons of its two founders, but the glories of the two kingdoms which he had united—St. George, the patron of England; St. Denys, the patron of France. The sculptures round the chapel break out in a vein altogether new in the abbey. They describe the personal peculiarities of the man and his history—the scenes of his coronation, with all the grandees of his court around him, and his battles in France. Amongst the heraldic emblems—the swans and antelopes derived from the Bohuns—is the flaming beacon or cresset light which he took for his badge, 'showing thereby that, although his virtues and good parts had been formerly obscured, and lay as a dead coal seeking light to kindle it, by reason of tender years and evil company, notwithstanding, he being now come to his perfecter years and riper understanding, had shaken off his evil counsellors, and being now on his high imperial throne, that his virtues should now shine as the light of a cresset, which is no ordinary light.' Aloft were hung his large emblazoned shield, his saddle, and his helmet, after the example of the like personal accoutrements of the Black Prince at Canterbury. The shield has lost its splendour, but is still there. The saddle is that on which he

> 'Vaulted with such ease into his seat,
> As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
> To witch the world with noble horsemanship.'

The helmet—which from its elevated position has almost become a

part of the architectural outline of the abbey, and on which many a Westminster boy has wonderingly gazed from his place in the choir—is in all probability 'that very casque that did affright the air at Agincourt,' which twice saved his life on that eventful day—still showing in its dints the marks of the ponderous sword of the Duke of Alencon—'the bruised helmet,' which he refused to have borne in state before him on his triumphal entry into London, 'for that he would have the praise chiefly given to God;'

> 'Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
> Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
> Quite from himself, to God.'

Below is his tomb, which still bears some marks of the inscription which makes him the Hector of his age. Upon it lay his effigy stretched out, cut from the solid heart of an English oak, plated with silver-gilt, with a head of solid silver. It has suffered more than any other monument in the abbey. Two teeth of gold were plundered in Edward IV.'s reign. The whole of the silver was carried off by some robbers who had 'broken in the night-season into the Church of Westminster,' at the time of the Dissolution. But, even in its mutilated form, the tomb has always excited the keen interest of Englishmen. The robbery 'of the image of King Henry of Monmouth' was immediately investigated by the Privy Council. Sir Philip Sidney felt, that 'who goes but to Westminster, in the church may see Harry the Fifth;' and Sir Roger de Coverley's anger was roused at the sight of the lost head: 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you. You ought to lock up your kings better, they'll carry off the body too, if you don't take care.'"—*Dean Stanley, Memorials of Westminster.*

From the *Chantry* above the tomb (only shown by special order), where Henry ordained that masses were to be for ever offered up for his soul by "sad and solemn priests," one can look down into the shrine of the Confessor, and see the chest it contains.

Queen Katherine de Valois, who married the Welsh squire Owen Tudor after her husband's death, was buried at first in the Lady Chapel (1437). When this was pulled down, to make room for the chapel of Henry VII., her

coffin was placed by the side of her husband's tomb, where Pepys, writing Feb. 22, 1668-9, says—

"Here we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a queene, and that this was my birthday, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a queene."—*Diary.*

She now lies in the Chapel of St. Nicholas. Close to Edward III.'s monument is the little tomb of the infant *Princess Margaret of York* (1397), daughter of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville; and opposite it that of *Princess Elizabeth Tudor*, daughter of Henry VII., who died at Eltham, aged three.

In front of the screen, facing the foot of St. Edward's shrine, stand the *Coronation Chairs*, which, at coronations, are moved to the middle of the chancel. That on the left, scratched and battered by irreverent visitors, as full of varied colour as a mountain landscape, is the chair decorated by "William the Painter" for Edward I. In it was enclosed by Edward III. (1328) the famous *Prophetic* or *Fatal Stone* of Scone, on which the Scottish kings were crowned,* and with which the destinies of the Scottish rule were believed to be enwoven, according to the old metrical prophecy—

"Ni fallit fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

The legend of the stone relates that it was the pillow on which the Patriarch Jacob slept at Bethel when he saw the

* The custom of inaugurating a king upon a stone was of eastern origin and became general among Celtic and Scandinavian nations. Seven of the Anglo-Saxon kings were crowned on "the King's Stone" which still remains in the street of Kingston-on-Thames.

Vision of the Ladder reaching to heaven. From Bethel the sons of Jacob carried the Stone into Egypt. Thither came Gathelus the Greek, the son of Cecrops, the builder of Athens, who married Scota,* the daughter of Pharaon, but being alarmed at the judgments pronounced against Egypt by Moses, who had not then crossed the Red Sea, he fled to Spain, where he built the city of Brigantia. With him he took the Stone of Bethel, seated upon which "he gave lawes and administered justice unto his people, thereby to menteine them in wealth and quietnesse."† In after days there was a king in Spain named Milo, of Scottish origin, and one of his younger sons, named Simon Brek, beloved by his father beyond all his brothers, was sent to conquer Ireland with an army, that he might reduce it to his dominion, which he did, and reigned there many years. His prosperity was due to a miracle, for when his ships first lay off the coast of Ireland, as he drew in his anchors, the famous Stone was hauled up with the anchors into the ship. Received as a precious boon from heaven, it was placed upon the sacred hill of Tarah, where it was called *Lia-fail*, the "Fatal Stone," and gave the ancient name of *Innis-fail*, or "the Island of Destiny," to the kingdom.‡ On the hill of Tarah, Irish antiquaries maintain that the real Stone still remains, but others assert that about 330 years before Christ, Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy, bore

* According to the Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester Scotland was named from Scota.

"The Scottes yclupped were
After a woman that Scote hyght, the dawter of Pharaon,
Yat broghte into Scotlond a whyte marble ston,
Yat was ordeyed for thare King, whan he coroned wer,
And for a grete Jewyll long hit was yhold ther."

† Holinshed. ‡ Sir James Ware.

the Stone across the sea to Dunstaffnage, where an ancient sculpture has been found of a king with a book of the laws in his hand, seated in the ancient chair "whose bottom was the Fatal Stone."* But from Dunstaffnage the Stone was again removed and carried to Iona by Fergus, who

> "Broucht pis stane wythin Scotland
> Fyrst qwhen he come and wane pat land,
> And fyrst it set in Ikkolmkil."†

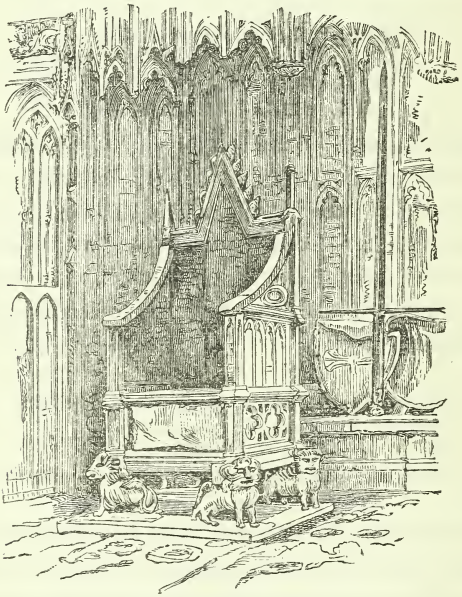
It was Kenneth II. who, in A.D. 840, brought the Stone to Scone, and there enclosed it in a chair of wood, "endeavouring to confirm his royal authority by mean and trivial things, almost bordering on superstition itself."‡ At Scone all the succeeding kings of Scotland were inaugurated till the time of John Baliol, who, according to Hardynge, was crowned

> "In the Minster of Scone, within Scotlàd grònd,
> Sittyng vpon the regal stone full sound,
> As all the Kynges there vsed had afore,
> On Sainct Andrewes day, with al joye therefore."

After Edward I. had defeated Baliol near Dunbar in 1296, he is said, before he left the country, to have been himself crowned King of Scotland upon the sacred Stone at Scone. However this may be, on his return to England he carried off as trophies of his conquest, not only the Scottish regalia, but the famous "Fatal Stone," "to create in the Scots a belief that the time of the dissolution of their monarchy was come."§ Placing the Stone in the Abbey of

* Pennant's "Tour to the Hebrides."
† Wintownis Chronikil.
‡ Buchanan's "History of Scotland."
§ See Rapin's "History of England," i. 375.

Westminster, he ordered that it should be enclosed in a chair of wood, "for a masse priest to sit in."* Various applications were afterwards made for the restoration of the Stone to the northern kingdom, and the immense importance



The Coronation Chair.

which the Scotch attached to it is shown by its having been the subject of a political conference between Edward III. and David II. King of Scots. In 1328 Edward III. actually agreed to deliver it up:† the Scottish regalia was sent back, but when it came to giving up the Stone, "the people of

* Hardyng's Chronicle.
† Ayliffe's Calendars, p. 58.

London would by no means allow it to depart from themselves."

The Stone (which, geologically, is of such sandy sienite as may be found on the western coast of Scotland) is inserted beneath the seat of the chair, with an iron handle on either side so that it may be lifted up. The chair is of oak and has once been entirely covered with gilding and painting, now worn away with time and injured by the nails which have been driven in when it has been covered with cloth of gold at the coronations. At the back a strong lens will still discover the figure of a king, seated on a cushion diapered with lozenges, his feet resting on a lion, and other ornaments.*

In this chair all the kings of England since the time of Edward I. have been crowned; even Cromwell was installed in it as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall, on the one occasion on which it has been carried out of the church.

When Shakspeare depicts Eleanor, Duchess of Gloster, imparting her aspirations to her husband Humphrey, she says—

> "Methinks I sate in seat of majesty
> In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,
> And in that Chair where kings and queens are crowned."
> 2 *Henry VI. Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

The second chair was made for the coronation of Mary II. and has been used ever since for the queen's consort.

Between the chairs, leaning against the screen, are preserved the state *Shield and Sword of Edward III.*, which

* Nearly all these and many other particulars concerning the Coronation Chair will be found in an article in Brayley's "Londiniana," vol. 2.

were carried before him in France. This is "the monumental sword that conquer'd France," mentioned by Dryden: it is 7 feet long and weighs 18 lbs.

"Sir Roger de Coverley laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne."—*Spectator*, *No.* 329.

Before leaving the chapel we must glance at its upper window, filled with figures of saints, executed in stained glass, of the kind called "Pot-metal" in the reign of Henry VI.

"A feeling sad came o'er me as I trod the sacred ground
Where Tudors and Plantagenets were lying all around;
I stepp'd with noiseless foot, as though the sound of mortal tread,
Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the mighty dead."

Ingoldsby Legends.

Returning to the aisle, we may admire from beneath, where we see them at their full height, three beautiful tombs of the family of Henry III.

* *Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster* (1296), second son of Henry III., who fought in the Crusades. His name of Crouchback is believed to have had its origin in the cross or *crouch* which he wore embroidered on his habit after he had engaged to join in a crusade in 1269.

"Edward above his menne was largely seen,
By his shoulders more hei and made full clene.
Edmond next hym the comeliest Prince alive,
Not croke-backed, ne in no wyse disfigured.
As some menne wrote, the right lyne to deprive,
Through great falsehed made it to be scriptured."—*Hardynge.*

He received an imaginary grant of the kingdom of Sicily and Apulia from Pope Innocent IV. when he was only eight years old, which led to the extortions of Henry for the support of his claim.

On the death of Simon de Montfort, he was made Earl of Leicester and Seneschal of England by his father. At the base of the monument are figures of the gallant party who went together to the Crusades —Edmund, his brother Edward I., his uncle William de Valence, three other earls, and four knights. The effigy of Edmund himself is exceedingly noble and dignified. Sculptured on his tomb are the roses of the House of Lancaster, a badge first introduced from the roses which he brought over from Provins ("Provence roses"), where they had been planted by Crusaders. The House of Lancaster claimed the throne by descent from this prince, and his second wife, Blanche, Queen of Navarre.

* *Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke* (1323), third son of William de Valence, and nephew of Henry III. He fought in the Scottish wars of Edward I. and Edward II. against the barons under Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, and connived at his sentence. This proved fatal to him. He went into France with Queen Isabel, and there died —"sodenly murdered by the vengeance of God, for he consented to the death of St. Thomas." *. The sculpture of this tomb is decidedly French in character. Two angels, at the head of the effigy, support the soul of Aylmer, which is ascending to heaven.

"The monuments of Aylmer de Valence and Edmund Crouchback are specimens of the magnificence of our sculpture in the reigns of the two first Edwards. The loftiness of the work, the number of arches and pinnacles, the lightness of the spires, the richness and profusion of foliage and crockets, the solemn repose of the principal statue, the delicacy of thought in the group of angels bearing the soul, and the tender sentiment of concern variously expressed in the relations ranged in order round the basement, forcibly arrest the attention, and carry the thoughts not only to other ages, but to other states of existence." —*Flaxman.*

Aveline, Countess of Lancaster (1273). The tomb is concealed on this side by the ugly monument of

Field Marshal Lord Ligonier (1770), celebrated as a military commander in all the wars of Anne, George I., and George II., and who died at ninety-two in the middle of the reign of George III. The Muse of History is represented as holding a scroll, with the names of his battles. This was the witty Irishman who, when George II. reviewed his regiment and remarked—"Your men look like soldiers, but the horses are poor," answered—"The men, Sire, are Irish, and gentlemen too; but the horses are English." The monument is by *J. F. Moore.*

* *Leland*, from a Chronicle in Peter House Library.

(Below Ligonier) *Sir John Harpendon* (1457), a low altar tomb with a brass effigy, its head resting on a greyhound, its feet on a lion. Sir John was a knight of Henry V., and the fifth husband of the celebrated Joan de la Pole, Lady Cobham, whose fourth husband was Sir John Oldcastle.

(In the pavement) the gravestone, which once bore brasses, of *Thomas Brown* and *Humphrey Roberts*, monks of Westminster, 1508.

Facing the tomb of Edmund Crouchback is the beautiful perpendicular *Chapel of Abbot Islip*, 1532, who laid the foundation stone of the greater perpendicular chapel of Henry VII. His name appears—twice repeated—in the frieze, on which we may also see the rebus of the abbot—an eye, and a hand holding a slip or branch. The acts of Islip and his magnificent funeral obsequies are pictured in the exceedingly curious "Islip Roll" in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries. In the centre of the chapel, rich in exquisitely finished perpendicular carving, he was buried, but his curious tomb, which bore his skeleton in alabaster, is destroyed, as well as a fresco of the Crucifixion with abbot's figure in prayer beneath, and the words—

> "En cruce qui pendes Islip miserere Johannis,
> Sanguine perfuso reparasti quem pretioso."

In this chapel, without a monument, is buried *Anne Mowbray*, the heiress who was betrothed to Richard, Duke of York, the murdered son of Edward IV. On the eastern wall is the monument of *Sir Christopher Hatton* (1619), great nephew of the famous Lord Chancellor.

An especial order from the Dean is required to gain admittance by a winding stair to the chamber above the Islip Chapel, which contains the few remains of the exceedingly curious waxwork effigies, which were carried at the

public funerals of great personages in the Abbey. The first sovereign who was thus represented was Henry V., who died in France and was brought home in his coffin; previously the embalmed bodies of the kings and queens had been carried, with faces uncovered, at their funerals. Nevertheless, commemorative effigies of the Henrys and Edwards were made for the Abbey, but of these little remains beyond their wooden framework. When perfect they were exhibited in presses: thus Dryden saw them—

> "And now the presses open stand,
> And you may see them all a-row."

Stow mentions the effigies of Edward III., Philippa, Henry V., Katherine de Valois, Henry VII., Elizabeth of York, Elizabeth, Henry Prince of Wales, James I., and Anne of Denmark. The exhibition of the waxwork figures was formerly found to produce a valuable addition for the small income of the minor canons, though it was much ridiculed as "The Ragged Regiment" and "The Play of Dead Volks."* After the show the "cap of General Monk" used to be sent round for contributions.

> "I thought on Naseby, Marston Moor, and Worcester's crowning fight,
> When on my ear a sound there fell, it filled me with affright;
> As thus, in low unearthly tones, I heard a voice begin—
> This here's the cap of General Monk! Sir, please put summut in."
>
> *Ingoldsby Legends.*

The waxwork figures have not been publicly exhibited since 1839, though they are of the deepest interest, being effigies of the time of those whom they represent, robed by the hands of those who knew them and their characteristic

* See Pope's "Life of Seth Ward."

habits of dress. The most interesting of the eleven existing figures is that of *Elizabeth*, a restoration by the chapter, in 1760, of the original figure carried at her funeral, which had fallen to pieces a few years before. She looks half witch and half ghoul. Her weird old head is crowned by a diadem, and she wears the huge ruff laden with a century of dust, the long stomacher covered with jewels, the velvet robe embroidered with gold and supported on paniers, and the pointed high-heeled shoes with rosettes, familiar from her pictures. The effigy was carried from Whitehall at her funeral, April 28, 1603.

"At which time, the whole city of Westminster was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people, in the streets, houses, windows, leads, and gutters, who came to see the obsequy. And when they beheld her statue, or effigy, lying on the coffin, set forth in royal robes, having a crown upon the head thereof, and a ball and a sceptre in either hand, there was such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping, as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man; neither doth any history mention any people, time, or state, to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign."—*Stow.*

Next in point of date of the royal effigies is that of *Charles II.*, robed in red velvet, with lace collar and ruffles. It long stood over his grave in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and served as his monument. By his side once stood the now ruined effigy of General Monk, dressed in armour. *Mary II.* and *William III.* stand together in an oblong case, on either side of a pedestal. Mary, who died at thirty-two, is a large woman nearly six feet high. The effigy was cast from her dead face. She wears a purple velvet bodice, three brooches of diamonds decorate her breast, and she has pearl earrings and a pearl necklace *à la Sévigné.* The headdress is not well preserved. but it was recorded as curious that the

effigy of Mary was originally represented as wearing a *fontange*, a streaming riband on the top of a high headdress (just introduced by the Duchesse de Fontange, the short-lived mistress of Louis XIV.), as it was an article of dress which the queen, who set up as a reformer of female attire, especially inveighed against. William III. is represented as much shorter than his wife, which was the case. Next comes the figure of *Anne*, fat, with hair flowing on her shoulders, wearing the crown and holding the orb and sceptre. This figure, which was carried on her coffin, is still the only sepulchral memorial to this great queen-regnant. There is no figure of her husband.

"A cloud of remembrances come to mind as we gaze upon the kindly pale face and somewhat homely form, set out with its brocaded silk robes and pearl ornaments. We know that this is the figure that lay upon the funeral car of the royal lady, and that the dress is such as she was known to wear, and would be recognised as part of her present-ment by the silent crowds that gazed upon the solemn procession; the same, too, that her numerous little children, all lying in a vault close by, would have recognised had they lived to grow to an age of recog-nition. . . . We think of the Augustan age over which she pre-sided, her friendships, her tenderness, her bounty, with peculiar interest, and turn from it with lingering regret."—*The Builder, July* 7, 1877.

The *Duchess of Richmond* (La Belle Stuart) is represented with her favourite parrot by her side, dressed in the robes which she wore at Queen Anne's coronation. Her effigy used to stand near her grave in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and is one of the most artistic of the figures, yet, as we look at it, we can scarcely realise that this was the lady who was persuaded to sit as "Britannia" for the effigy on our pence in the reign of Charles II. *Catherine, Duchess of Buckingham-shire* (1743), prepared for her own funeral in her life-

time, and her one anxiety on her death-bed was to see its pomps prepared before she passed away out of the world, her last request being that the canopy of her hearse might be sent home for her death-bed admiration. "Let them send it, even though the tassels are not all finished." Her effigy, with that of her young son, long stood by her grave in Henry VII.'s Chapel. Near these reclines the sleeping effigy of her son, *Edmund Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire*, who died at Rome in 1735. This was the figure Duchess Catherine asked her friends to visit, saying that, if they had a mind to see it, she could "let them in conveniently by a back door." * The figure of *Lord Chatham* is unimportant, having been only made in (1779) to increase the attraction of the waxworks; but the figure of *Nelson*, made as a counter-attraction to his tomb in the rival church of St. Paul's, is interesting, since, with the exception of the coat, the dress was actually his.

A ghastly cupboard, which recalls the "El Pudridero" of the Escurial, between the figures of Anne and Lord Chatham, contains the remains of the earlier effigies, crowded together. In some of these the wooden framework is entire, with the features, from which the wax has peeled off, rudely blocked out. One of them, supposed to be Philippa, wears a crown. Of others merely the mutilated limbs remain.

The *Chest* in which the remains of Major André were brought from America to England in 1821 is preserved in this chamber.

As we descend the staircase, the ghoul-like face of Elizabeth in her corner stares at us over the intervening cases, and will probably leave a more distinct impression

* Walpole's "Reminiscences," i. 234.

upon those who have looked upon her than anything else in the Abbey, especially when they consider it as representing one who only a year before had allowed the Scottish ambassador (as if by accident) to see her "dancing high and containedly," that he might disappoint the hopes of his master by his report of her health and spirits.

Opposite the Islip Chapel we find—

The gravestone of *Brian Duppa* (1662), the tutor to Charles II. who visited him on his death-bed, and the friend of Charles I. who, when imprisoned in Carisbrooke, thought himself happy in the society of so good a man. He was in turn Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester.

Beyond the chapel is the monument of—

General Wolfe (1759), who fell in the defeat of the French at Quebec, to which we owe the subjugation of Canada.

"The fall of Wolfe was noble indeed. He received a wound in the head, but covered it from his soldiers with his handkerchief. A second ball struck him in the belly: but that too he dissembled. A third hitting him in the breast, he sank under the anguish, and was carried behind the ranks. Yet, fast as life ebbed out, his whole anxiety centred on the fortune of the day. He begged to be borne nearer to the action; but his sight being dimmed by the approach of death, he entreated to be told what they who supported him saw: he was answered, that the enemy gave ground. He eagerly repeated the question, heard the enemy was totally routed, cried 'I am satisfied' —and expired."—*Walpole's Memoirs.*

Wolfe was buried at Greenwich, but so great was the enthusiasm for him, that Dean Zachary Pearce had actually consented to remove the glorious tomb of Aylmer de Valence to make room for his monument, and was only prevented by the remonstrances of Horace Walpole, sacrificing instead the screen of St. Michael's Chapel and most of the tomb of Abbot Esteney. The monument is the first public work of *Joseph Wilton*, and presents the ludicrous figure of a half-naked man (in shirt and stockings) in the arms of a full equipped Grenadier, receiving a wreath and palm-branch from Victory. On the basement is a bronze relief by *Capizzoldi*, representing the landing of the British troops and the ascent of the heights of Abraham.

"It is full of truth, and gives a lively image of one of the most daring exploits that any warriors ever performed. Veterans, who had fought on that memorable day, have been observed lingering for hours, following with the end of their staff the march of their comrades up the shaggy precipice, and discussing the merits of the different leaders."—*Allan Cunningham.*

(In front of Wolfe) the brass of *Abbot Esteney* (1498), moved from the tomb which formed part of the screen he erected for St. Michael's Chapel. He is represented in his abbatical vestments, under a three-fold canopy. His right hand is raised in benediction, his left holds a crozier, and proceeding from his mouth are the words "Exultabo in Deo Jhu' meo." The tomb was opened in 1706, and the abbot was found entire, in a crimson silk gown and white silk stockings, lying in a coffin quilted with yellow satin.

We now enter a chapel formed by the three *Chapels of St. John, St. Michael, and St. Andrew,** once divided by screens, and entered from the north transept, but mutilated and thrown together for the convenience of the monuments, many of which are most unworthy of their position. In examining the tombs we can only regard the chapels as a whole. Two great monuments break the lines of the centre.

* *Sir Francis Vere* (1609), who commanded the troops in Holland in the wars of Elizabeth, and gained the Battle of Nieuport. This noble tomb was erected by his widow, and is supposed to be copied from that of Count Engelbrecht II. of Nassau at Breda. Sir Francis is represented in a loose gown, lying low upon a mat, while four knights bear as canopy a slab supporting his armour, in allusion to his having fallen a victim in sickness to the death he had vainly courted on the battle-field—

"When Vere sought death arm'd with the sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death like a coward struck him and he died."†

* Relics of St. Andrew are said to have been given to the Abbey by King Athelstan, relics of St. John the Evangelist by "good Queen Maude," wife of Henry I.

† Epitaph on Sir Francis Vere given in Lord Pettigrew's collection.

The supporting knights are noble figures. One day Gayfere, the Abbey mason, found Roubiliac, who was superintending the erection of the Nightingale monument, standing with folded arms, and eyes fixed upon one of them, unconscious of all around. "Hush, he vill speak presently," said the sculptor, deprecating the interruption. This tomb "is one of the last works executed in the spirit of our Gothic monuments, and the best."*

Henry, Lord Norris (1601), and his wife *Margaret*, the heiress of Rycote in Oxfordshire. He was the son of Sir Henry Norris, the gallant friend of Anne Boleyn, who maintained her innocence to the scaffold. Hence Elizabeth, daughter of the murdered queen, regarded him with peculiar favour, and, in her eighth year, knighted him in his own house at Rycote, where she was placed under his guardianship. She nicknamed Lady Norris "my own crow" from her swarthy complexion, and wrote to condole with her on the death of one of her sons by this designation. The tomb is Corinthian, with eight columns supporting a canopy, beneath which lie the figures of Lord Norris (created a baron for his services as ambassador in France) and his wife. Around the base kneel their eight sons, "a brood of martial-spirited men, as the Netherlands, Portugal, Little Bretagne, and Ireland can testify."† William, the eldest, was Marshal of Berwick. Sir John had three horses shot under him while fighting against the Spaniards in the Netherlands. Sir Thomas, Lord Justice of Ireland, died of a slight wound "not well looked after." Sir Henry died of a wound about the same time. Maximilian was killed in the wars in Brittany, and Edward, Governor of Ostend, was the only survivor of his parents.‡ Thus, while the others are represented as engaged in prayer, he is cheerfully looking upwards. All the brothers are in plate-armour, but unhelmeted, and with trunk breeches. "They were men of a haughty courage, and of great experience in the conduct of military affairs; and, to speak in the character of their merit, they were persons of such renown and worth, as future times must, out of duty, owe them the debt of honourable memory."

"The Norrises were all *martis pulli*, men of the sword, and never out of military employment. Queen Elizabeth loved the Norrises for themselves and herself, being sensible that she needed such martial men for her service."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Making the round of the walls from the right, we see the monuments of—

* Allan Cunningham's "Life of Roubiliac."

† Camden's "Britannia." ‡ See Fuller's "Worthies."

Captain Edward Cooke, 1790, who captured the French frigate *La Forte* in the bay of Bengal, and died of his wounds,—with a relief by *Bacon*.

General Sir George Holles (1626), a figure in Roman armour, executed for £100 by *Nicholas Stone*, for the general's brother, John, Earl of Clare. On the base is represented in relief the Battle of Nieuport, in which Sir George was distinguished. The advent of classical art may be recognised in this statue, as the tomb of Sir F. Vere was the expiring effort of gothic.

Sir George Pocock (1792), the hero of Chandernagore. The tomb, by *John Bacon*, supports an awkward figure of Britannia defiant.

* *Lady Elizabeth Nightingale* (1734), daughter of Earl Ferrers; sister of Selina, the famous Countess of Huntingdon; and wife of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale of Mamhead in Devonshire. This tomb, "more theatrical than sepulchral,"* is the last and greatest work of *Roubiliac*. The skeleton figure of Death has burst open the iron doors of the grave and is aiming his dart at the lady, who shrinks back into the arms of her horror-stricken husband, who is eagerly but vainly trying to defend her. In his fury, Death has grasped the dart at the end by the feathers.

"The dying woman would do honour to any artist. Her right arm and hand are considered by sculptors as the perfection of fine workmanship. Life seems slowly receding from her tapering fingers and her quivering wrist. Even Death himself—dry and sapless though he be—the very fleshless cheeks and eyeless sockets seem flashing with malignant joy."—*Allan Cunningham*.

"It was whilst engaged on the figure of Death, that Roubiliac one day, at dinner, suddenly dropped his knife and fork on his plate, fell back in his chair, and then darted forwards, and threw his features into the strongest possible expression of fear—fixing his eye so expressively on the country lad who waited, as to fill him with astonishment. A tradition of the abbey records that a robber, coming into the abbey by moonlight, was so startled by the same figure as to have fled in dismay, and left his crowbar on the pavement."—*Dean Stanley*.

Sarah, Duchess of Somerset (1692), daughter of Sir Edward Alston, afterwards married to Henry Hare, second Lord Coleraine. Her figure half reclines upon a sarcophagus. The two weeping charity boys at the sides typify her beneficence in founding the Froxfield alms-houses in Wiltshire. Behind this tomb are the remains of three out of the seven

* Walpole, "Anecdotes of Painting."

arches which formed the ancient *reredos* of St. Michael's altar. The ancient altar stone has also been discovered. At the entrance of St. Andrew's Chapel, one of the pillars (left) retains the original polish of the thirteenth century (having been long enclosed in a screen), and may be taken as an example of what all the Purbeck marble pillars were originally.

Theodore Phaliologus (1644), descended from the last Christian emperors of Greece, whose name was Palæologus.

John Philip Kemble (1823), represented as "Cato" in a statue by *Flaxman*.

Dr. Thomas Young (1829), learned in Egyptian hieroglyphics—a tablet by *Chantrey*.

Sarah Siddons (1831), the great tragedian—a poor statue by *Thomas Campbell*, which rises like a white discordant ghost behind the Norris tomb.

Sir Humphry Davy (1829), celebrated for his discoveries in physical science. Buried at Geneva. A tablet.

Matthew Baillie, the anatomist (1823)—a bust by *Chantrey*.

Thomas Telford (1834), who, the son of a shepherd, rose to eminence as an engineer, and constructed the Menai Bridge and the Bridgwater Canal, but is scarcely entitled to the space so unsuitably occupied by his huge ugly monument by *Baily*.

Rear Admiral Thomas Totty (1702)—a monument by the younger *Bacon*.

Anastasia, Countess of Kerry (1799). The monument bears an affecting inscription by her husband, "whom she rendered during thirty-one years the happiest of mankind." He was laid by her side in 1818. By *Buckham*.

Abbot Kyrton (1466), a slab in the pavement, which once bore a brass from his tomb, destroyed under Anne. Kyrton erected the screen of St. Andrew's Chapel.

Admiral Richard Kempenfelt (1782), who perished in the sinking of the *Royal George* at Spithead—

> "When Kempenfelt went down
> With twice four hundred men."

His body was washed ashore and buried at Alverstoke, near Gosport. The sinking ship and the apotheosis of its admiral are represented on a column, by the younger *Bacon*.

Algernon, Earl of Mountrath, and his Countess, *Diana*. The monument is by *Joseph Wilton*, the sculptor of Wolfe's memorial; but few will understand now the tumult of applause with which it was received —"the grandeur and originality of the design" being equally praised by contemporary critics, with the feathering of the angels' wings "which has a lightness nature only can surpass."

Sir John Franklin (1847), the Arctic explorer. A bust.

CHAPTER VII.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—II

We now enter the *North Transept* of the Abbey, of which the great feature is the beautiful rose-window (restored 1722), thirty-two feet in diameter. This transept was utterly uninvaded by monuments till the Duke of Newcastle was buried here two hundred years ago. Since then it has become the favourite burial-place of admirals, and since Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was laid here in 1778, the central aisle has been "appropriated to statesmen, as the other transept by poets." The whole character of the monuments is now changed; while the earlier tombs are intended to recall *Death* to the mind, the memorials of the last two centuries are entirely devoted to the exaltation of the *Life* of the person commemorated. In this transept, especially, the entire space between the grey arches is filled by huge monuments groaning under pagan sculpture of offensive enormity, emulating the tombs of the Popes in St. Peter's in their size, and curious as proving how taste is changed by showing the popularity which such sculptors as Nollekens, Scheemakers, and Bacon long enjoyed in England. Through the remainder of the Abbey the monuments, often interesting from their associations, are in themselves chiefly remarkable

for their utter want of originality and variety. Justice and Temperance, Prudence and Mercy, are for ever busy propping up the tremendous masses of masonry upon which Britannia, Fame, and Victory are perpetually seen crowning a bust, an urn, or a rostral column with their wreaths; while beneath these piles sit figures indicative of the military or naval professions of the deceased, plunged in idiotic despair. As we continue our walk through the church we descend gradually but surely, after we leave the fine conceptions and graphic portraiture of Roubiliac and Rysbrack. Even Bacon and Flaxman are weighed down by the pagan mania for Neptunes, Britannias, and Victorys, and only rise to anything like nobility in the single figures of Chatham and Mansfield. The abundant works of Chantrey and Westmacott in the Abbey are, with one or two exceptions, monotonous and commonplace. But it is only when utterly wearied by the platitudes of Nollekens or Cheere,* that we appreciate what lower depths of degradation sculpture has reached in the once admired works of Taylor and Nathaniel Read and in most of the works of Bird.

When he came back from Rome and saw his works in Westminster Abbey, Roubiliac exclaimed, "By God! my own work looks to me as meagre and starved, as if made of nothing but tobacco-pipes."

We may notice among the monuments—

Sir Robert Peel (1850), represented as an orator, in a Roman toga, by *Gibson*.

Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Warren (1752). The monument by *Roubiliac* is especially ridiculed in Churchill's "Foundling Hospital for Wit." It pourtrays a figure of Hercules placing the bust of the

* It would scarcely be believed from his works that Cheere was the master of Roubiliac.

deceased upon a pedestal. Navigation sits by disconsolate, with a withered olive-branch. Behind the tomb is seen the beautiful screen of Abbot Kyrton.

Against the adjoining pillar is the monument of *Grace Scot* (1645), wife of the regicide Colonel cruelly executed at the Restoration. It bears the lines—

"He that will give my Grace but what is hers,
Must say her death has not
Made only her dear Scot
But Virtue, Worth, and Sweetness, widowers."

Sir John Malcolm (1833). Statue by *Chantrey*. "He who was always so kind, always so generous, always so indulgent to the weaknesses of others, while he was always endeavouring to make them better than they were,—he who was unwearied in acts of benevolence, ever aiming at the greatest, but never thinking the least beneath his notice,—who could descend, without feeling that he sank, from the command of armies and the government of an empire, to become a peacemaker in village quarrels,—he in whom dignity was so gentle, and wisdom so playful, and whose laurelled head was girt with a chaplet of all the domestic affections,—the soldier, statesman, patriot, Sir John Malcolm."—*J. C. Hare.*

William Cavendish, the "Loyall Duke of Newcastle," who lost £941,308 by his devotion to the cause of Charles I., and his *Duchess, Margaret Lucas*, who, as her epitaph tells, came of "a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous." This Duchess, commemorated in "Peveril of the Peak," was a most voluminous writer, calling up her attendants at all hours of the night, "to take down her Grace's conceptions,* much to the disgust of her husband, who, when complimented on her learning, said, 'Sir, a very wise woman is a very foolish thing.'" Walpole calls her "a fertile pedant, with an unbounded passion for scribbling." She is, however, commemorated here as "a very wise, wittie, and learned lady, which her many bookes do well testifie. She was a most virtuous, and loveing, and carefull wife, and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home never parted from him in his solitary retirement." "The whole story of this lady," wrote Pepys, "is a romance, and all she does is romantic." Conceit about her own works was certainly not her fault, for she said, in writing to a friend—"You will find my works like infinite nature, that hath neither beginning nor end; and as confused as the chaos, wherein is neither method nor

* See Newcastle House, Clerkenwell.

order, but all mixed together, without separation, like light and darkness."

The Duke was also an author, and wrote several volumes on horsemanship. He is extolled by Shadwell as the "greatest master of wit, the most exact observer of mankind, and the most accurate judge of humour" he ever knew. Cibber speaks of him as "one of the most finished gentlemen, as well as the most distinguished patriot, general, and statesman of his age." His liberality to literary men caused him to be regarded as "the English Mæcenas."* "Nothing," says Clarendon, "could have tempted him out of those paths of pleasure which he enjoyed in a full and ample fortune (which he sacrificed by his loyalty, and lived for a time in extreme poverty), but honour and ambition to serve the king when he saw him in distress, and abandoned by most of those who were in the highest degree obliged to him."

The Duke is represented in a coroneted periwig. The dress of the Duchess recalls the description of Pepys, who met her (April 26th, 1667) "with her black cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth, naked necked, without anything about it, and a black *just au corps*." Her open book and the pen-case and ink-horn in her hand recall her passion for authorship.

Charles, Earl Canning, Viceroy of India (1860)—a statue by *Foley*.

George Canning, the Prime Minister (1827)—a fine statue by *Chantrey*.

John Holles, Earl of Clare and Duke of Newcastle (1711). He filled many public offices during the reign of Queen Anne, and was created Duke upon his marriage with Margaret, daughter of the Duke William Cavendish, who lies beside him. His enormous wealth caused him to be regarded as the "richest subject that had been in the kingdom for some ages," and his only daughter and heiress, Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley, bore witness to it with filial devotion in this immense monument. The admirable architecture is by *Gibbs*, but the ludicrous figure of the Duke is by *Bird*. The statues of Prudence and Sincerity are said to have "set the example of the allegorical figures" in the abbey.†

(Right of north entrance) *Edward Vernon, Admiral of the White* (1757), stigmatized by Byron as "the Butcher" in the opening canto of "Don Juan." After his capture of Porto Bello in November, 1739, by which he was considered in the words of his epitaph to have "conquered as far as naval force could carry victory," he became the popular

* Longbaine's "Dramatick Poets." † Dean Stanley.

hero of the day, and his birthday was kept with a public illumination and bonfires all over London; yet, only six years afterwards. he was dismissed the service for exposing the abuses of the Navy in Parliament. The monument, by *Rysbrack*, represents Fame crowning the bust of the admiral: it was erected by his nephew Lord Orwell in 1763.

(Left of north entrance) *Sir Charles Wager, Admiral of the White* (1743). A feeble monument by *Scheemakers*, representing Fame lamenting over a medallion supported by an infant Hercules. The description of the admiral given in the epitaph is borne out by Walpole (i. 248), who says, "Old Sir Charles Wager is dead at last, and has left the fairest character."

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1778). The great statesman, who was seized by his last illness in the House of Lords, was first buried at Hayes, but in a few weeks was disinterred and brought to Westminster. "Though men of all parties," says Macaulay,* "had concurred in decreeing posthumous honours to Chatham, his corpse was attended to the grave almost exclusively by opponents of the government. The banner of the lordship of Chatham was borne by Colonel Barre, attended by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Rockingham. Burke, Savile, and Dunning upheld the pall. Lord Camden was conspicuous in the procession. The chief mourner was young William Pitt."

The colossal monument (thirty-three feet in height), by *Bacon*, was erected for the king and parliament at a cost of £6000. Britannia triumphant is seated upon a rock, with Earth and Ocean recumbent below. Above, on a sarcophagus, are statues of Prudence and Fortitude; lastly the figure of Lord Chatham, in his parliamentary robes, starts from a niche in an attitude of declamation. It was of this tomb that Cooper wrote—

> "Bacon there
> Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
> And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips."

The inscription, which is also by Bacon, drew forth the injunction of George III., who, while approving it, said, "Now, Bacon, mind you do not turn author, stick to your chisel." When Bacon was retouching the statue of Chatham, a divine, and a stranger, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, in allusion to the story of Zeuxis, "Take care what you are doing, you work for eternity." This reverend person then stept into the pulpit and began to preach. When the sermon was over, Bacon touched his arm and said, "Take care what you do, you work for eternity."—*Allan Cunningham.*

* Essays, vi. 229.

Henry Grattan (1820), the eloquent advocate of the rights of Ireland, lies buried in front of Chatham's monument, near the graves of Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, Wilberforce, the two Cannings, and Palmerston. Pitt and Fox died in the same year, and are buried close together.

> Here—"taming thought to human pride—
> The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
> Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
> 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier.
> O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
> And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
> The solemn echo seems to cry—
> Here let their discord with them die;
> Speak not for those a separate doom
> Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb."
>
> *Scott's Marmion, Intr. to Canto* I.

Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston (1865). A statue by *Jackson*, erected by Parliament.

"*The Three Captains*"—*William Bayne, William Blair, and Lord Robert Manners*, who fell in 1782 mortally wounded in naval engagements in the West Indies, under Admiral Rodney. In the colossal tomb by *Nollekens* (next to that of Watt, the most offensive in the abbey), Neptune, reclining on the back of a sea-horse, directs the attention of Britannia to the medallions of the dead, which hang from a rostral column surmounted by a figure of Victory.

Robert, Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquis of Londonderry (1822). A statue by *Owen Thomas*, erected by his successor to "the best of brothers and friends."

William Murray, Earl of Mansfield (1793), who "from the love which he bore to the place of his early education desired to be buried in this cathedral (privately)." This huge monument was erected by funds left for the purpose by A. Bailey of Lyons Inn. The noble statue, by *Flaxman*, is taken from a picture by Sir J. Reynolds. It is supported by the usual allegorical figures. Behind, at the foot of the pedestal, is the figure of a condemned criminal.

"The statue of Mansfield is calm, simple, severe, and solitary—he sits alone, 'above all pomp, all passion, and all pride;' and there is that in his look which would embolden the innocent and strike terror to the guilty. The figure of the condemned youth is certainly a fine conception —hope has forsaken him, and already in his ears is the thickening hum of the multitude, eager to see him make his final account with time.

This work raised high expectations—Banks said when he saw it, 'This little man cuts us all out.'"—*Allan Cunningham.*

"Here Murray long enough his country's pride,
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde."—*Pope.*

"Lord Mansfield's is a character above all praise,—the oracle of law, the standard of eloquence, and the pattern of all virtue, both in public and private life."—*Bishop Newton.*

"His parliamentary eloquence never blazed into sudden flashes of dazzling brilliancy, but its clear, placid, and mellow splendour was never for an instant overclouded. . . . In the House of Peers, Chatham's utmost vehemence and pathos produced less effect than the moderation, the reasonableness, the luminous order, and the serene dignity which characterised the speeches of Lord Mansfield."—*Macaulay's Essays*, ii. 27, iii. 536.

(Turning round the screen of monuments) *Sir William Webb Follett* (1845), Attorney-General—a statue by *Behnes.*

George Gordon, Fourth Earl of Aberdeen (1860), Prime Minister—a bust by *Noble.*

* *Mrs. Elizabeth Warren*, wife of the Bishop of Bangor (1816). Her charities are typified by the lovely figure of a beggar girl holding a baby, by *Westmacott.*

Sir George Cornewall Lewis (1863), Chancellor of the Exchequer and Secretary of State—a bust by *Weekes.*

General Sir Eyre Coote (1783), who expelled the French from the coasts of Coromandel, and defeated the forces of Hyder Ally. In the huge and hideous monument by *Thomas Banks* Victory is represented as hanging the medallion of the hero upon a trophy: the mourning Mahratta captive and the little elephant in front recall the scene of his actions. "The Mahratta captive is praised by artists for its fine anatomy, and by artists for its finer expression." *

Charles Buller (1848), who "united the deepest human sympathies with wide and philosophic views of government and mankind, and pursued the noblest political and social objects, above party spirit and without an enemy." A bust.

Brigadier-General Hope, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec (1789). Monument by *Bacon.*

Warren Hastings (1818), Governor of Bengal. He was buried at his home of Daylesford, though—"with all his faults, and they were

* Allan Cunningham.

neither few nor small, only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that Temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers." *

Jonas Hanway (1786), "the friend and father of the poor," chiefly known as the first person in England who carried an umbrella. He wrote some interesting accounts of his foreign travels, and then published a dull journal of an English tour. "Jonas," says Dr. Johnson, "acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home." The monument has a medallion by *Moore*.

Sir Herbert Edwardes (1868), the hero of the Punjab. A bust.

Richard Cobden (1865), distinguished by his efforts for the repeal of the Corn-Laws. A bust by *Woolner*.

George Montagu Dunk, Earl of Halifax (1771), Secretary of State, who "contributed so largely to the commerce and splendour of America as to be styled the Father of the Colonies." The capital of Nova Scotia takes its name from him. A monument by *John Bacon*.

Vice Admiral Charles Watson (1757), who delivered the prisoners in the black hole of Calcutta. A frightful monument by *Scheemakers*, erected by the East India Company.

Sir William Sanderson (1676), the adulatory historian of Mary Stuart, James I., and Charles I.; and his wife *Dame Bridget*—"Mother of the Maids of Honour to the Queen-Mother, and to her Majesty that now is." The monument is supported by figures of Wisdom and Justice.

(West Wall) *General Joshua Guest*, "who closed a service of sixty years by faithfully defending Edinburgh Castle against the rebels in 1745." A monument and bust.

Sir John Balchen (1744), Admiral of the White, Commander-in-Chief, lost on board the *Victory* in a violent storm in the channel, "from which sad circumstance," says the epitaph, "we may learn that neither the greatest skill, judgment, or experience, joined to the most pious, unshaken resolution, can resist the fury of the winds and waves." The monument, by *Scheemakers*, bears a relief representing the shipwreck.

* Macaulay's "Essays."

John Warren, Bishop of Bangor (1800). A monument by *R. Westmacott.*

Lord Aubrey Beauclerk (1740), killed in a naval engagement under Admiral Vernon off the Spanish coast. A monument by *Scheemakers.*

> "Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
> And ripe his worth, though immature his fate.
> Each tender grace that joy and love inspires
> Living, he mingled with his martial fires;
> Dying, he bid Britannia's thunder roar,
> And Spain still felt him when he breath'd no more."

(The window above this tomb commemorates the loss of H.M.S. *Captain*, Sept. 7, 1870.)

General Hon. Percy Kirk (1741), and his wife *Diana Dormer* of Rousham. A monument by *Scheemakers.*

Richard Kane (1736), distinguished in the wars of William III. and Anne, and for his defence of Gibraltar for George I. He was rewarded by George II. with the governorship of Minorca, where he is buried. A monument by *Rysbrack*, with a fine bust.

Samuel Bradford, Bishop of Rochester (1731), "præsul humillimus, humanissimus, et vere evangelicus." A monument by *Cheere.*

Hugh Boulter, Bishop of Bristol, who "was translated to the Archbishopric of Armagh (1733), and from thence to heaven" (1742). Monument by *Cheere.*

Entering the north aisle of the Choir, the "Aisle of the Musicians," we find—

(Left Wall) *Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton*, the philanthropist, chiefly known from his exertions in the cause of Prison Discipline and for the suppression of Suttees in India. A statue by *Thrupp.*

Sir Thomas Hesketh (1605), an eminent lawyer of the time of Elizabeth. A handsome monument of the period, with a reclining figure.

Hugh Chamberlen (1728), an eminent physician and benefactor to the science of midwifery, on which he published many works. His monument, by *Scheemakers* and *Delvaux*, was erected for Edward, Duke of Buckinghamshire, and his elaborate epitaph is by Atterbury, whom he visited in the Tower. In the time of its erection this was considered "one of the best pieces in the Abbey!"*

* Strype.

(In front of Chamberlen's tomb is the fine brass of *Dr. J. H. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol*, sometime Canon of this church, 1859.)

Samuel Arnold (1802), the composer and organist of the Abbey—a tablet.

Henry Purcell (1695), composer and organist—a tablet. The epitaph, by Lady Elizabeth Howard, the wife of Dryden, tells how he is "gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." The air, "Britons, strike home," is one of the best known of Purcell's productions.

Sir Stamford Raffles (1826), Governor of Java and First President of the Zoological Society of London. A statue by *Chantrey*.

Almeric de Courcy, Baron of Kinsale (1719), who commanded a troop of horse under James II. His epitaph tells how he was "descended from the famous John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, who, in the reign of King John, in consideration of his great valour, obtained that extraordinary privilege to him and his heirs of being covered before the king."

* *William Wilberforce* (1833), "whose name will ever be specially identified with those exertions which, by the blessing of God, removed from England the guilt of the African Slave trade. The peers and commons of England, with the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker at their head, carried him to his fitting place among the mighty dead around." A statue by *Joseph*, perhaps the most characteristic modern statue in the Abbey.

Sir Thomas Duppa (1694), who waited upon Charles II. when Prince of Wales, and after the Restoration was made Usher of the Black Rod.

Dame Elizabeth Carteret (1717). Above are inscriptions to the different members of the Greville family buried in the tomb of their relative, Monk, Duke of Albemarle.

Turning to the *Right Wall* we find—

Dr. John Blow (1708), organist and composer, the master of Purcell. A canon in four parts with the music is seen beneath the tablet.

"Challenged by James II. to make an anthem as good as that of one of the King's Italian composers, Blow by the next Sunday produced, 'I beheld, and lo a great multitude!!' The King sent the Jesuit, Father Peter, to acquaint him that he was well pleased with it, 'but,' added Peter, 'I myself think it too long.' 'That,' replied

Blow, 'is the opinion of but one fool, and I heed it not.' This quarrel was, happily, cut short by the Revolution of 1688."—*Dean Stanley.*

Charles Burney (1814), author of the "History of Music," the friend of Dr. Johnson, and father of Madame d'Arblay. A tablet. "Dr. Burney gave dignity to the character of the modern musician, by joining to it that of the scholar and philosopher."—*Sir W. Jones.*

William Croft (1727), composer and organist. He died of his exertions at the coronation of George II. "Ad coelitum demigravit chorum, præsentior angelorum concentibus suum additurus Hallelujah." A tablet and bust.

Temple West, Admiral of the White (1757), the son-in-law of Balchen, celebrated for his victories over the French. A bust.

Richard Le Neve, who was killed while commanding the *Edgar* in the Dutch wars, 1673.

(Above the last) *Sir George Staunton* (1801), who concluded the treaty with Tippoo Saib in 1784. Monument by *Chantrey.*

Peter Heylin (1662), the independent canon of Westminster who defied Dean Williams from the pulpit. He was ousted by the Commonwealth, returned at the Restoration, and was buried under his seat as sub-dean, in accordance with his own desire, for he related that on the night before he was seized with his last illness he dreamed that "his late Majesty" Charles I. appeared to him and said, "Peter, I will have you buried under your seat in church, for you are rarely seen but there or at your study."

Charles Agar, Earl of Normanton and Archbishop of Dublin (1809). A monument by *Bacon.*

We now enter the *Nave* (length 166 ft.; breadth, with aisles, 71 ft. 9 in.).

(First Arch) *Philip Carteret* (1710), son of Lord George Carteret, who died a Westminster scholar. A figure of Time bears a scroll with some pretty Sapphic verses by Dr. Freind, then second master of the school. Monument by *David.*

(Third Arch) *Dr. Richard Mead* (1754), the famous physician, who refused to prescribe for Sir R. Walpole till Dr. John Freind was released from the Tower. He "lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man,"* being for nearly half a century at the head

* Boswell's Johnson, iv. 222.

of his profession. He was a great collector of books and pictures, and is extolled by Dibdin* as the "ever-renowned Richard Mead, whose *pharmacopœal* reputation is lost in the blaze of his *bibliomaniacal* glory." Pope speaks of—

> "Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
> And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane."†

Mead is buried in the Temple Church. His monument here has a bust by *Scheemakers*.

Spencer Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer (1812), assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham. His recumbent effigy with figures of Truth and Temperance at his feet lies in a window too high up to be examined. A bas-relief represents the murder. The monument is by *Westmacott*.

Against the choir screen are two large monuments—

(Left) *Sir Isaac Newton* (1727), the author of the "Principia," and the greatest philosopher of which any age can boast. His body, after lying in state in Jerusalem Chamber, was carried in state to the grave, his pall being borne by the Lord Chancellor and such Dukes and Earls as were Fellows of the Royal Society. His tomb, by *Rysbrack*, is inscribed—

> "Isaacus Newtonius,
> Quem Immortalem
> Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum;
> Mortalem
> Hoc marmor fatetur."
>
> "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
> God said, *Let Newton be*, and all was light."‡

The grave beneath the monument bears the words—"Hic depositum quod mortale fuit Isaaci Newtoni."

"No one ever left knowledge in a state so different from that in which he found it. Men were instructed not only in new truths, but in new methods of discovering old truth: they were made acquainted with the great principle which connects together the most distant regions of space as well as the most remote periods of duration, and which was to lead to further discoveries far beyond what the wisest or most sanguine could anticipate."—*Dr. Playfair. Prelim. Dissert.*

"In Sir Isaac Newton two kinds of intellectual power—which have little in common and which are not often found together in a very

* "Bibliomania," ed. 1842, 364. † Epist. 4. ‡ Pope, iii. 378.

high degree of vigour, but which, nevertheless, are equally necessary in the most sublime departments of natural philosophy—were united as they have never been united before or since. There may have been minds as happily constituted as his for the cultivation of pure mathematical science; there may have been minds as happily constituted for the cultivation of science purely experimental; but in no other mind have the demonstrative faculty and the inductive faculty co-existed in such supreme excellence and perfect harmony."—*Macaulay. Hist. of England*, i. iii.

(Right of entrance) *James, Earl Stanhope* (1718), Chancellor of the Exchequer and Secretary of State. The second and third Earls Stanhope are commemorated in the same monument, which was designed by *Kent* and executed by *Rysbrack*. They are all buried at Chevening.

Following the *North Aisle* we may notice—

(Fourth Arch) *Jane Hill* (1631). A curious small black effigy, interesting as the only ancient monument in the nave.

Mrs. Mary Beaufoy (1705). The monument is interesting as the work of *Grinling Gibbons*.

(Fifth Arch) *Thomas Banks*, the sculptor (1805), buried at Paddington.

(In front of Banks) *Sir Robert T. Wilson* (1849) and his wife. A modern brass. He is represented in plate armour; his children are beneath.

John Hunter (1793), the famous anatomist, moved by the College of Surgeons from his first burial-place at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. A brass.

(At the feet of Hunter) A small square stone bearing the words, "O Rare Ben Jonson." He was buried here standing upright, in accordance with the favour—"eighteen inches of square ground in Westminster Abbey"—which he had asked from Charles I., having died in great poverty. The inscription, says Aubrey, "was done at the charge of Jacob Young (afterwards knighted), who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteenpence to cut it."

"His name can never be forgotten, having by his own good learning, and the severity of his nature and manners, very much reformed the stage, and indeed the English poetry itself."—*Clarendon*.

(Beyond the grave of Wilson) *Sir Charles Lyell* (1875), who "throughout a long and laborious life sought the means of deciphering the fragmentary records of the world's history."

(Sixth Arch) *Dr. John Woodward* (1728), Professor of Physic at Gresham College, author of many geological works, and founder of the geological professorship at Cambridge. His medallion is by *Scheemakers*.

"Who Nature's treasures would explore,
Her mysteries and arcana know,
Must high with lofty Newton soar,
Must stoop as delving Woodward low."
Dr. Richard Bentley.

Captains Harvey and *Hutt*, who fell off Brest, on board their ships the *Brunswick* and *Queen* (1794). An enormous and ugly monument by the younger *Bacon*. It represents Britannia decorating their urn with wreaths.

(Seventh Arch) *General Stringer Lawrence* (1766). A monument, by *Tayler*, erected by the East India Company in honour of the conquest of Pondicherry and the relief of Trichinopoly. The city is seen in a relief.

At the *North-West Corner*—"The Whigs' Corner"—are the monuments of—

Charles James Fox (1806), who died at Chiswick, and is buried in the North Transept. The great statesman and orator is represented as a half-naked figure sprawling into the arms of Liberty in a monument by *Westmacott*, erected by his private friends.

Captain James Montagu (1794), killed off Brest. The huge monument by *Flaxman* has a relief of the battle. The lions, so utterly wanting in life and likeness, were greatly admired at the time of their execution. Compare them with the lions by Landseer!

Sir James Mackintosh (1832), "jurist, philosopher, historian, statesman," buried at Hampstead. The monument is by *Theed*.

George Tierney (1830), long the leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons. Monument by *R. Westmacott*.

Henry R. Vassal Fox, 3rd Lord Holland (1840), nephew of the statesman, well known as a literary Mæcenas. A huge monument by *Baily*, representing "the Prison-House of Death," bearing a bust, but with no word of inscription to indicate whom it is intended to honour.

Sir Richard Fletcher (1812), killed at the storming of St. Sebastian. Monument by *Baily*.

James Rennell (1830), the Asiatic and African geographer. A bust by *Baily*.

Zachary Macaulay (1838) (father of the historian, buried at the cemetery in Brunswick Square), who fought by the side of Wilberforce in the anti-slavery movement, and "conferred freedom on eight hundred thousand slaves." A bust by *Weekes*.

West Wall—

John Conduitt (1737), Master of the Mint, successor and nephew of Sir Isaac Newton, whose monument is opposite. The tomb is by *Cheere*. In the cornice an inscription is inserted commemorative of *Jeremiah Horrocks*, Curate of Poole.

(Over the west door) *William Pitt* (1806), Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is represented in the act of declamation, with History recording his words, and Anarchy writhing at his feet.

(Beyond door) *Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy* (1732), distinguished in the naval wars of Queen Anne. Monument by *Cheere*.

(Outside Baptistery) *Sir George Cornewall* (1743), killed in battle off Toulon, in honour of which Parliament voted this enormous monument by *Tayler*, in which the whole sea-fight is represented.

The stained glass of the west window (Moses, Aaron, and the Patriarchs) was executed in the reign of George II. It is from this end of the minster that its long aisles are seen in the full glory of their aërial perspective.

"The Abbey Church is beheld as a rare structure, with so small and slender pillars (greatest legs argue not the strongest man) to support so weighty a fabrick."—*Fuller's Worthies*.

"The door is closed, but soft and deep
Around the awful arches sweep
Such airs as soothe a hermit's sleep.

"From each carv'd nook and fretted bend
Cornice and gallery seem to send
Tones that with seraph hymns might blend.

"Three solemn parts together twine
In harmony's mysterious line;
Three solemn aisles approach the shrine.

"Yet all are one—together all
In thoughts that awe but not appal
Teach the adoring heart to fall."

John Keble.

Behind Cornewall's tomb is the *Baptistery.* It contains—

(At the back of Cornewall's tomb) *Hon. James Craggs* (1720), who, the son of a shoemaker, became Secretary of State, yet was so conciliating in his manners that in his lifetime he was universally honoured and beloved. Pope, who was his devoted friend, took the greatest interest in the progress and erection of his statue, which is by the Italian sculptor *Guelphi*, and he wrote the epitaph so severely criticised by Dr. Johnson—

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd."

Unfortunately the fair fame of Craggs was not untarnished after his death, which was nominally caused by the smallpox, but is supposed to have been really due to the anxiety he underwent during the Parliamentary Inquiry into the South Sea Swindle, in the subscription list of which his name was down for the fictitious sum of £659,000.

William Wordsworth, the poet (1850), buried at Grassmere—a statue by *Lough*.

John Keble (1866), author of "The Christian Year," buried at Hursley—a feeble monument with a bust by *Woolner*.

Here also is buried, without a monument, the famous Jacobite Dean, *Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester* (1731-2), the brilliant controversial writer and orator. His devotion to the cause of the Stuarts led to his being committed to the Tower under George I. and soon after to his banishment. He died at Paris, and was privately interred, as he desired, "as far from kings and kaisers as possible."

On entering the *South Aisle of the Nave* we see above us the oak gallery opening from the Deanery, from whence the

royal family have been accustomed to watch processions in the Abbey. We may notice the monuments of—

(Above the door leading to the Deanery and Jerusalem Chamber) *Henry Wharton*, the favourite chaplain of Archbishop Sancroft, author of many works on ecclesiastical history. "His early death was deplored by men of all parties as an irreparable loss to letters." * Archbishop Tenison attended his funeral, and an anthem, composed for the occasion by Purcell, was sung over his grave.

William Congreve (1728), the licentious dramatist, so grossly extolled by Dryden in the lines—

> "Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
> To Shakspeare gave as much, he could not give him more."

The monument, with a medallion by *Bird*, was "sett up by Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, as a mark how dearly she remembers the happiness and honour she enjoyed in the friendship of so worthy and honest a man." "Happiness perhaps, but not honour," said the old Duchess Sarah when she heard of the epitaph, but the Duchess Henrietta, to whom Congreve had bequeathed £7000, which she spent in a diamond necklace,† carried her adulation farther than this stone, for she had an ivory statue of Congreve, "to which she would talk as to the living Mr. Congreve, with all the freedom of the most *poiite* and unreserved conversation," which moved by clockwork, upon her table, and she had also a wax figure of him whose feet were blistered and anointed by her doctors, as Congreve's had been when he was attacked by the gout.‡

Beneath the monument of Congreve, *Mrs. Anne Oldfield*, the actress, was buried with the utmost pomp in 1730, "in a very fine Brussels lace head, a Holland shift, and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, and her body wrapped in a winding-sheet." To this Pope alludes in the lines—

> "Odious, in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke
> (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke);
> No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
> Dress my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face;
> One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
> And—Betty, give this cheek a little red."

* Macaulay, "Hist. of England," ii. 6
† Dr. Young in Spence's Anecdotes.
‡ See Macaulay's "Essays," vi. 531.

Dr. John Freind (1728), the eminent physician who was imprisoned in the Tower for his friendship with Atterbury, and released by the influence of Dr. Mead with Sir R. Walpole. He is buried at Hitchin. The monument here has a bust by *Rysbrack* and an epitaph by Samuel Wesley.

Thomas Sprat (1713), Bishop of Rochester, the royalist Dean of Westminster who refused to allow the name of the regicide Milton to appear in the abbey. His son Thomas, Archdeacon of Rochester, is commemorated with him in this monument by *Bird*, which was erected by Dr. John Freind.

"Unhappily for his fame, it has been usual to print his verses in collections of the British poets; and those who judge of him by his verses must consider him as a servile imitator, who, without one spark of Cowley's admirable genius, mimicked whatever was least commendable in Cowley's manner; but those who are acquainted with Sprat's prose writings will form a very different estimate of his powers. He was, indeed, a great master of our language, and possessed at once the eloquence of the orator, of the controversialist, and of the historian."—*Macaulay's Hist. of England*, ii. vi.

Joseph Wil.ocks (1756), the Dean of Westminster under whom the much-abused western towers of the abbey were erected by Wren. They are triumphantly exhibited on his monument by *Cheere*, and he is buried under the south-west tower.

(Above these) *Admiral Richard Tyrrell* (1766), an immense monument like a nightmare, which closes three parts of the window. The admiral, who was a nephew of the Sir Peter Warren whose tomb is in the north transept, was distinguished when commanding the *Buckingham* against the French. He died and was buried at sea. *Nathaniel Read*, a pupil of Roubiliac, has represented his ascent—a naked figure—from the waves to heaven. Beneath are, in wild confusion, the coralline depths of the sea, a number of allegorical figures, and the *Buckingham* jammed into a rock.

Zachary Pearce (1769), Bishop of Rochester and the Dean of Westminster who proposed to remove the glorious tomb of Aylmer de Valence to set up the cenotaph of General Wolfe.* He is buried at Bromley. The monument here has a bust by *Tyler*.

William Buckland (1856), Dean of Westminster and first Professor of Geology at Oxford. Bust by *Weekes*.

Mrs. Katharine Bovey (1724)—a monument by *Gibbs* the architect,

* See Walpole's Letters.

erected by Mrs. Mary Pope, who lived with her nearly forty years in perfect friendship—with an astonishing epitaph.

John Thomas (1793), Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester. A bust by *Rysbrack.*

(Above) *John Ireland* (1713), Dean of Westminster and Founder of the Ireland Scholarships. A bust by *Turnouth.* (Over these, in the window) *Gen. Viscount Howe* (1758), killed on the march to Ticonderoga. In the monument, by *Scheemakers*, the genius of Massachusetts Bay sits disconsolate at the foot of an obelisk bearing the arms of the deceased.

Opposite these, in the Nave, are a group of interesting grave-stones: viz.—

Thomas Tompson (1713), and *George Graham* (1751), the first English Watchmakers.

David Livingstone (1873), the Missionary, Traveller, and Philanthropist.

Robert Stephenson (1859), the famous engineer—a brass.

Sir Charles Barry (1860), the architect—a brass.

Sir George Pollock (1872), Constable of the Tower.

Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde (1863).

Returning to the South Aisle, beginning from the Cloister door, we see—

General George Wade (1748), celebrated for his military roads. The monument—in which Time, endeavouring to overthrow the memory of the dead (a trophical pillar), is repelled by Fame—is a disgrace to *Roubiliac.*

Sir James Outram (1863), the Indian hero—a bust by *Noble.*

Col. Charles Herries (1819)—a monument by *Chantrey.*

Carola Morland (1674) and *Anne Morland* (1679-80). Two monuments to the two wives of Sir Samuel Morland, Secretary of Oliver Cromwell, who wrote the "History of the Evangelical Churches of Piedmont." He is regarded as the inventor of the Speaking Trumpet and Fire Engine. He has displayed his learning here in inscriptions in Hebrew, Greek, Ethiopic, and English.

General James Fleming (1750)—a monument by *Roubiliac.*

Sir Charles Harboard and *Clement Cottrell* (1672), friends who perished with the Earl of Sandwich in the *Royal James*, destroyed by a fire-ship in a naval engagement with the Dutch off the coast of Suffolk.

(Over the last) *William Hargrave* (1750), Governor of Gibraltar. On the monument Hargrave is seen rising from the tomb, while Time has overthrown Death, and is breaking his dart. A much-extolled work of *Roubiliac*.

Sidney, Earl of Godolphin (1712). "Prime Minister during the first nine glorious years of the reign of Queen Anne." Burnet speaks of him as "the silentest and modestest man that was, perhaps, ever bred in a court." The monument, by *Bird*, was erected by his daughter-in-law Henrietta Godolphin.

Col. Roger Townshend (1759), killed at Ticonderoga in North America. The architecture of the monument is by *R. Adams* the architect, the relief by *Eckstein*.

Sir Palmer Fairborne (1680), Governor of Tangiers. The monument is by *T. Bushnell*, the epitaph by Dryden.

Major John André (1780), who, during the American war, was hanged as a spy by Washington, in spite of the pathetic petition that he would "adapt the mode of his death to his feelings as a man of honour." He was buried under the gallows near the river Hudson, but, in 1821, his remains were honourably restored by the Americans, on the petition of the Duke of York. The monument, erected for George III. by *Van Gelder*, bears a relief representing Washington receiving the petition of André as to the manner of his death. The head of André has been twice knocked off and stolen, but that this was from no personal feeling is indicated by the fact that a head is also missing in the relief on the neighbouring monument of R. Townsend. Both the heads being easy to reach, were probably broken off "by the Westminster boys to play at sconce with in the cloisters." *

South Aisle of Choir—

(Right) *Admiral George Churchill* (1710), brother of the great Duke of Marlborough.

Major Richard Creed (1704), "who attended William III. in all his wars," and was killed in the Battle of Blenheim.

Sir Richard Bingham (1598), celebrated in the wars of Mary and Elizabeth—a small black monument with a curious epitaph recounting the varied scenes of his warfare.

* See Smith's Life of Nollekens.

Martin Ffolkes (1754), celebrated as a numismatist, President of the Royal Society—buried at Hillingdon.

Dr. Isaac Watts (1674). "The first of the Dissenters who courted attention by the graces of language." * Buried at Bunhill Fields. A tablet with a relief by *Banks*.

George Stepney (1707), Ambassador in the reigns of William III. and Anne.

John Wesley (1790) and *Charles Wesley* (1780)—medallions.

William Wragg (1777), lost by shipwreck on his passage as a refugee from South Carolina. His son floated on a package, supported by a black slave, till cast upon the shore of Holland. The shipwreck is seen in a relief.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel (1707), Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet. As he was returning with his fleet from Gibraltar his ship was wrecked on "the Bishop and his Clerks" off the coast of Scilly. His body was washed on shore, buried, disinterred, and after lying in state at his house in Soho Square, was laid in the abbey. In this abominable monument by *Bird* he is represented in his own well-known wig, but with a Roman cuirass and sandals! "Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has often given me great offence. Instead of the brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions, under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour."—*Spectator*, No. 26.

(Above Sir C. Shovel) *Sir Godfrey Kneller* (1723), the great portrait painter from the time of Charles II. to George I., the only painter commemorated in the abbey. Even he is not buried here, but at Kneller Hall, in accordance with his exclamation to Pope upon his death-bed—"By God, I will not be buried in Westminster, they do bury fools there." He designed his own monument, however: the bust is by *Rysbrack*, and Pope wrote the epitaph—

"Kneller, by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought—
When now two ages he has snatched from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great—

* Dr. Johnson.

Rests, crowned with princes' honours, poets' laya,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise:
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die."

Left Wall (of Choir)—

Thomas Thynne, of Longleat (1681-2), murdered at the foot of the Haymarket by the hired assassins of Count Konigsmarck, in jealousy for his being accepted as the husband of the great heiress Elizabeth Percy, then the child-widow of Lord Ogle. The murder is graphically represented in a relief upon the monument, by *Quellin*.

"A Welshman, bragging of his family, said his father's effigy was set up in Westminster Abbey; being asked whereabouts, he said, 'In the same monument with Squire Thynne, for he was his coachman.'"—*Joe Miller's Jests*.

Thomas Owen (1598), Judge of Common Pleas in the time of Elizabeth—a fine old monument of the period.

Pasquale de Paoli (1807), the Italian patriot—a bust by *Flaxman*.

Dame Grace Gethin (1697), whose book of devotions was published after her death by Congreve, with a prefatory poem. He believed or pretended that its contents were original, "noted down by the authoress with her pencil at spare hours, or as she was dressing;" but the "Reliquiæ Gethinianæ" are chiefly taken from Lord Bacon and other authors: "the marble book in Westminster Abbey must, therefore, lose most of its leaves." *

* *Sir Thomas Richardson* (1634), Speaker of the House of Commons, Judge of Common Pleas, created Lord Chief Justice by Charles I. He was known as "the jeering Lord Chief Justice," who, when he was reprimanded by Laud for an order he had issued against the ancient custom of wakes, protested in a fury that "the lawn sleeves had almost choked him," and who, when he condemned Prynne, said that he "might have the book of martyrs to amuse him." This tomb is the last till a hundred and fifty years were past which had any pretensions to real art. It is of black marble, and has a most noble bust by *Hubert le Sœur*.

William Thynne of Botterville (1584), Receiver of the Marches under Henry VIII.—a noble figure in armour, lying on a mat.

Andrew Bell (1832), founder of the Madras system of education—a tablet by *Behnes*.

* D'Israeli, "Curiosities of Literature," vol. iv.

We must now enter the *Choir*, which, as has been already observed, projects into the nave after the fashion of Spanish cathedrals. Its reredos was erected in 1867.

Four of the Abbots of Westminster are buried in the space in front of the altar. *Abbot Richard de Ware* (1284), who brought the beautiful mosaic pavement back with him from Rome; *Abbot Wenlock* (1308), under whom the buildings of Henry III. were completed; the unworthy *Abbot Kydyngton* (1315), whose election was obtained by the influence of Piers Gaveston with Edward II.; and *Abbot Henley* (1344).

On the left are three beautiful royal monuments which we have already seen from the northern ambulatory—Aveline, Aylmer de Valence, and Edmund Crouchback; but here alone can we examine the beautiful effigy of *Aveline, Countess of Lancaster* (1273), daughter of William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle and Holdernesse, the greatest heiress in England in the time of Henry III., when she was married in the Abbey to his younger son, Edmund Crouchback, in 1273. She is dressed in a flowing mantle, but wears the disfiguring gorget of white cambric, with a vizor for the face, which was fashionable at the time, as a female imitation of the helmets of the crusading knights. "The splendour of such works, when the gilding and emblazoning were fresh, may easily be imagined; but it may be a question whether they do not make a stronger appeal to the sentiment in their more sombre and subdued colour, than they would if they were in the freshness of their original decoration." *

On the right, nearest the altar, are the sedilia shown as the tomb of Sebert and Ethelgoda, noticed from the southern aisle. They were once decorated with eight

* Professor Westmacott.

paintings of figures, of which two, Henry III. and Sebert, remain: one of the lost figures represented Edward the Confessor. Next is the tomb of *Anne of Cleves*, the repudiated fourth wife of Henry VIII. She continued to reside in England, treated with great honour by her step-children, and her last public appearance was at the coronation of Mary, to which she rode in the same carriage with the Princess Elizabeth. "She was," says Holinshed, "a lady of right commendable regard, courteous, gentle, a good housekeeper, and very bountiful to her servants." She died peacefully at Chelsea, 1557, and was magnificently buried by Mary at the feet of King Sebert. Her tomb was never finished, but may be recognised by her initials A. and C., several times repeated. "Not one of Henry's wives had a monument," wrote Fuller, "except Anne of Cleves, and hers but half a one."* Here hangs the famous *Portrait of Richard II.*, "the oldest contemporary representation of an English sovereign" (beautifully restored by Richmond), which long hung in the Jerusalem Chamber, but had been removed thither from its present position. "That beautiful picture of a king sighing," says Weever (1631), "crowned in a chaire of estate, at the upper end of the quire in this church, is said to be of Richard II., which witnesseth how goodly a creature he was in outward lineaments." The portrait represents a pale delicate face, with a long, thin, weak, drooping mouth and curling hair.

"Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face

* Katherine Parr, buried at Sudeley Castle, has a modern monument of the greatest beauty.

That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face."

Richard II., Act. iv. sc. 1.

A piece of tapestry now hangs here which was brought from Westminster School; the tapestries which adorned the choir in the seventeenth century represented the story of Hugolin and the robber.*

In 1378 this choir was the scene of a crime which recalls the murder of Becket in Canterbury Cathedral. Two knights, Schakell and Hawle, who fought with the Black Prince in Spain, had taken prisoner a Spanish Count, whom they compelled to the duties of a valet. The delivery of this prisoner was demanded by John of Gaunt, who claimed the crown of Castile in right of his wife. The knights refused, and fled into sanctuary. Thither Sir Alan Buxhall, Constable of the Tower, and Sir Ralph Ferrars, with fifty armed men, pursued them. For greater safety the knights fled into the very choir itself, where high-mass was being celebrated; but as the deacon reached the words in the gospel of the day, "If the good man of the house had known what time the thief would appear," their assailants burst in. Schakell escaped, but Hawle fled round and round the choir, pursued by his enemies, and at length fell covered with wounds at the foot of the Prior's Stall: his servant and one of the monks were slain with him. This flagrant violation of sanctuary occasioned unspeakable horror. The culprits were excommunicated and heavily fined, the desecrated Abbey was closed for four months, and Parliament was not permitted to sit within the polluted precincts.

* See Weever, "Funeral Monuments."

A door at the eastern angle of Poets' Corner is the approach to the noble *Crypt* under the Chapter House. It has a short massive round pillar in the centre, from which eight simple groins radiate over the roof. The pillar has two cavities supposed to have been used as hiding-places for treasures of the church. Six small windows give light to the crypt. On the east is a recess for an altar, with an ambrey on one side and a piscina on the other.

The southern bay of the South Transept was formerly partitioned off as the *Chapel of St. Blaise*. Dort mentions that its entrance was "enclosed with three doors, the inner cancellated, the middle, which is very thick, lined with skins like parchment, and driven full of nails. These skins, they, by tradition, tell us, were some skins of the Danes, tanned and given here as a memorial of our delivery from them." Only one of the doors remains now, but the others existed within the memory of man, and traces of them are still visible. *Owen Tudor*, uncle of Henry VII. and son of Queen Katherine de Valois, who became a monk in the Abbey, was buried in the Chapel of St. Blaise, with Abbot Littlington, 1386, and Benson, first abbot and then dean, 1549.

Beneath the monument of Oliver Goldsmith is the entrance to the *Old Revestry*, or *Chapel of St. Faith*, which is a very lofty and picturesque chamber, half passage, half chapel. An enormous buttress following the line of the pillars in the transept cuts off the tracery of the arches on the south. At the western end is a kind of bridge, by which the monks descended from the dormitory, entering the church by a winding staircase, which was probably

removed to make way for the Duke of Argyle's monument.* Over the altar is a figure shown by Abbot Ware's "Customs of the Abbey" to have been intended to represent St. Faith; below is a small representation of the Crucifixion, and on one side a kneeling monk, with the lines—

> "Me, quem culpa gravis premit, erige Virgo suavis;
> Fac mihi placatum Christum, deleasque reatum,"

which has led to the belief that it was the penitential offering of a monk.

From hence (if the door is open †) we can enter the beautiful portico leading from the cloisters to the Chapter House, finished in 1253; the original paving remains; it is deeply worn by the feet of the monks. Here *Abbot Byrcheston* (1349) is buried, who died of the plague called the Black Death, with twenty-six of his monks. Here also a group of persons connected with the earliest history of the abbey were buried—King Sebert and Queen Ethelgoda (or Actelgod), who lay here before they were moved to the choir, with Ricula, the king's sister; Hugolin, the treasurer of Edward the Confessor; Edwin, the first abbot; and Sulcardus, the monk who was the first historian of the abbey.‡ Flete gives the epitaph which hung over Edwin's grave—

> "Iste locellus habet bina cadavera claustro;
> Uxor Seberti, prima tamen minima;
> Defractâ capitis testâ, clarus Hugolinus
> A claustro noviter hic translatus erat;
> Abbas Edvinus et Sulcardus cænobita;
> Sulcardus major est.—Deus assit eis."

* Sir G. Scott's "Gleanings."
† If not, go round by Dean's Yard to the Cloisters.
‡ His MS. is in the Cottonian Library.

On the left of the steps is a Roman stone coffin bearing an inscription saying that it was made for Valerius Amandinus by his two sons. A Maltese cross on the lid and traces of a cope show that it was afterwards appropriated for an ecclesiastic. It was found near the north side of the Chapter House.

The *Chapter House* of Westminster, which is the largest in England except that of Lincoln, was built by Henry III. in 1250, upon the ancient crypt of the Chapter House of Edward the Confessor. Matthew Paris (1250) says of Henry III., "Dominus Rex ædificavit capitulum incomparabile," and at the time it was built there was nothing to be compared to it. Hither his granddaughter, Eleanor, Duchess of Bar, eldest daughter of Edward I., was brought from France for burial in 1298.

Here the monks, at least once a week, assembled to hold their chapters, in which all the affairs of the monastery were discussed. The abbot and the four chief officers took their seats in the ornamented stalls opposite the entrance, the monks on the stone benches round. In front of the stalls criminals were tried, and, if found guilty, were publicly flogged against the central pillar of Purbeck marble (35 ft. high), which was used as a whipping-post.

But the monks had not sole possession of the Chapter House, for, as early as 1282, when the Houses of Lords and Commons were separated, the House of Commons began to hold its sittings here, and for three hundred years it continued to hold them, sometimes in the Refectory, but generally in the Chapter House. This chamber has therefore witnessed the principal acts which have been the foundation of the civil and religious liberties of England,

The Speaker probably occupied the abbot's stall, and the members the benches of the monks and the floor of the house. The placards of the business of the House were affixed to the central pillar. Among the special assemblies convened here was that of Henry V., who in 1421 summoned sixty abbots and priors and three hundred monks to discuss the reform of the Benedictine Order, and that of Wolsey, who in 1523, as Cardinal Legate, summoned the convocations of Canterbury and York to a spot where they might be beyond the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The last Parliament which sate here was on the last day of the life of Henry VIII., when the act of attainder was passed on the Duke of Norfolk, and here, while it was sitting, must the news have been brought in that the terrible king was dead.

"Within the Chapter House must have passed the first Clergy Discipline Act, the first Clergy Residence Act, and, chief of all, the Act of Supremacy and the Act of Submission. Here, to acquiesce in that Act, met the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury. On the table in this Chapter House must have been placed the famous Black Book, which sealed the fate of all the monasteries of England, including the Abbey of Westminster close by, and which struck such a thrill of horror through the House of Commons when they heard its contents."—*Dean Stanley.*

The Chapter House passed to the Crown at the dissolution of the monastery, and seven years afterwards the House of Commons removed to St. Stephen's Chapel in the palace of Westminster. From that time the Chapter House was used as Record Office, and its walls were disfigured and its space blocked up by bookcases. In 1865 the Records were removed to the Rolls House, and the

restoration of the building was begun under Sir Gilbert Scott.

The Chapter House is now almost in its pristine beauty. The roof is rebuilt. All the windows have been restored from the one specimen which remained intact. They are remarkable for their early introduction of quatrefoils, and are shown by the bills to have been completed in 1253, before the completion of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, which is the same in style. Over the entrance is a throned figure of the Saviour, replacing one which is known to have existed there: the figures at the sides, representing the Annunciation, are ancient, and, though stiff, are admirable. Many of the ancient wall-paintings are preserved. Those at the east end, representing the Seraphs around the Throne—on which our Lord is seated with hands held up and chest bared to show the sacred wounds—are of the fourteenth century. The niches on either side of the central one are occupied by six winged Cherubim, the feathers of their wings having peacock's eyes, to carry out the idea, "they are full of eyes within." On one of them the names of the Christian virtues are written on the feathers of the wings.* The other paintings round the walls, representing scenes from the Revelation of St. John, are of the fifteenth century, and are all traced to a monk of the convent—John of Northampton. The tiles of the floor, with their curious heraldic emblems, are ancient.

A glass-case is filled with ancient deeds belonging to the history of the abbey—including a grant of Offa, King of the Mercians, 785; and of King Edgar, 951—962; and the

* See Sir G. Scott's "Gleanings from Westminster Abbey."

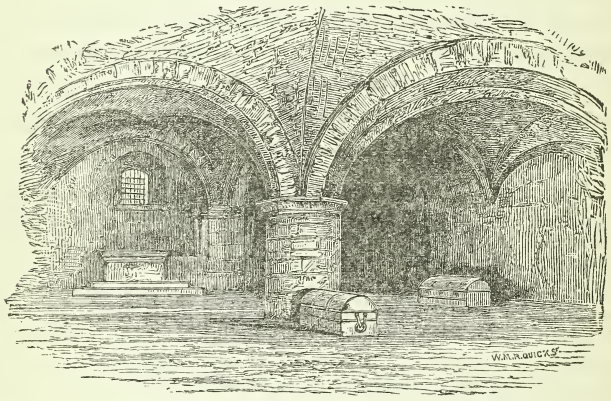
Charter of Edward the Confessor dated on the day of Holy Innocents, 1065. Another case contains fragments of tombs and other relics found in the abbey.

The *Cloisters* are of different dates, from the time of the Confessor to that of Edward III. The central space was a burial-ground for the monks. The abbots were buried in the arcades, but these were also a centre of monastic life, and in the western cloister the Master of the Novices kept a school "which was the first beginning of Westminster School." In the southern cloister the operations of washing were carried on at the "lavatory," and here also, by the rules of the convent, the monks were compelled to have their heads shaved by the monastic barber—once a fortnight in summer and once in three weeks in winter.

"The approach to the Abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The grey walls are discoloured by damp, and crumbling with age: a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the several monuments, and obscured the death's-heads and other funereal emblems. The roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty: everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidation of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay."—*Washington Irving. The Sketch Book.*

In the *East Cloister* (built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries) the great feature is the beautiful double door of the Chapter House. The mouldings of the outer arch are decorated with ten small figures on either side, in niches formed by waving foliage, of which the stem springs from the lowest figure—probably Jesse. The tympanum is covered with exquisite scroll-work, terribly injured by time, and has a mutilated statue of the Virgin and Child, with angels on either side.

In this wall, just to the south of the entrance of the Chapter House, is the iron-bound entrance to the *Ancient Treasury of the Kings of England.* It is a double door opened by six keys, and till lately could only be unlocked by a special order from the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury —the permission of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Comptroller of the



Chapel of the Pyx, Westminster.

Exchequer is still said to be required. The chamber thus mysteriously guarded, generally known now as the *Chapel of the Pyx,** is the most remarkable remnant we possess of the original abbey. It occupies the second and third bays of the Confessor's work beneath the Dormitory. The early Norman pillar in the centre (Saxon in point of date) has

* The Pyx is the box in which the specimen pieces are kept at the Mint—pixis from pyxos a box-tree.

a cylindrical shaft, 3 ft. 6 in. in diameter and 3 ft. 4 in. high. The capital has a great unmoulded abacus, 7 in. deep, supported by a primitive moulding, and carrying plain groining in the square transverse ribs. It is interesting to see how during the Norman period the massive simplicity of this, as of other capitals, seems to have tempted the monks to experiments of rude sculpture, here incomplete. The ancient stone altar remains. The floor is littered with heavy iron-bound chests—some of them very curious. But nothing is kept here now but the standards of gold and silver, used every five years in "the Trial of the Pyx" for determining the justness of weight in the gold and silver coins issued from the mint. There is nothing to remind one that—

"Hither were brought the most cherished possessions of the State. the Regalia of the Saxon monarchy; the Black Rood of St. Margaret ('the Holy Cross of Holyrood') from Scotland; the 'Crocis Gneyth' (or the Cross of St. Neot) from Wales, deposited here by Edward I.; the Sceptre or Rod of Moses; the Ampulla of Henry IV.; the sword with which King Athelstane cut through the rock at Dunbar; the sword of Wayland Smith, by which Henry II. was knighted; the sword of Tristan, presented to John by the Emperor; the dagger which wounded Edward I. at Acre; the iron gauntlet worn by John of France when taken prisoner at Poitiers."—*Dean Stanley.*

The Regalia were kept here in the time of the Commonwealth, and Henry Marten was intrusted with the duty of investigating them. He dragged the crown, sword, sceptre, &c. from their chest and put them on George Wither, the poet, who, "being thus crowned and royally arrayed, first marched about the room with a stately garb, and afterwards, with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions, exposed those sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter."*

* Wood's Ath. iii. 1239.

In the first bay of the Confessor's work is a narrow space under the staircase which now leads to the Library. This was the original approach to the Treasury, and here, bound by iron bars against the door, are still to be seen fragments of a human skin. It is that of one of the robbers who were flayed alive in the reign of Henry III. for attempting to break into the chapel and carry off the royal treasure. In this narrow passage the ornamentation of the capital of the Saxon column has been completed. Thousands of MSS. connected with the abbey have been recently discovered here imbedded in the rubbish with which the floor was piled up.

In the cloister, near the Treasury door, is the monument of *General Henry Withers*, 1729, with an epitaph by Pope. Beyond the entrance of the Chapter House a small tablet commemorates *Addison's mother*, 1715. Close by is the interesting monument erected by his brother to *Sir Edmond Berry Godfrey*, murdered in 1677 (see Chapter I.). The licentious authoress *Aphra* or *Apharra Behn* (sent as a spy to Antwerp by Charles II. during the Dutch war) was buried near the end of the cloister in 1689. Her blue gravestone is inscribed—

> "Here lies a proof that wit can never be
> Defence enough against mortality."

Near her lies *Tom Brown*, the satirist, 1704. The simple inscription here to "*Jane Lister*, dear childe, 1688," attracts greater sympathy than more pretentious epitaphs.

In the *North Cloister* (of the thirteenth century) is the monument of *John Coleman*, 1739, "who served the royal familie viz. King Charles II. and King James II. with

approved fidelity above fifty years." Near this is a quaint tablet inscribed—

"With diligence and trvst most exemplary,
Did William Lavrence serve a Prebendary.
And for his paines now past, before not lost,
Gain'd this remembrance at his master's cost.

O read these lines againe; you seldome find,
A servant faithfvll, and a master kind.

Short hand he wrote; his flowre in prime did fade.
And hasty Death Short-hand of him hath made.
Well covth he nu'bers, and well mēsur'd Land;
Thus doth he now that grov'd whereon you stand,
Wherein he lyes so geometricall:
Art maketh some, but thus will Nature all.
Obijt Decem. 28, 1621, Ætatis suæ. 29."

Close by is the grave of *William Markham*, Dean of Westminster and Archbishop of York (1807).

In the *West Cloister* (of the fourteenth century) are the monuments of *Charles*, brother to Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, 1720; and *Benjamin Cooke*, 1793, musician and organist, with his "canon" engraved. Here also are those of the engravers *William Woollett*, 1785, "incisor excellentissimus," with a foolish metaphorical relief by *Banks;* and *George Virtue*, who, being a strict Roman Catholic, was laid near a monk of his family.

The *South Cloister* (fourteenth century) was the burial-place of all the abbots down to the time of Henry III. Here (beginning from the east) are buried Postard, Crispin, Herbert, Vitalis (appointed by the Conqueror), Gislebert (with an effigy), Gervase (a natural son of King Stephen), and Hermez. Several of their effigies remain. The blue slab called *Long Meg* is supposed to cover the remains of the

monks who died of the plague—"the Black Death"—with Abbot Byrcheston in 1340. The four lancet-shaped niches in the wall are supposed to be remains of the Lavatory. Above the whole length of this cloister stretched the *Refectory* of the convent, a vast chamber of the time of Edward III. supported by arches which date from the time of the Confessor. Some arches of this period may be seen in the wall of a little court, entered by a door in the south wall: the door on the other side led to the abbey kitchen. In the court is a very curious leaden cistern of 1663 with the letters R. E. and the date.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, used to sit in these cloisters dressed as a beggar, in her poignant grief for the loss of her son. The Duchess of Portland relates that her husband saw her there when he was a boy at Westminster School.

Over the eastern cloister was the *Dormitory*, whence the monks descended to the midnight services in the church by the gallery in the south transept. It is now divided between the Chapter Library and Westminster School.

The *Library of Westminster Abbey* (reached from a door on the right of that leading to the Chapter House) was founded by Dean Williams in 1620. Many of the books are valuable, and some of the bindings, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are exceedingly curious and beautiful. The room is that described by Washington Irving.

"I found myself in a lofty antique hall, the roof supported by massive joists of old English oak. It was soberly lighted by a row of Gothic windows at a considerable height from the floor, and which apparently opened upon the roof of the cloisters. An ancient picture, of some reverend dignitary of the church in his robes,* hung over the

* Dean Williams, 1620-50.

fireplace. Around the hall and in a small gallery were the books, arranged in carved oaken cases. They consisted principally of old polemical writers, and were much more worn by time than use. In the centre of the Library was a solitary table, with two or three books on it, an inkstand without ink, and a few pens parched by long disuse. The place seemed fitted for quiet study and meditation. It was buried deep among the massive walls of the Abbey, and shut up from the tumult of the world. I could only hear now and then the shouts of the schoolboys faintly swelling from the Cloisters, and the sound of a bell tolling for prayers, that echoed soberly along the roof of the Abbey. By degrees the shouts of merriment grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. The bell ceased to toll, and a profound silence reigned through the dusky hall."

At the southern end of the east cloister was the *Infirmary*, probably destroyed when the Little Cloister was built, but shown by the fragments, which still exist, to be of the age of the Confessor. It was so arranged that the sick monks could hear the services in the adjoining Chapel of St. Catherine.

"Hither came the processions of the Convent to see the sick brethren; and were greeted by a blazing fire in the Hall, and long rows of candles in the Chapel. Here, although not only here, were conducted the constant bleedings of the monks. Here, in the Chapel, the young monks were privately whipped. Here the invalids were soothed by music. Here also lived the seven 'playfellows' (sympectæ), the name given to the elder monks, who, after the age of fifty, were exempted from all the ordinary regulations, were never told anything unpleasant, and themselves took the liberty of examining and censuring everything." —*Dean Stanley.*

A passage (left) called the *Dark Cloister*, and a turn to the left under waggon-vaulting of the Confessor's time—a substructure of the Dormitory—lead to the *Little Cloister*, a square arcaded court with a fountain in the centre. At its south-eastern corner are remains of the ancient bell-tower of St. Catherine's Chapel, built by Abbot Littlington.

In this, the *Littlington Tower*, the beautiful Emma Harte, afterwards Lady Hamilton, lived as servant to Mr. Dare.

Hence we may reach the Infirmary Garden, now the *College Garden*, a large open space, whence there is a noble view of the Abbey and the Victoria Tower. On the north side of this was St. Catherine's Chapel (the chapel of the Infirmary), destroyed in 1571, which bore a great part in the monastic story.* Here most of the consecrations of Bishops before the Reformation took place, with the greater part of the provincial councils of Westminster. Here Henry III., in the presence of the archbishop and bishops, swore to observe the Magna Charta. Here also the memorable struggle took place (1176) between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, which led to the question of their precedence being decided by a papal edict, giving to one the title of Primate of all England, to the other that of Primate of England.

"A synod was called at Westminster, the pope's legate being present thereat; on whose right sat Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, as in his proper place; when in springs Roger of York, and finding Canterbury so seated, fairly sits him down on Canterbury's lap; (a baby too big to be danced thereon!) yea, Canterbury's servants dandled this lap-child with a witness, who plucked him thence, and buffeted him to purpose."—*Fuller's Church History.*

A winding staircase in the cloister wall, opposite the entrance to the Chapter House, leads to the *Muniment Room*, a gallery above what should have been the west aisle of the South Transept, cut off by the cloister. Here, on the plastered wall, is a great outline painting of the White Hart, the badge of Richard II. The archives of the Abbey are

* It had a nave and aisle of five bays long, and a chancel, and was of good late Norman work.

kept in a number of curious oaken chests, some of which are of the thirteenth century. There is a noble view of the Abbey from hence, but no one should omit to ascend the same staircase farther to the *Triforium*. Here, from the broad galleries, the Abbey is seen in all its glory, and here alone the beauty of the arches of the triforium itself can be perfectly seen. It is also interesting from hence to see how marked is the difference between the earlier and later portions of the nave, the five earlier bays to the east having detached columns and a diapered wall-surface, which ceases afterwards. Over the southern aisle of the nave are Gibbons's carved *Obelisks*, which are seen in old pictures as standing at the entrance of the choir. The triforium ends in the chamber in the south-western tower, which is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of Bradshaw, who is said to have made it a frequent resort when he was living in the Deanery (with which there is a communication) during the Commonwealth. A piece of timber was long shown here as "Bradshaw's rack." The chamber was probably once used as a prison: an immense quantity of bones of sheep and pigs were found here. In the south-eastern triforium is a cast from the leaden coffin of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I.: it is very interesting, as the lead was fitted to the features; the heart, separately encased, rested upon the breast. The view from the eastern end of the triforium is the most glorious in the whole building: here the peculiar tapering bend of the arches (as at Canterbury) may be seen, which is supposed, by poetic monastic fancy, to have reference to the bent head of the Saviour on the cross. In one of the recesses of the north-eastern triforium is the *Pulpit* "which resounded with the passionate

appeals, at one time of Baxter, Howe, and Owen, at other times of Heylin, Williams, South, and Barrow." * The helmets of the Knights of the Bath, when removed from Henry VII.'s Chapel, are preserved here. Farther on are two marble reliefs, with medallions of the Saviour and the Virgin, supposed to have been intended, but not used, for the tomb of Anne of Cleves. At the end of the north-western triforium is a curious chest for vestments, in which copes could be laid without folding.

At the end of the southern cloister, on the right, was the *Abbot's House*, now the *Deanery*.† The dining-room, where Sir J. Reynolds was the frequent guest of Dr. Markham, contains several interesting portraits of historic deans. Behind the bookcases of the library a secret chamber was discovered in 1864, supposed to be that in which Abbot William of Colchester, to whose guardianship three suspected dukes and two earls had been intrusted by Henry IV., plotted with them (1399) for the restoration of Richard II. Shakspeare gives the scene. It was probably in this secret chamber that Richard Fiddes was concealed and supplied with materials for writing that "Life of Wolsey" which was intended to vilify the Reformation. Here also, perhaps, Francis Atterbury, the most eminent of the Westminster deans—the furious Jacobite who, on the death of Queen Anne, prepared to go in lawn sleeves to proclaim James III. at Charing Cross—entered into those plots for which he was sent to the Tower and exiled.

During the Commonwealth the Deanery was leased to

* Dean Stanley.

† Once called Cheyney Gate Manor from the chain across the entrance of the cloisters.

John Bradshaw, President of the High Court of Justice. He died in the Deanery and was buried in the Abbey.

On the other side of the picturesque little court in front of the Deanery is the Abbot's Refectory, now the *College Hall*, where the Westminster scholars dine. Till the time of Dean Buckland (1845-56) the hall was only warmed by a brazier, of which the smoke escaped through the louvre in the roof. The huge tables of chestnut-wood are said to have been presented by Elizabeth from the wrecks of the Spanish Armada. Here probably it was—in the "Abbot's Place"—that the widowed queen Elizabeth Woodville (April, 1485), crossing over from the neighbouring palace, took refuge with Abbot Esteney while the greater security of the Sanctuary was being prepared for her. Here she sate on the niches, "all desolate and dismayed," with her long fair hair, which had escaped from its confinement in her distress, sweeping upon the ground.

Through the little court of the Deanery is the approach to *Jerusalem Chamber*, built by Abbot Littlington between 1376 and 1386 as a guest-chamber for the Abbot's House. It probably derived its after-name from tapestry pictures of the History of Jerusalem with which it was hung. Here, in the ancient chamber where Convocation now holds its meetings, Henry IV. died of apoplexy, March 20, 1413, thus fulfilling the prophecy that he should die in Jerusalem.

"In this year, was a great council holden at the White Friars of London, by the which it was among other things concluded, that for the king's great journey that he intended to take, in visiting of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, certain galleys of war should be made and other perveance concerning the same journey.

"Whereupon all hasty and possible speed was made; but after the feast of Christmas, while he was making his prayers at St. Edward's shrine, to take there his leave, and so to speed him on his journey, he

became so sick, that such as were about him feared that he would have died right there; wherefore they, for his comfort, bare him into the abbot's place, and lodged him in a chamber, and there upon a pallet laid him before the fire, where he lay in great agony a certain time.

"At length, when he was coming to himself, not knowing where he was, he freyned (asked) of such as then were about him, what place that was; the which shewed to him that it belonged unto the abbot of Westminster; and for he felt himself so sick, he commanded to ask if that chamber had any special name; whereunto it was answered, that it was named Jerusalem. Then said the king, 'Praise be to the Father of Heaven, for now I know I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy of me beforesaid, that I should die in Jerusalem;' and so after he made himself ready, and died shortly after, upon the day of St. Cuthbert."—*Fabyan's Chronicle.*

Shakspeare gives the last words of Henry IV.

King Henry.—"Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
Warwick.—"'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
King Henry.—"Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."
2 *Henry IV. Act* iv. *sc.* 4.

Here Addison (1719) and Congreve (1728) lay in state before their burial in the Abbey.

As the warmth of the chamber drew a king there to die, so it attracted the Westminster Assembly, in 1643, perished with the cold of sitting in Henry VII.'s Chapel, which held no less than one thousand five hundred and sixty-three sessions, lasting through more than five years and a half, "to establish a new platforme of worship and discipline to their nation for all time to come."

"Out of these walls came the Directory, the Longer and Shorter Catechism, and that famous Confession of Faith which, alone within

these Islands, was imposed by law on the whole kingdom; and which, alone of all Protestant Confessions, still, in spite of its sternness and narrowness, retains a hold on the minds of its adherents to which its fervour and its logical coherence in some measure entitle it."—*Dean Stanley.*

The chief existing decorations of this beautiful old chamber are probably due to Dean Williams in the time of James I., but the painted glass is more ancient. The

Jerusalem Chamber.

panelling is of cedar-wood. The tapestry is mostly of the time of Henry VIII. Over the chimney-piece is a picture of the death of Henry IV.

From the Deanery a low archway leads into *Dean's Yard*, once called "The Elms," from its grove of trees. The eastern side was formerly occupied by the houses of the Prior, Sub Prior, and other officers of the Convent, which still in part remain as houses of the Canons. The

buildings nearest the archway were known in monastic times as "the Calberge." In front of these, till the year 1758, stretched the long detached building of the convent *Granary*, which was used as the dormitory of Westminster School till the present Dormitory on the western side of the College Garden was built by Dean Atterbury.

In the green space in the centre of the yard an exhibition of "the results of Window Gardening" takes place every summer, exceedingly popular with the poorer inhabitants of Westminster, and often productive of much innocent pleasure through the rest of the year.

On the east is a beautiful vaulted passage and picturesque gate of Abbot Littlington's time, leading to the groined entrance of *Little Dean's Yard*. The tower above the gate is probably that which is known as "the Blackstole Tower." On the other side of the yard is a classic gateway, the design of which is attributed to Inigo Jones, now covered with names of scholars, which forms the entrance to *Westminster School*, originally founded by Henry VIII., and richly endowed by Queen Elizabeth in 1560. The *Schoolroom* can be best visited between 2 and 3 P.M. It was the dormitory of the monastery, and is ninety-six feet long and thirty-four broad. At the south-western extremity two round arches of the Confessor's time remain, with the door which led by a staircase to the cloisters. On the opposite side is another arched window, and a door which led to Abbot Littlington's Tower.

In its present form the Schoolroom is a noble and venerable chamber. The timber roof is of oak, not chestnut as generally represented. The upper part of the walls and the recesses of the windows are covered with

names of scholars. Formerly the benches followed the lines of the walls as in the old "Fourth Form Room" at Harrow; the present horseshoe arrangement of benches was introduced from the Charter House by Dean Liddell (who had been a Charter House boy) when he was head-master. The half circle marked in the floor of the dais recalls the semicircular form of the end of the room, which existed till 1868, and which gave the name of "shell" (adopted by several other public schools) to the class which occupied that position. The old "shell-forms," the most venerable of the many ancient benches here, hacked and carved with names till scarce any of the original surface remains, are preserved in a small class-room on the left. In a similar room on the right is a form which bears the name of Dryden, cut in narrow capital letters. The school-hours are from eight to nine, ten to half-past twelve, and half-past three to five.

High up, across the middle of the Schoolroom, an iron bar divides the Upper and Lower Schools. Over this bar, by an ancient custom, the college cook or her deputy tosses a stiffly-made Pancake on Shrove Tuesday. The boys, on the other side of the bar, struggle to catch it, and if any boy can not only catch it but convey it away intact from all competitors to the head-master's house (a difficult feat) he can claim a guinea. In former days a curtain, hanging from this bar, separated the schools.

"Every one, who is acquainted with Westminster-school, knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A youth (Wake, father of Archbishop Wake) happened, by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain. The severity of the master (Dr. Busby) was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that

the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance, when his friend who sate next to him bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides; one of them followed the parliament, the other the royal party.

"As their tempers were different, the youth who had torn the curtain endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list, and the other, who had borne the blame of it, on the military. The first succeeded so well that he was in a short time made a judge under the protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprise of Penruddock and Groves in the West. Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot at that time to go the western circuit. The trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them; when the judge hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively, asked him if he was not formerly a Westminster scholar? By the answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and without saying anything more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where employing all his power and interest with the protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates."—*Spectator*, No. 313.

There is a bust of Dr. Busby in the *School Library* which adjoins the schoolroom; and a bust of Sir Francis Burdett, given by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, with a relief representing his leaving the Traitors' Gate of the Tower on the pedestal. There are about two hundred and forty boys at Westminster School, but of these only forty are on the foundation; they sleep in (partitions of the) *Dormitory* which was built along one side of the College Garden in 1722 from designs of Boyle, Earl of Burlington. In this Dormitory the "Westminster Plays"—Latin Plays of Plautus or Terence superseding the Catholic Mysteries—are acted by the boys on the second Thursday in December,

and the preceding and following Monday. The scenery was designed by Garrick: since 1839 the actors have worn Greek costume.

The most eminent *Masters* of Westminster have been Camden and Dr. Busby. Among *Foundation Scholars* have been Bishop Overall, translator of the Bible; Hakluyt (Canon of Westminster), the collector of voyages; the poets Herbert, Cowley (who published a volume of poems while he was at school here), Dryden, Prior, Stepney, Rowe, Churchill, and "Vinny Bourne"; South the preacher; Locke the philosopher; Bishops Atterbury, Sprat, and Pearce; and Warren Hastings, Governor of Bengal. *Scholars*, not on the foundation, include—Lord Burghley; Ben Jonson; Sir Christopher Wren; Barton Booth the actor; Blackmore, Browne, Dyer, Hammond, Aaron Hill, Cowper, and Southey, poets; Horne Tooke; Cumberland the dramatist; Montagu, Earl of Halifax; Gibbon the historian; Murray, Earl of Mansfield; Sir Francis Burdett; Earl Russell; Archbishop Longley; and Bishop Cotton.

On the north of Little Dean's Yard, occupying the site of part of the monastic building known as "the Misericorde," is *Ashburnham House* (now the residence of the Sub-Dean), built by Inigo Jones, which derives its name from having been the residence of Lord Ashburnham in 1708. Here the Cottonian Library of MSS. was kept from 1712 to 1731, when part of the house was destroyed by fire, and Dr. Freind saw Dr. Bentley, the King's Librarian, in his dressing-gown and flowing wig, carrying off the Alexandrian MS. of the New Testament under his arm. The house has a broad noble staircase, with a quaint circular gallery above and the ceiling and decorations of the drawing-

room are beautiful specimens of Inigo Jones's work : a small temple-summer-house in the garden is also, but without much probability, attributed to him. Dean Milman resided in this house as Canon of Westminster.

The precincts of the Monastery extended far beyond those of the College and were entered (where the Royal Aquarium now stands) by a double Gatehouse of the time of Edward III., which served also as a gaol. One of its chambers was used as an ecclesiastical prison, the other was the common prison of Westminster, the prisoners being brought by way of Thieving Lane and Union Street, to prevent their escaping by entering the liberties of sanctuary. Nicholas Vaux died here of cold and starvation in 1571, a martyr in the cause of Roman Catholicism. Hence Lady Purbeck, imprisoned for adultery in 1622, escaped to France in a man's dress. It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh passed the night before his execution and wrote on the blank leaf of his Bible the lines—

"Ev'n such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up I trust."

Here Richard Lovelace, imprisoned for his devotion to Charles I., wrote—

"Stone walls doe not a prison make
Nor iron barres a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such libertie."

Hampden, Sir John Eliot, and Lilly the astrologer were also imprisoned at different times in the Gatehouse. The dwarf, Sir Jeffry Hudson, died here, being accused of having a share in the Popish Plot. Being eighteen inches high, he was first brought into notice at court by being served up in a cold pie at Burleigh to Henrietta Maria, who took him into her service.* Here Savage the poet lay under condemnation of death for the murder of Mr. Sinclair during a riot in a public-house at Charing Cross.† Here Captain Bell was imprisoned for ten years by an order of Privy Council, but, as he believed, in order to give him time for the translation of Luther's Table Talk, to which he had been bidden by a supernatural visitant.‡ The Gatehouse was pulled down in 1776 in consequence of the absurdity of Dr. Johnson, who declared that it was a disgrace to the present magnificence of the capital, and a continual nuisance to neighbours and passengers. One arch remained till 1839, walled up in a house which had once been inhabited by Edmund Burke.

Within the Gatehouse, on the left, where the Westminster Hospital now stands, stood "the Sanctuary"—a strong square Norman tower, containing two cruciform chapels, one above the other. Here hung the bells of the Sanctuary, which, it was said, "sowered all the drink in the town." The privilege of giving protection from arrest to criminals

* He was painted by Vandyck, and is described by Scott in "Peveril of the Peak."

† Johnson's "Life of Savage."

‡ See Southey's "Doctor," vii. 354.

and debtors was shared by many of the great English monasteries, but few had greater opportunities of extending their shelter than Westminster, just on the outskirts of the capital: "Thieving Lane" preserved its evil memory even to our own time.

The family of Edward IV. twice sought a refuge here, once in 1470, when the Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, with her mother, and her three daughters Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely, were here as the guests of Abbot Milling, till her son Edward was born on Nov. 1, 1470—"commonly called Edward V., though his hand was *asked* but never *married* to the English crown." * The Abbot, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Scrope stood sponsors to the prince in the Sanctuary chapel. The second time was in 1483, after the king's death, when the queen fled hither from the Duke of Gloucester with all her daughters, her brother Dorset, and her younger son Richard. Here, sorely against her will, she was persuaded by the Archbishop of Canterbury to give up her son.

"And therewithal she said unto the child, 'Farewell, my own sweet son, God send you good keeping, let me kiss you once yet ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again,' and therewith she kissed him and blessed him, and turned her back and went her way, leaving the child weeping as fast."—*Sir T. More's Life of Richard III.*

Here, while still in sanctuary, the unhappy mother heard of the murder of her two sons in the Tower.

"It struck to her heart like the dart of death; she was so suddenly amazed that she swooned and fell to the ground, and lay there in great agony like to a dead corpse. And after she was revived, and came to her memory again, she wept and sobbed, and with pitiful screeches

* Fuller's "Worthies."

filled the whole mansion. Her breast she beat, her fair hair she tore and pulled in pieces, and calling by name her sweet babes, accounted herself mad when she delivered her younger son out of sanctuary for his uncle to put him to death. After long lamentation, she kneeled down and cried to God to take vengeance, 'who' she said, 'she nothing doubted would remember it.'"

Skelton, the Poet Laureate of Henry VII., who wrote the lament for Edward IV.—

> "Oh Lady Bessee! long for me may ye call,
> For I am departed till domesday"—

fled hither to sanctuary from Cardinal Wolsey in the time of Henry VIII., and remained here till his death, not all the Cardinal's influence having power to dislodge him. After the fall of the Abbey criminals were deprived of the rights of sanctuary, but they were retained for debtors till the time of James I. (1602), when they were finally abolished.

Within the precincts, to the right on passing the Gatehouse (where the Westminster Palace Hotel now stands), was the *Almonry*, possessing an endowment for male pensioners from Henry VII., and for females from his mother, the Countess of Richmond. Two chapels were connected with it, one of which was commemorated in the name of *St. Anne's Lane.* It was in the Almonry that William Caxton's printing-press was established. He had previously worked in Cologne, and it is supposed that he came to England in 1474, when "The Game and Play of Chess" was produced, which is generally supposed to have been his first work printed in this country. Gower's "Confessio Amantis" and Chaucer's different poems were printed here by Caxton.

We have still left one interesting point unvisited which

is connected with the Abbey. Beyond the Infirmary Garden were the cell of the Hermit, who, by ancient custom, was attached to the Abbey, and the ancient tower which formerly served as the *King's Jewel House*. The latter remains. Its massive rugged walls and narrow Norman windows are best seen from the mews in College Street, entered by the gateway on the south of Dean's Yard. But to visit the interior it is necessary to ask admission at 6, Old Palace Yard. The tower has been generally described as a building of Richard II., but it was more probably only bought by him, and it is most likely that it was one of the earliest portions of the Abbey, and contained the primitive Refectory and Dormitory used by the monks during the building of the principal edifice by the Confessor. A layer of Roman tiles has been discovered in the building.

The interior was evidently refitted by Abbot Littlington, and the exceedingly beautiful vaulted room on the basement story is of his time. The bosses of the roof are curious, especially one with a face on every side. A small vaulted room opens out of the larger chamber. The upper chamber of the tower, which has its noble original chestnut roof, is now a small historical museum. Here are some of the old standards of weights and measures—those of Henry VII. being especially curious ; the old Exchequer Tallies ; Queen Elizabeth's Standard Ell and Yard, &c. Here also are the six horseshoes and sixty-one nails which, by ancient custom, the sheriffs of London are compelled to count when they are sworn in. In the time of Edward II., when this custom was established, it was a proof of education, as only well-instructed men could count up to sixty-one. At the same time it was ordained that the sheriff, in proof

of strength, should cut a bundle of sticks: this custom (the abolition of which has been vainly attempted) still exists, but a bundle of matches (!) is now provided. The original knife always has to be used.

There is a noble view of the Abbey from the platform on the top of the Tower. It will scarcely be credited by those who visit it, that the destruction of this interesting building is in contemplation, and that the present century, for the sake of making a "regular" street, will perhaps bear the stigma of having destroyed one of the most precious buildings in Westminster, which, if the houses around it were cleared away (and it were preserved as a museum of Westminster antiquities), would be the greatest possible addition to the group of historic buildings to which it belongs.

CHAPTER VIII.

WESTMINSTER.

IMMEDIATELY facing us as we emerge from Parliament Street is New Palace Yard, backed by Westminster Hall and the New Houses of Parliament. They occupy the site of the palace inhabited by the ancient sovereigns of England from early Anglo-Saxon times till Henry VIII. went to reside at Whitehall. Here they lived in security under the shadow of the great neighbouring sanctuary, and one after another saw arise, within the walls of their Palace, those Houses of Parliament which have now swallowed up the whole. It was here that Edward the Confessor entertained the Norman cousin who was to succeed him, and here he died on the 14th of January, 1066. The palace was frequently enlarged and beautified afterwards, especially by William Rufus, who built the hall; by Stephen, who built the chapel, to which the finishing touches were given by Edward III.; and by Henry VIII., who built the Star Chamber. Edward I. was born, and Edward IV. died, within the walls of the palace. The most interesting parts of the ancient building were St. Stephen's Chapel, the Painted Chamber, and the Star Chamber.

St. Stephen's Chapel was a beautiful specimen of rich

Decorated Gothic, its inner walls being covered with ancient frescoes relating to the Old and New Testament history; it was used as the House of Commons from 1547 till 1834, and its walls resounded to the eloquence of Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan, and Canning.

The walls of the Painted Chamber were pointed out by tradition as those of the bedroom where the Confessor died. It was first called St. Edward's Chamber, and took its second name from the frescoes (arranged round the walls in bands like the Bayeux tapestry) with which it was adorned by Henry III., and which were chiefly illustrative of the History of the Maccabees and the Legendary life of the Confessor.* Here conferences between the Lords and Commons took place; here the High Court of Justice sate for the trial of Charles I.; and here the king's death-warrant was signed in the disgraceful scene when Cromwell and Henry Marten inked each other's faces. It was here also that Cromwell's daughter Elizabeth Claypole lay in state, and, long afterwards, Lord Chatham and William Pitt.

The Star Chamber, which was rebuilt by Henry VIII., took its name from the gilt stars upon its ceiling. It was the terrible Court in which the functions of Prosecutor and Judge were confounded, and where every punishment except death could be inflicted—imprisonment, pillory, branding, whipping, &c. It was there that William, Bishop of Lincoln, was fined £5,000 for calling Laud "the great Leviathan," and that John Lilburn, after being fined £5,000, was sentenced to the pillory, and to be whipped from Fleet Street to Westminster. On the south side of the

* They are engraved in J. T. Smith's "Vetusta Monumenta."

palace was the Chapel of Our Lady de la Pieu (des Puits?) where Richard II. offered to the Virgin before going to meet Wat Tyler. It was burnt in 1452, but rebuilt by the brother of Elizabeth Woodville, Anthony, Earl Rivers, who left his heart to be buried there.

At the end of the old Palace, opening upon Old Palace Yard, was the Prince's Chamber, built upon foundations of the Confessor's time, with walls seven feet thick. The upper part had lancet windows of the time of Henry III., and beneath them the quaintest of tapestry represented the birth of Elizabeth. Beyond was the ancient Court of Requests, hung with very curious tapestry representing the defeat of the Armada, woven at Haarlem, from designs of Cornelius Vroom for Lord Howard of Effingham. This was the House of Lords till 1834. Its interior is shown in Copley's Picture of the "Death of Lord Chatham," who was attacked by his last illness (April 7, 1779) while declaiming against the disgrace of the proposed motion "for recognising the independence of the North American colonies." Beneath was the cellar where Guy Fawkes concealed (Nov. 5, 1605) the barrels of gunpowder by which the king, queen, and peers were to be blown up. Hither, on the day before the opening of Parliament, Lady Aveland, as Hereditary Lord High Chamberlain, comes annually, by her deputy, with torches, to hunt for the successors of Guy Fawkes. On the night of October 16, 1834, occurred the great conflagration which was painted by Turner, and the ancient Palace of Westminster, with St. Stephen's Chapel, and the old House of Lords were entirely gutted by fire.*

* The fire began in the rooms adjacent to the House of Lords, amid the piles of tallies which were preserved there—pieces of stick upon which the primitive accounts of the House were kept by notches.

The *New Palace of Westminster*, containing the *Houses of Parliament*, was built 1840—1859, from designs of Sir Charles Barry, R.A., in the Tudor style of Henry VIII. It is twice the size of the old palace, and is one of the largest Gothic buildings in the world. The exterior is constructed of magnesian lime-stone from the Yorkshire quarries of Anston; the interior is of Caen stone. The details of many of the Belgian town halls are introduced in the exterior, which is, however, so wanting in bold lines and characteristic features that no one would think of comparing it for beauty with the halls of Brussels, Ypres, or Louvain, though its towers group well at a distance, and especially from the river. Of these towers it has three—the *Central Tower* over the octagon hall; the *Clock Tower* (320 feet high, occupying nearly the same site as the ancient clock-tower of Edward I., where the ancient Great Tom of Westminster for 400 years sounded the hours to the judges of England);* and the *Victoria Tower* (75 feet square, and 336 feet high), being the gateway by which the Queen is intended to approach the House of Lords. Over the arch of the gate is the statue of Queen Victoria, supported by figures of Justice and Mercy; at the sides her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, are commemorated, and other members of her family. The statues of the kings and queens of England from Saxon times are the principal external ornaments of the rest of the building.

* It was this clock which once struck thirteen at midnight with the effect of saving a man's life. John Hatfield, guard on the terrace at Windsor in the reign of William and Mary, being accused of having fallen asleep at his post, and tried by court-martial, solemnly denied the charge, declaring as proof of his being awake, that he heard Great Tom strike thirteen, which was doubted on account of the great distance. But while he was under sentence of death, an affidavit was made by several persons that the clock actually did strike thirteen instead of twelve, whereupon he received the king's pardon.

New Palace Yard was formerly entered by four gateways, the finest being the "High Gate" on the west, built by Richard II., and only destroyed under Anne. On the left, where the Star Chamber stood, is now the House of the Speaker, an office which dates from the reign of Edward III.: the first Speaker being Sir W. T. Hungerford, elected 1377. On its south side, Westminster Hall faces us with its great door and window between two square towers, and above, the high gable of the roof, upon which the heads of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were set up on the Restoration. The head of Cromwell still exists in the possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson, Sevenoaks, Kent.

On Westminster Hall

"Ireton's head was in the middle, and Cromwell's and Bradshaw's on either side. Cromwell's head, being embalmed, remained exposed to the atmosphere for twenty-five years, and then one stormy night it was blown down, and picked up by the sentry, who, hiding it under his cloak, took it home and secreted it in the chimney-corner, and, as enquiries were constantly being made about it by the Government, it was only on his deathbed that he revealed where he had hidden it. His family sold the head to one of the Cambridgeshire Russells, and, in the same box in which it still is, it descended to a certain Samuel Russell, who, being a needy and careless man, exhibited it in a place near Clare Market. There it was seen by James Cox, who then owned a famous museum. He tried in vain to buy the head from Russell; for, poor as he was, nothing would at first tempt him to part with the relic, but after a time Cox assisted him with money, and eventually, to clear himself from debt, he made the head over to Cox. When Cox at last parted with his museum, he sold the head of Cromwell for £230 to three men, who bought it about the time of the French Revolution to exhibit in Mead Court, Bond Street, at half a crown a head. Curiously enough, it happened that each of these three gentlemen died a sudden death, and the head came into the possession of the three nieces of the last man who died. These young ladies, nervous at keeping it in the house, asked Mr. Wilkinson, their medical man, to take care of it for them, and they subsequently sold it to him. For the next fifteen or twenty years Mr. Wilkinson was in the habit of

showing it to all the distinguished men of that day, and the head, much treasured, remains in the family.

"The circumstantial evidence is very curious. It is the only head in history which is known to have been embalmed and afterwards beheaded. On the back of the neck, above the vertebræ, is the mark of the cut of an axe where the executioner, having, perhaps, no proper block, had struck too high, and, laying the head in its soft embalmed state on the block, flattened the nose on one side, making it adhere to the face. The hair grows promiscuously about the face, and the beard, stained to exactly the same colour by the embalming liquor, is tucked up under the chin with the oaken staff of the spear with which the head was stuck upon Westminster Hall, which staff is perforated by a worm that never attacks oak until it has been for many years exposed to the weather. The iron spear-head, where it protrudes above the skull, is rusted away by the action of the atmosphere. The jagged way in which the top of the skull is removed throws us back to a time when surgery was in its infancy, while the embalming is so beautifully done that the cellular process of the gums and the membrane of the tongue are still to be seen."—*Letter signed "Senex," Times, Dec.* 31, 1874.

It was in the yard in front of Westminster Hall that Edward I. (1297), when leaving for Flanders, publicly recommended his son Edward to the love of his people. Here Perkin Warbeck (1497) was set a whole day in the stocks. On the same spot Thomas Lovelace (1587) was pilloried by an order from the Star Chamber, and had one of his ears cut off. Here (1630) Alexander Leighton (the father of the archbishop) was not only pilloried, but publicly whipped, for a libel on the queen and the bishops. Here also William Prynne (1636), for writing the "Histrio-Mastrix," which was supposed to reflect upon Henrietta Maria, was put in the pillory, branded on both cheeks with the letters S. L. (seditious libeller), and lost one of his ears. And here the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Capel, and Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, were beheaded for the cause of Charles I. The wool market established by Edward III.

in 1353, when the wearing of woollen cloths was first introduced into England by John Kempe, was moved by Richard II. from Staple Inn to New Palace Yard, where a portion of the trade was still carried on in the fifteenth century. For many years, before the porch where we are standing, daily, in term time, used to be seen the mule of Cardinal Wolsey (who rode hither from York Place), "being trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same stuffe and gilt stirrupts."

Westminster Hall, first built by William Rufus, was almost rebuilt by Richard II., who added the noble roof of cobwebless beams of Irish oak "in which spiders cannot live," which we now see. On the frieze beneath the Gothic windows his badge, the White Hart couchant, is repeated over and over again. The Hall, which is 270 feet long and 74 feet broad, forms a glorious vestibule to the modern Houses of Parliament, and its southern extremity with the fine staircase was added when they were built. In its long existence the Hall has witnessed more tragic scenes than any building in England except the Tower of London. Sir William Wallace was condemned to death here in 1305, and Sir John Oldcastle the Wickliffite in 1417. In 1517 three queens—Katherine of Arragon, Margaret of Scotland, and Mary of France —"long upon their knees," here "begged pardon of Henry VIII. for the 480 men and eleven women accused of being concerned in 'the Rising of the Prentices,' and obtained their forgiveness." Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was tried here and condemned in 1522, and, on hearing his sentence, pronounced the touching speech which is familiar to thousands in the words of

Shakspeare.* Here, May 7, 1535, Sir Thomas More was condemned to death, when his son, breaking through the guards and flinging himself on his breast, implored to share his fate. Here Fisher, Bishop of Rochester (1535); the Protector Somerset (1551); Sir Thomas Wyatt (1554); Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk (for the sake of Mary of Scotland, 1571); Philip, Earl of Arundel (1589); Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (1600) were condemned to the block. Here sentence was passed upon the Conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot in 1606, and on the Duke and Duchess of Somerset for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in 1616. Here, concealed behind the tapestry of a dark cabinet (1640), Charles I. and Henrietta Maria were present through the eighteen days' trial of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. In the same place Charles himself appeared as a prisoner on Jan. 20, 1649, with the banners taken at the Battle of Naseby hanging over his head.†

"Bradshaw, in a scarlet robe, and covered by his 'broad-brimmed hat,' placed himself in a crimson velvet chair in the centre of the court, with a desk and velvet cushion before him; Say and Lisle on each side of him; and the two clerks of the court sitting below him at a table, covered with rich Turkey carpet, on which were laid the sword of state and the mace. The rest of the court, with their hats on, took their seats on side benches, hung with scarlet. . . . . During the reading of the charge the King sat entirely unmoved in his chair, looking sometimes to the court and sometimes to the galleries. Occasionally he rose up and turned about to behold the guards and spectators, and then sat down again, but with a majestical composed countenance, unruffled by the slightest emotion, till the clerk came to the words *Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, &c.;* at which the King laughed, as he sat, in the face of the court. The silver head of his staff happened to fall off, at which he appeared

* *Henry VIII.* Act ii. sc. 1.

† "Westminster Hall," by Edward Foss.

surprised; Herbert, who stood near him, offered to pick it up, but Charles, seeing he could not reach it, stooped for it himself. When the words were read stating the charge to be exhibited 'on behalf of the people of England,' a voice, in a loud tone, called out, 'No, nor the half of the people—it is false—where are they or their consents?—Oliver Cromwell is a traitor.' This occasioned a confusion in the court; Colonel Axtell even commanded the soldiers to fire into the box from which the voice proceeded. But it was soon discovered that these words, as well as a former exclamation on calling Fairfax's name, were uttered by Lady Fairfax, the General's wife, who was immediately compelled by the guard to withdraw."—*Trial of Charles I., Family Library*, xxxi.

The sentence against the King was pronounced on the 27th of January:—

"The King, who during the reading of the sentence had smiled, and more than once lifted his eyes to heaven, then said, 'Will you hear me a word, Sir?'

"*Bradshaw.* Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.

"*The King.* No, Sir?

"*Bradshaw.* No, Sir, by your favour. Guards, withdraw your prisoner.

"*The King.* I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, Sir. I may speak after the sentence, *ever.* By your favour——

"*Bradshaw.* Hold!

"*The King.* The sentence, Sir. I say, Sir, I do——

"*Bradshaw.* Hold!

"*The King.* I am not suffered to speak. *Expect what justice other people will have.*"—*Trial of Charles I.*

In 1640 Viscount Stafford was condemned in Westminster Hall for alleged participation in the Roman Catholic plot of Titus Oates. On June 15, 1688, the Hall witnessed the memorable scene which ended in the triumphant acquittal of the Seven Bishops. In 1699 Edward, Earl of Warwick, was tried here for manslaughter. Lords Kenmure and Derwentwater, Carnwath and Nithsdale, Widdrington and Nairn were condemned here for rebellion in 1716, and

Cromartie, Balmerino, and Kilmarnock in 1746, their trial being followed eight months later by that of the aged Lord Lovat. In 1760 Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrers, was condemned here to be hung for the murder of his servant. In 1765 Lord Byron was tried here for the murder of Mr. Chaworth; and in 1776 Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, was tried here for bigamy. The last great trial in the Hall was that of Warren Hastings (in 1788), so eloquently described by Macaulay.

But Westminster Hall has other associations besides those of its great Trials. It was here that Henry III. saw the Archbishop and bishops hurl their lighted torches upon the ground, and call down terrific anathemas upon those who should break the charter he had sworn to observe. Here Edward III. received the Black Prince when he returned to England with King John of France as a prisoner after the Battle of Poitiers. Hither came the English barons with the Duke of Gloucester to denounce Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, to Richard II.; and here, when Richard abdicated, Henry Bolingbroke claimed the realm of England as descended by right line of blood from Henry III.*

Westminster Hall was the scene of all the Coronation banquets from the time of William Rufus to that of George IV. On these occasions, ever since the reign of Richard II., the gates have been suddenly flung open, and, amid a blare of trumpets, the Royal Champion (always a Dymok or Dymoke of Scrivelsby) rides into the hall in full armour, and, hurling his mailed gauntlet upon the

* Shakspeare in his *Richard II.* makes the King pronounce his abdication at this scene.

ground, defies to single combat any person who shall gainsay the rights of the sovereign. This ceremony having been thrice repeated as the champion advances up the hall, the sovereign pledges him in a silver cup, which he afterwards sends to him.

On ordinary days—

> "The great Hall of Westminster, the field
> Where mutual frauds are fought, and no side yield,"*

is almost given up to the Lawyers. Nothing in England astonished Peter the Great more than the number of lawyers he saw here. "Why," he said, "I have only two lawyers in all my dominions, and I mean to hang one of those when I get home."

The Law Courts, of which Sir E. Coke says, "No man can tell which is the most ancient," have occupied buildings, from the designs of Sir John Soane, on the west side of the Hall, but will be removed when the New Law Courts at Temple Bar are completed. They are the Court of Queen's Bench, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice and used by the Masters in Chancery, so called from the *cancelli*, open screens, which separated it from the Hall, the Court of Wards and Liveries, the Court of Requests, the Bail Court, and the Court of Common Pleas, presided over by the Chief Justice, where the great Tichborne case was tried 1871-72. Up to the reign of Mary I. the Judges rode to the Courts of Westminster upon mules. Men used to walk about in the Hall to seek employment as hired witnesses, and shamelessly drew attention to their calling by a straw in their shoes. In the time when Sir Thomas More

* Ben Jonson.

was presiding in the Court of Chancery, his father, Sir John More, was sitting in the Court of King's Bench, and daily, before commencing his duties, he used to cross the Hall, to ask his father's blessing. The Exchequer Court at Westminster was formerly divided by the Hall, the *pleading part* being on one side, the *paying part* on the other.

"The proverb—'As sure as Exchequer pay'—was in the prime thereof in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who maintained her Exchequer to the height, that her Exchequer might maintain her. The pay was sure *inwards*, nothing being remitted which was due there to the queen; and sure *outwards*, nothing being detained which was due thence from the queen, full and speedy payment being made thereof. This proverb began to be crost about the end of the reign of King James, when the credit of the Exchequer began to decay; and no wonder if the streams issuing thence were shallow, when the fountain to feed them was so low, the revenues of the crown being much abated."—*Fuller's Worthies*.

(The *Interior* of the Houses of Parliament is shown on Saturdays from ten to four by an order which can be obtained at the Lord Chamberlain's office in the Royal Court on the south side of the building.

Strangers may be present to hear debates in the House of Lords by a Peer's order, or in the House of Commons by an order from any member or the Speaker. Each member can give one order daily.)

The Hall of William Rufus is now merged in the huge palace of Barry. A door on the east side of the Hall forms the Members' approach to the House of Commons. It leads into the fan-roofed galleries which represent the restored cloisters of 1350. A beautiful little oratory projects into the courtyard and the enclosure. Here it is believed that several of the signatures were affixed to the death-warrant of Charles I. The ancient door of the oratory has only recently been removed. Hence we enter the original *Crypt* of St. Stephen's Chapel ("St. Mary's Chapel in the Vaults"), which dates from 1292, and has escaped the two

fires which have since consumed the chapel above. While it was being restored as the Chapel of the House of Commons, an embalmed body of a priest holding a pastoral staff was found. It was supposed to be that of William Lyndwoode, Bishop of St. David's (1646), who founded a chantry here. The chapel is now gorgeous and gaudy, gilt and painted, a blaze of modern glass and polished glazed tiles.

The staircase at the south end of Westminster Hall leads to *St. Stephen's Hall* (95 ft. by 30, and 56 high), which occupies the site of the old House of Commons. It is decorated with statues:

Burke by *Theed.*
Grattan—*Carew.*
Pitt—*Macdowell.*
Fox—*Baily.*
Mansfield—*Baily.*
Chatham—*Macdowell.*
Sir Robert Walpole—*Bell.*
Lord Somers—*Marshall.*
Lord Clarendon—*Marshall.*
Lord Falkland—*Bell.*
Hampden—*Foley.*
Selden—*Foley.*

It was by the door near Burke's statue that John Bellingham the disappointed Russia merchant waited, May 11, 1812, to murder Spencer Perceval.

Hence we enter the *Central Hall*, an octagon 70 feet square adorned with statues of kings and queens. On the left opens the *Commons' Corridor*, adorned with frescoes by *E. M. Ward*, viz.:

Alice Lisle helping fugitives to escape after the Battle of Sedgemoor.

Jane Lane helping Charles II. to escape after the Battle of Worcester.

The Last Sleep of Argyle.

The Executioner tying Wishart's book round the neck of Montrose.

The Lords and Commons presenting the crown to William and Mary in the Banqueting House.

The Landing of Charles II. at Dover, May 26, 1660.

The Acquittal of the Seven Bishops.

Monk declaring for a Free Parliament.

Hence we enter the *Lobby of the House of Commons*. On the left, facing the river, are the luxurious rooms of the *Library*, where members write their letters and concoct their speeches.

The House of Commons, "the principal chamber of the manufactory of statute law," * only measures 75 ft. by 45, the smallest size possible for the sake of hearing, its architectural beauty as originally designed by Barry having been entirely sacrificed to sound. At the north end is the Speaker's chair, beneath which is the clerk's table, at the south end of which on brackets lies the mace, which was made at the Restoration in the place of "the fool's bauble" which Cromwell ordered to be taken away. The Ministerial benches are on the right of the Speaker, and the leaders of the Opposition sit opposite. Behind the Speaker is the Gallery for the Reporters of the Press, "the men for whom and to whom Parliament talks so lengthily; the filter through which the senatorial eloquence is percolated for the public." † On either side of the House are the division lobbies, the "Ayes" on the west, the "Noes" on the east.

Returning to the Central Hall, the stairs on the left, adorned with a statue of Barry (1795—1860), lead to the

* *Quarterly Review*, clxxxix. † *Quarterly Review*, clxxxix.

Lobby of the Committee Rooms, decorated with frescoes of the English poets.

The *Peers' Corridor* is lined with frescoes by *E. W. Cope.*

Lenthall asserting the privileges of the Commons against Charles I.
Charles I. erecting his standard at Nottingham.
The Setting out of the Train Bands from London to relieve Gloucester.
The Defence of Basing House by the Cavaliers.
The Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers.
The Expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen for refusing to sign the Covenant.
The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell.
The Burial of Charles I.

On the right is the *Standing Order Committee Room* used for conferences between the Houses of Lords and Commons. It contains the beautiful fresco of "the Delivery of the Law by Moses" by *Herbert.* Its execution occupied seven years, in compliance with the theory of the artist, "if you paint when you are not inclined, you only spoil art."

The *House of Lords* (100 ft. by 45), overladen with painting and gilding, has a flat roof and stained glass windows filled with portraits of kings and queens. The seats for the peers (for 235) are arranged longitudinally, the Government side being to the right of the throne, and the bishops nearest the throne. At the north end, below the Strangers' Gallery, is the dwarf screen of the bar, where witnesses are examined and culprits tried. Here the Speaker and Members of the House of Commons appear with a tumultuous rush, when they are summoned to hear the Queen's speech. Near the centre of the House is the Woolsack covered with crimson cloth, with cushions whence the Lord Chancellor reads prayers at the opening

of the debates. The Princess of Wales sits here at the opening of Parliament, facing the throne.

The Queen enters from the Prince's Chamber preceded by heralds and takes her seat here, the Mistress of the Robes and the Lady of the Bedchamber standing behind her, when the Lord Chancellor, kneeling, presents the Speech. The Throne is so placed, at the South end of the House, that, if all the doors were open, the Speaker of the House of Commons would be seen from it.

"Thus at a prorogation the Queen on her throne and the Speaker in his chair face each other at a distance of some four hundred and fifty feet, and the eagerness of the Commons in their race from their own House to the bar of the Lords has more than once amused their Sovereign Lady. It used to be an open race, but the start is now so managed that the Speaker and the parliamentary leaders first 'touch wood,' as schoolboys say."—*Quarterly Review*, clxxxix.

The frescoes above the throne are—

Edward III. conferring the Garter on the Black Prince. *C. W. Cope.*
The Baptism of Ethelbert. *W. Dyce.*
Prince Henry condemned by Judge Gascoigne. *C. W. Cope.*

Over the Strangers' Gallery are—

The Spirit of Justice. *D. Maclise.*
The Spirit of Religion. *T. C. Hornby.*
The Spirit of Chivalry. *D. Maclise.*

On the south of the House of Lords is the *Prince's Chamber*, containing a very fine statue of Queen Victoria supported by Judgment and Mercy, by *Gibson*. This is approached from the Victoria Gate by the *Royal Gallery*, containing *Maclise's* frescoes of the Death of Nelson and meeting of Blucher and Wellington. When the Queen consents to arrive by the Victoria Gate, this gallery is

crowded with ladies to see the procession pass. At its south end is the *Queen's Robing Room*, lined with frescoes from the Story of King Arthur by *Dyce*, left unfinished by the death of the artist. This room is the best in the palace both in proportion and decoration. In a small room adjoining, used for committees, is a painted copy of a lost tapestry from the Painted Chamber, representing the English fleet pursuing the Spanish fleet at Fowey.

The Victoria Tower is approached by the open space known as *Old Palace Yard*, where Chaucer lived and probably died in a house the site of which is now occupied by Henry VII.'s Chapel. Ben Jonson also died in a house here. It was here that the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot suffered death, opposite to the windows of the house through which they carried the gunpowder into the vaults under the House of Lords.

"The next day being Friday, were drawn from the Tower to the Old Palace Yard in Westminster, Thomas Winter, Rookewood, Heyes, and Faukes. Winter went first up the scaffold, and protested that he died a true Catholick, with a very pale face and dead colour, he went up the ladder, and after a swing or two with the halter, to the quartering block was drawn, and there quickly despatched.

"Next came Rookewood, who protested to die in his idolatry a Romish Catholick, went up the ladder, hanging till he was almost dead, then was drawn to the block, where he gave up his last gasp.

"Then came Heyes, who was so sturdy a villain that he would not wait the hangman's turn, but turned himself off with such a leap that he broke the halter with the swing; but after his fall he was drawn to the block, and there his bowels withdrawn, and he was divided into four parts.

"Last of all came the great Devil of all, Guy Faukes, *alias* Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder. His body being weak with the torture and sickness he was scarce able to go up the ladder, yet with much ado, by the help of the hangman, went high enough to break his neck by the fall. He made no speech, but with his crosses and idle ceremonies made his end upon the gallows and the block, to

the great joy of all beholders that the land was ended of so wicked a villainy."—*The Weekeley Newes, Munday, 31st Jan.*, 1606.

"The men who contrived, the men who prepared, the men who sanctioned, this scheme of assassination were, one and all, of Protestant birth. Father Parsons was Protestant born, Father Owen and Father Garnet were Protestant born. From what is known of Winter's early life, it may be assumed that he was a Protestant. Catesby and Wright had been Protestant boys. Guy Fawkes had been a Protestant, Perry had been a Protestant. The minor persons were like their chiefs—apostates from their early faith, with the moody weakness which is an apostate's inspiration and his curse. Tresham was a convert—Monteagle was a convert—Digby was a convert. Thomas Morgan, Robert Kay, and Kit Wright, were all converts. The five gentlemen who dug the mine in Palace yard, were all of English blood and of Protestant birth. But they were converts and fanatics, observing no law save that of their own passions; men of whom it should be said, in justice to all religions, that they no more disgraced the church which they entered than that which they had left."—*Hepworth Dixon.*

Here, Oct. 29, 1618, being Lord Mayor's Day, Sir Walter Raleigh was led to execution at eight o'clock in the morning and said as he playfully touched the axe, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases."

"His death was managed by him with so high and religious a resolution, as if a Roman had acted a Christian, or rather a Christian a Roman."—*Osborne.*

Sir Walter's head was preserved by Lady Raleigh in a glass-case during the twenty-nine years through which she survived him, and afterwards by her son Carew: with him it is believed to be buried at Horsley in Surrey.

In front of the Palace stands the equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion by *Marochetti*—a poor work, the action of the figure being quite inconsistent with that of the horse.

The *Church of St. Margaret, Westminster*, is the especial church of the House of Commons, and, except the Abbey

and St. Paul's, has the oldest foundation in London, having been founded by the Confessor and dedicated to Margaret, the martyr of Antioch, partly to divert to another building the crowds who inundated the Abbey church, and partly for the benefit of the multitudes of refugees in Sanctuary.

The church was rebuilt by Edward I., again was re-edified in the time of Edward IV. by Sir Thomas Billing and his wife Lady Mary, and it has been greatly modernised in the last century. Here the Fast Day Sermons were preached in the reign of Charles I.; and here both Houses of Parliament, with the Assembly of Divines and the Scots Commissioners, met Sept. 25, 1643, and were prepared by prayer for taking the Covenant.

"Then Mr. Nye in the pulpit read the Covenant, and all present held up their hands in testimony of their assent to it; and afterwards in the several Houses subscribed their names in a parchment roll, where the Covenant was written: the Divines of the Assembly, and the Scots Commissioners likewise subscribed the Covenant, and then Dr. Gouge in the pulpit prayed for a blessing upon it."—*Whitelocke*, p. 74.

Here Hugh Peters, "the pulpit buffoon," denounced Charles as "the great Barabbas of Windsor," and urged Parliament to bring the King "to condign, speedy, and capital punishment." "My lords," he said, "and you, noble gentlemen of the House of Commons, you are the Sanhedrim, and the great Council of the nation, therefore you must be sure to do justice. Do not prefer the great Barabbas, Murderer, Tyrant, and Traitor, before these poor hearts (pointing to the red-coats), and the army, who are our Saviours." *

Amongst the Puritans who preached here were "Calamy, Vines, Nye, Manton, Marshall, Gauden, Owen, Burgess,

* Examination of Beaver in the trial of Hugh Peters.

Newcomen, Reynolds, Cheynell, Baxter, Case (who censured Cromwell to his face, and when discoursing before General Monk, cried out, 'There are some who will betray three kingdoms for filthy lucre's sake,' and threw his handkerchief into the General's pew); the critical Lightfoot; Taylor, 'the illuminated Doctor'; and Goodwyn, 'the windmill with a weathercock upon the top.'" *

In later times the rival divines Burnet and Sprat preached here before Parliament in the same morning.

"Burnet and Sprat were old rivals. There prevailed in those days an indecent custom: when the preacher touched any favourite topic in a manner that delighted his audiences, their approbation was expressed by a loud hum, continued in proportion to their zeal or pleasure. When Burnet preached, part of his congregation hummed so loudly and so long, that he sate down to enjoy it, and rubbed his face with his handkerchief. When Sprat preached, he likewise was honoured with a like animating hum, but he stretched out his hand to the congregation, and cried, 'Peace, peace, I pray you, peace!'"—*Dr. Johnson.*

Sir John Jekyl told Speaker Onslow in proof of Burnet's popularity that one day when he was present the Bishop preached out his hourglass before exhausting his subject. "He took it up, and held it aloft in his hand, and then turned it up for another hour; upon which the audience set up almost a shout of joy!"

It was in St. Margaret's that Dr. Sacheverell preached his first sermon after his suspension, on Palm Sunday, 1713.

The most important feature of the church is the east window, justly cited by Winston, the great authority on stained glass, as the most beautiful work as regards harmonious arrangement of colouring with which he is acquainted It was ordered by Ferdinand and Isabella to

* Walcott's "Westminster."

be executed at Gouda in Holland, and was intended as a gift to the new chapel which Henry VII. was building, upon the marriage of their daughter Catherine with his eldest son Arthur. But the execution of the window occupied five years, and before it was finished Prince Arthur was dead, and the chapel was finished. Henry VIII. presented the window to Waltham Abbey, and thence, on the Dissolution, the last abbot sent it for safety to his private chapel at New Hall, an estate which was afterwards purchased by Sir Thomas Boleyn, father of Queen Anne. The window remained at New Hall till the place became the property of General Monk, who took down the window and buried it, to preserve it from the Puritans, but replaced it in his chapel at the Restoration. After his death the chapel was pulled down, but the window was preserved and was eventually purchased by Mr. Conyers of Copt Hall in Essex, by whose son it was sold in 1758 to the churchwardens of St. Margaret's for £400.* Even then the window was not suffered to rest in peace, as the Dean and Chapter of Westminster looked upon it as "a superstitious image and picture," and brought a lawsuit for its removal, which, after having been fought for seven years, happily failed in the end.†

The window represents—on a deep blue background—the Crucifixion, in which, as in many old Italian pictures, angels are catching the blood which flows from the Saviour's wounds, the soul of the penitent thief is received by an angel, while the soul of the bad thief is carried off by a

* Timbs's "Curiosities of London."

† In memory of this triumph the then churchwarden presented to the parish the beautiful "Loving Cup of St. Margaret."

demon. At the foot of the cross kneels on one side Arthur, Prince of Wales, with his patron St. George and the red and white roses of his parents over his head; on the other Katherine of Arragon, with St. Cecilia above her, and the pomegranate of Granada.

Over the altar is the Supper at Emmaus, executed in lime-wood in 1753 by *Aiken of Soho* from the Titian in the Louvre. In the porch near the north-western entrance is a beautiful carved sixteenth-century seat where a loaf of bread and sixpence are given every Sunday to sixteen poor widows in accordance with the will of Mrs. Joyce Goddard, 1621. Close by is the mural monument of Mrs. Elizabeth Corbett (who died of cancer) with Pope's famous epitaph—

> "Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
> Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense:
> No conquest she but her own self desired,
> No arts essayed, but not to be admired:
> Passion and pride were to her soul unknown;
> Convinced that virtue only is our own:
> So unaffected, so composed a mind,
> So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,
> Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;—
> The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died."

"I have always considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs; the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities; yet that which really makes, though not the splendour, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his friend and lasting companion in the languor of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs weary and disgusted from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the vain. Of such a character, which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestic virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an even tenor, required the genius of Pope to display it in such a manner as might attract regard, and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verse?"—*Dr. Johnson.*

In the same western porch are the monuments of *James Palmer*, 1659, and *Emery Hill*, 1677, founders of the Almshouses which are called by their names. In the north aisle is the curious but much injured Flemish monument and bust of *Cornelius Vandun* of Breda, 1577, builder of the almshouses in Petty France—"souldier with King Henry at Turney, Yeoman of the Guard, and Usher to King Henry, King Edward, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth: a careful man for poore folke, who in the end of this toune did build for poore widowes twenty houses, of his owne cost." Another monument, with quaint verses, commemorates "the late deceased virgin, Mistris Elizabeth Hereicke." Near the north-east door is the monument of *Mrs. Joane Barnett*, 1674, who sold oatmeal cakes by the church door, and left money for a sermon and the maintenance of poor widows. In the north-eastern porch are many monuments with effigies offering interesting examples of costume of the time of James I., and that to *Lady Dorothy Stafford*, 1604, whose mother Ursula was daughter of the famous Countess of Salisbury, the only daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward the Fourth:—"She served Queen Elizabeth forty years, lying in the bedchamber, esteemed of her, loved of all, doing good all she could, a continual remembrancer of the suite of the poor." A tablet, with a relief of his death, commemorates *Sir Peter Parker*, 1814.

In the chancel is buried *John Skelton*, 1529, the satirical poet laureate called by Erasmus "Britannicarum literarum lumen et decus," who died in Sanctuary, to which he was driven by the enmity of Wolsey, excited by his squibs on bad customs and bad clergy. Near him (not in the porch)

rests another court poet of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth—*Thomas Churchyard*, 1604, whose adventurous life was one long romance. His best work was his "Legende of Jane Shore." "He was one of those unfortunate men who wrote poetry all his days, and lived a long life, to complete his misfortune." * Camden gives his epitaph, which has disappeared.† Near these graves is that of a poet of the Commonwealth, *James Harrington*, 1677, author of the republican romance called "Oceana." Here also was buried Milton's beloved second wife, *Katherine Woodcocke* (Feb. 10, 1602), who died in childbirth a year after her marriage to the poet.

In the south-eastern porch is the stately tomb of *Marie, Lady Dudley*, 1620:—"She was grandchilde to Thomas, Duke of Norfolke, the second of that surname, and sister to Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral of England, by whose prosperous direction, through the goodness of God in defending his handmaid Queen Elizabeth, the whole fleet of Spain was defeated and discomfited." She married first Edward Sutton, Lord Dudley, and secondly Richard Mountpesson, who is represented kneeling beside her. A tablet by *Westmacott*, erected in 1820, commemorates *William Caxton*, the printer, 1492, who long worked in the neighbouring Almonry and is buried in the churchyard. A brass plate was put up here in 1845 to *Sir Walter Raleigh*, beheaded close by, and buried beneath the altar.

* D'Israeli, "Calamities of Authors."

† "Come, Alecto, lend a torch,
To find a *Churchyard* in a church porch;
Poverty and poetry this torch doth enclose,
Therefore gentlemen be merry in prose."

Exiled to the vestry, but preserved there, are the "State Arms" put up in the church under the Puritan rule, but a crown has been added. After the Restoration, the church authorities rushed into the opposite extreme of loyal display, and a triumphal arch used to be erected inside the church annually in commemoration of the time of the king's return, till it fell and killed a carpenter in the beginning of the last century. The churchwardens for a hundred and fifty years have held with their office the possession of a very curious *Horn Snuff-box*, inside the lid of which is a head of the Duke Cumberland engraved by Hogarth in 1746, to commemorate the Battle of Culloden. Successive churchwardens have enclosed it in a succession of silver cases, beautifully engraved with representations of the historical events which have occurred when they held office, so that it has become a really valuable curiosity.

Before leaving this church one may notice the marriage, at its altar, of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, grandfather of Mary II. and Anne, with Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury; and the baptism, at its font (Nov. 1640), of Barbara Villiers, the notorious Duchess of Cleveland. The restoration of the church is contemplated, which, it is to be hoped may conduce to the preservation, not (as is so often the case in London) to the ruin, of its monuments, which afford so many quiet glimpses of Elizabethan and Jacobean History.

The *Churchyard* of St. Margaret's is closely paved with tombstones. Wenceslaus Hollar, the engraver (1677), is said to lie near the north-west angle of the tower. Here also are buried Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general (1668), and Thomas Blood, celebrated for his

attempt to steal the regalia (1680). The bodies of the mother of Oliver Cromwell; of Admiral Blake (who had been honoured with a public funeral); of Sir Thomas Constable and Dr. Dorislaus, concerned in the trial of Charles I.; of Thomas May, the poet and historian of the Commonwealth, and others famous under the Protectorate, when exhumed from the Abbey, were carelessly interred here. One cannot leave the churchyard without recalling its association with the poet Cowper, while he was a Westminster boy.

"Crossing St. Margaret's Churchyard one evening, a glimmering light in the midst of it excited his curiosity, and, instead of quickening his speed, he, whistling to keep up his courage the while, went to see whence it proceeded. A gravedigger was at work there by lantern-light, and, just as Cowper came to the spot, he threw up a skull which struck him on the leg. This gave an alarm to his conscience, and he reckoned the incident as amongst the best religious impressions which he received at Westminster."—*Southey's Life of Cowper.*

On the south and west of the Abbey and the precincts of Westminster School is a labyrinth of poor streets. *Vine Street* commemorated the vineyard of the Abbey. Many of the old Westminster signs are historical—the *Lamb and Saracen's Head*, a record of the Crusades; the *White Hart*, the badge of Richard II.; the *Rose*, the badge of the Tudors. In the poverty-stricken quarter, not far from the river, is *St. John's Church*, the second of Queen Anne's fifty churches, built (1728) from designs of *Archer*, a pupil of Vanbrugh. It has semi-circular apses on the east and west, and at each of the four corners one of the towers which made Lord Chesterfield compare it to an elephant on its back with its four feet in the air. The effect at a distance is miserable, but the details of the church are good

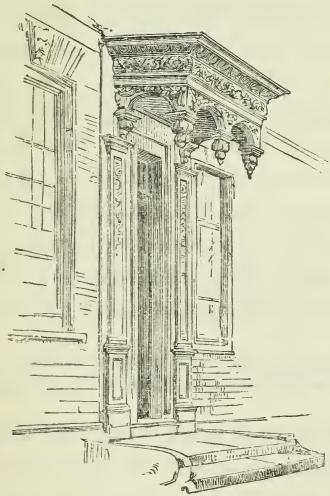
when you approach them. Churchill, the poet, was curate and lecturer here (1758), and how utterly unsuited for the office we learn from his own lines:—

> "I kept those sheep,
> Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep,
> Ordain'd, alas! to keep through need, not choice. . .
> Whilst, sacred dulness ever in my view,
> Sleep, at my bidding, crept from pew to pew."

Horseferry Road, near this, leads to Lambeth Bridge, erected in 1862 on the site of the horse-ferry, where Mary of Modena crossed the river in her flight from Whitehall (Dec. 9, 1688), her passage being "rendered very difficult and dangerous by the violence of the wind and the heavy and incessant rain." At the same spot James II. crossed two days after in a little boat with a single pair of oars, and dropped the great seal of England into the river on his passage. The large open space called *Vincent Square* is used as a playground by the Westminster Scholars. In *Rochester Row*, on the north of the square, is *St. Stephen's Church*, built by Miss Burdett Coutts in 1847, and opposite this *Emery Hill's Almshouses* of 1708. At the end of Rochester Row towards Victoria Street is the *Grey Coat School*, a quaint building of 1698, with two statues in front in the costume of the children for whom it was founded. In the narrow streets near this is *Tothill Fields Prison*, built 1836. The gate of the earlier prison here, called Bridewell, is preserved in the garden.

At the end of Victoria Street, opposite the entrance to Dean's Yard, is a very picturesque *Memorial Column*, by *Scott*, in memory of the old Westminster boys killed in the Crimean war; and at the corner of Great George Street is a

Fountain (by *Teulon* and *Earp*), erected in 1865 by Mr. Charles Buxton, in honour of those who effected the abolition of the Slave trade. With its pretty coloured marbles and the trees behind, it is one of the most picturesque things in London. Near this is a *Statue of George Canning* by *Westmacott*, erected in 1832. It was in the



In Queen Anne's Gate.

drawing-room of the opposite house, No. 25, Great George Street, that the body of Lord Byron lay in state, July 1824, when it arrived from Missolonghi before its removal to Newstead. Great George Street ends at *Storey's Gate*, so called from Edward Storey, "Keeper of the Birds" (in Birdcage Walk) to Charles II. Parallel with the Park on this side runs *Queen Anne's Gate*, with many houses bearing the

comfortable solid look of her date, and with porches and doorways of admirable design carved in wood: a statue of Queen Anne stands at an angle.

Tothill Street leads into *York Street*, named after Frederick, Duke of York, son of George III., but formerly called Petty France, from the number of French Protestants who took refuge there in 1635. Here No. 19, destroyed in 1877 (without a voice being raised to save it), was Milton's "pretty garden house" marked on the garden side by a tablet erected by Jeremy Bentham (who lived and died close by in Queen Square Place) inscribed "Sacred to Milton, Prince of Poets." It was here that he became blind, and that Andrew Marvell lived as his secretary. His first wife, Mary Powell, died here, leaving three little girls motherless, and here he married his second wife, Catherine Woodcocke, who died in childbirth a year after, and is commemorated in the beautiful sonnet beginning—

> "Methought I saw my late espoused saint,
> Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave."

Hazlitt lived here in Milton's house, and here he received Haydon, "Charles Lamb and his poor sister, and all sorts of clever odd people, in a large room, wainscoted and ancient, where Milton had meditated." *

We may turn down Bridge Street† to *Westminster Bridge*, opened 1750, but rebuilt 1859-61. It is now nearly twice as broad as any of the other bridges on the river. Hence we see the stately river front of the Houses of Parliament,

* Haydon's Autobiography, i. 211.

† William Godwin, author of "Caleb Williams," died (1836) in a house (now destroyed) on the left. At the angle on the left is St. Stephen's Club, erected 1874, from an admirable design of J. Whichcord.

and the ancient towers of Lambeth on the opposite bank.* It is interesting to remember how many generations have "taken water" here to "go to London" by the great river highway.

Few visit the bridge early enough to see the view towards the City as it is described by Wordsworth—

> "Earth has not anything to shew more fair:
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by,
> A sight so touching in its majesty:
> The City now doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
> All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
> Never did sun more beautifully steep
> In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
> Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
> The river glideth at its own sweet will:
> Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
> And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

* Artists should find their way to the banks amongst the boats and warehouses on the Westminster shore opposite Lambeth and farther still.

CHAPTER IX.

LAMBETH.

ON crossing Westminster Bridge we are in *Lambeth*, originally a swamp, traversed by the great Roman road to Newhaven, now densely populated, and covered with a labyrinth of featureless streets and poverty-stricken courts. The name, by doubtful etymology, is derived from Lamb-hithe, a landing-place for sheep.

[The Westminster Bridge Road—well known from *Astley's Amphitheatre** for horsemanship—leads to *Kennington*, the King's Town, where a royal manor existed from the time of the Anglo-Saxon Kings to that of the Stuarts, when Charles I. was its last inhabitant. It was here that (1041) Hardicanute died suddenly at a wedding-feast—"with a tremendous struggle"—while he was drinking. Nothing remains now of the palace.

At the junction of Kennington Road and Lambeth Road is the new *Bethlem Hospital*, best known as *Bedlam*. It was called Bedlam even by Sir Thomas More,* in whose time it was already a lunatic asylum. The Hospital was only trans-

* Named from the handsome Philip Astley, builder of nineteen theatres, who died at Paris, 1814.

† I e Quatuor . ovissimis.

ported to its present site from Moorfields near Bishopsgate in 1810-15. Till 1770 "Bedlam" was one of the regular "sights" of London, and the public were allowed to divert themselves with a sight of the unfortunate lunatics for the sum of one penny. The patients, both male and female, were chained to the walls till 1815, when the death of a man named Norris, who had lived for twelve years rationally conversing and reading, yet chained to the wall by a ring round his neck and iron bars pinioning his arms and waist, led to an inquiry in Parliament, which resulted in their better treatment: now nothing is left to be desired.

In the entrance-hall are preserved the famous statues of Melancholy and Madness, by *Caius Gabriel Cibber*, which stood over the gates of old Bedlam, and were there attacked by Pope in his satire on Colley Cibber, the son of Caius Gabriel.

> "Where o'er the gates by his famed father's hand
> Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand."

Many others have abused the statues, but, in this case, public opinion has outweighed all individual prejudices.

"These are the earliest indications of the appearance of a distinct and natural spirit in sculpture, and stand first in conception and only second in execution among all the productions of the island. Those who see them for the first time are fixed to the spot with terror and awe; an impression is made on the heart never to be removed; nor is the impression of a vulgar kind. The poetry of those terrible infirmities is embodied; from the degradation of the actual madhouse we turn overpowered and disgusted, but from those magnificent creations we retire in mingled awe and admiration."—*Allan Cunningham.*

Facing the eastern wing of the Hospital is *St. George's Church*, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a beautiful work of *A. W. Pugin.* It was opened July 4th, 1848. Cardinal

Wiseman was enthroned here, 1850. It is curious that the most important Roman Catholic church in England should have been raised on the very spot where the 20,000 "No Popery" rioters were summoned to meet Lord George Gordon in 1780, and, distinguished by the blue cockades in their hats, to attend him to Westminster. The scene, says Gibbon, was "as if forty thousand Puritans, such as they might have been in the days of Cromwell, had started out of their graves."*

Kennington Common (now Park) became famous in 1848 from the great revolutionary meeting of Chartists under Feargus O'Connor, which was such a ludicrous failure. It was here that "Jemmy Dawson," commemorated in Shenstone's ballad, was hung, drawn, and quartered (July 30, 1746) for the rebellion of 1745. Whitefield sometimes preached here to congregations of 40,000 people, and here he delivered his farewell sermon before leaving for America.

"Friday, August 3, 1739.—Having spent the day in completing my affairs and taking leave of dear friends, I preached in the evening to near 20,000 people at Kennington Common. I chose to discourse on St. Paul's parting speech to the elders of Ephesus; at which the people were exceedingly affected, and almost prevented my making any application. Many tears were shed when I talked of leaving them. I concluded with a suitable hymn, but could scarce get to the coach for the people thronging me, to take me by the hand, and give me a parting blessing."—*George Whitefield's Diary.*]

From Westminster Bridge, *Stangate* runs to the right with a beautiful stone terrace along the river. The frightful row of semi-detached brick buildings belongs to *St. Thomas's Hospital*, removed hither (1868-72) from Southwark; their

* Misc. Works, p. 299, ed. 1837.

chief ornament is thoroughly English—a row of hideous urns upon the parapet, which seem waiting for the ashes of the patients inside. The Hospital originated in an Almshouse founded by the Prior of Bermondsey in 1213. It was bought by the City of London at the Dissolution, and was refounded by Edward VI. In the first court in front of the present building is a statue of Edward VI. by *Scheemakers*, set up by Charles Joyce in 1737: in the second court is a statue of Sir Robert Clayton, a benefactor of the hospital—"the fanatic Lord Mayor" of Dryden's "Religio Laici"—in his Lord Mayor's robes.

Passing under the wall of the Archbishop's garden, and beneath the Lollard's Tower, with its niche for a figure of St. Thomas, we reach Lambeth Palace and Church. It was beneath this church tower that Queen Mary Beatrice took refuge on the night of Dec. 9, 1688.

"The party stole down the back stairs (of Whitehall), and embarked in an open skiff. It was a miserable voyage. The night was bleak; the rain fell: the wind roared: the water was rough: at length the boat reached Lambeth; and the fugitives landed near an inn, where a coach and horses were in waiting. Sometime elapsed before the horses could be harnessed. Mary, afraid that her face might be known, would not enter the house. She remained with her child, cowering for shelter from the storm under the tower of Lambeth Church, and distracted by terror whenever the ostler approached her with his lantern. Two of her women attended her, one who gave suck to the Prince, and one whose office was to work his cradle; but they could be of little use to their mistress; for both were foreigners who could hardly speak the English language, and who shuddered at the rigour of the English climate. The only consolatory circumstance was that the little boy was well, and uttered not a single cry. At length the coach was ready. The fugitives reached Gravesend safely, and embarked in the yacht which waited for them."—*Macaulay.*

The *Church of St. Mary, Lambeth*, was formerly one of the most interesting churches in London, being, next to

Canterbury Cathedral, the great burial-place of its archbishops, but falling under the ruthless hand of "restorers," it was rebuilt (except its tower of 1377) in 1851-52 by *Hardwick*, and its interest has been totally destroyed, its monuments huddled away anywhere, for the most part close under the roof, where their inscriptions are of course wholly illegible! High up in the south porch, behind a hideous wooden screen, are the curious bust and tablet of Robert Scott of Bowerie, 1631, who "invented a leather ordnance." In the chancel are the tombs of Hubert Peyntwin, auditor to Archbishops Moreton and Wareham, and Dr. Monpesson, Master of the Prerogative for the Archbishop of Canterbury; in the north transept are tablets to Archbishop Matthew Hutton, 1758, and Archbishop Frederick Cornwallis, 1783, and near these the brass of a Knight (Thomas Clerc, 1545?). At the northern entrance of the chancel is the brass of a lady of the Howard family, to which, before the "restoration" there were many interesting memorials here. No other monuments of importance are now to be distinguished. Amongst those commemorated here before the "restoration" were Archbishop Bancroft, 1610 (within the altar-rails); Archbishop Tenison, 1715 (in the middle of the chancel); Archbishop Secker, 1768; Archbishop Moore, 1805; Alderman Goodbehere; Madame Storace, the singer; John Dollond, 1761, the discoverer of the laws of the dispersion of light and inventor of the achromatic telescope; Edward Moore, 1757, author of the successful tragedy of "The Gamester," which is still a favourite; Thomas Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, 1757; and Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, 1693, founder of the Ashmolean Museum and author of the History of the Order

of the Garter—"the greatest virtuoso and curioso that ever was known or read of in England before his time." *

In digging the grave of Bishop Cornwallis, the body of Thomas Thirleby, first and last Bishop of Westminster, was found entire, dressed like the pictures of Archbishop Juxon He died in an honourable captivity as the guest of Archbishop Parker in Lambeth Palace.

The Register records the burial here of Simon Forman, the astrologer, 1611. Here also was buried Cuthbert Tunstall, the Catholic Bishop of Durham, deprived by Elizabeth for refusing the oath of supremacy. He was given to the charge of Archbishop Parker in July 1539, and died as his honoured guest in Lambeth Palace on the 18th of November in the same year. He is described by Erasmus as excelling all his contemporaries in the knowledge of the learned languages, and by Sir Thomas More as "surpassed by no man in erudition, virtue, and amiability."

"He was a papist only by profession; no way influenced by the spirit of Popery: but he was a good Catholic, and had true notions of the genius of Christianity. He considered a good life as the end, and faith as the means." — *William Gilpin, Life of Bernard Gilpin (Tunstall's nephew).*

Almost the only interesting feature retained in this cruelly abused building is the figure of a pedlar with his pack and dog (on the third window of the north aisle) who left "Pedlar's Acre" to the parish, on condition of his figure being always preserved on one of the church windows. The figure was existing here as early as 1608.

In the churchyard, at the east end of the church, is an altar tomb, with the angles sculptured like trees, spreading

* Wood, "Athen. Oxon."

over a strange confusion of obelisks, pyramids, crocodiles, shells, &c., and, at one end, a hydra. It is the monument of John Tradescant (1638) and his son, two of the earliest British naturalists. The elder was so enthusiastic a botanist that he joined an expedition against Algerine corsairs on purpose to get a new apricot from the African coast, which was thenceforth known as "the Algier Apricot."

Gateway, Lambeth Palace.

His quaint medley of curiosities, known in his own time as "Tradeskin's Ark," was afterwards incorporated with the Ashmolean Museum.

"Lambeth envy of each band and gown" (*Pope*)

has been for more than 700 years the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, though the site of the present palace was only obtained by Archbishop Baldwin in 1197, when

he exchanged some lands in Kent for it with Glanville, Bishop of Rochester, to whose see it had been granted by the Countess Goda, sister of the Confessor. The former proprietorship of the Bishops of Rochester is still commemorated in *Rochester Row*, *Lambeth*, on the site of a house which was retained when the exchange was made, for their use when they came to attend Parliament. The *Palace* is full of beauty in itself and intensely interesting from its

Inner Court.

associations. It is approached by a noble *Gateway* of red brick with stone dressings, built by Cardinal Moreton in 1490. It is here that the poor of Lambeth have received "the Archbishops' Dole" for hundreds of years. In ancient times a farthing loaf was given twice a week to 4,000 people.

Adjoining the Porter's Lodge is a room evidently once used as a prison. On passing the gate we are in the outer

court, at the end of which rises the picturesque Lollards' Tower built by Archbishop Chicheley, 1434-45: on the right is the Hall. A second gateway leads to the inner court, containing the modern (Tudor) palace, built by Archbishop Howley (1828-48), who spent the whole of his private fortune upon it rather than let Blore the architect be ruined by exceeding his contract to the amount of £30,000. On the left, between the buttresses of the hall, are the descendants of some famous fig-trees which were planted by Cardinal Pole.

The *Hall* was built by Archbishop Juxon in the reign of Charles II., on the site of the hall built by Archbishop Boniface (1244), which was pulled down by Scot and Hardyng the regicides, who purchased the palace when it was sold under the Commonwealth. Juxon's arms and the date 1663 are over the door leading to the palace. The stained window opposite contains the arms of many of the archbishops, and a portrait of Archbishop Chicheley.* Archbishop Bancroft, whose arms appear at the east end, turned the hall into a *Library*, and the collection of books which it contains has been enlarged by his successors, especially by Archbishop Secker, whose arms appear at the west end, and who bequeathed his library to Lambeth. Upon the death of Laud, the books were saved from dispersion through being claimed by the University of Cambridge, under the will of Bancroft, which provided that they should go to the University if alienated from the see: they were restored by Cambridge to Archbishop Sheldon. The library contains a number of valuable MSS., the greatest treasure being a copy of Lord Rivers's

* The motto which surrounds it is misplaced, and belongs to Cranmer.

translation of the "Dicts and Sayings of the Philosophers," with an illumination of the Earl presenting Caxton on his knees to Edward IV. Beside the King stand Elizabeth Woodville and her eldest son, and this, the only known portrait of Edward V., is engraved by Vertue in his Kings of England.

A glass-case contains—the Four Gospels in Irish, a volume which belonged to King Athelstan, and was given by him to the city of Canterbury; a copy of the Koran written by Sultan Allaruddeen Siljuky in the 15th century, taken in the Library of Tippoo Saib at Seringapatam; the Lumley Chronicle of St. Alban's Abbey; Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-Book, with illuminations from Holbein's Dance of Death destroyed in Old St. Pauls; an illuminated copy of the Apocalypse, of the 13th century; the Mazarine Testament, 15th century; and the rosary of Cardinal Pole.

A staircase, lined with portraits of the Walpole family, leads from the Library to the *Guard Room*, now the Dining Hall. It is surrounded by an interesting series of portraits of the archbishops from the beginning of the sixteenth century.*

William Warham (1504—1533); translated from London; Lord Chancellor. The picture, by *Holbein*, was presented to the archbishop by the artist, together with a small portrait of Erasmus, which is now lost. This portrait belonged to Archbishop Parker, and is appraised at £5 in the inventory of his goods.

Thomas Cranmer (1533—1555-6); Archdeacon of Taunton, first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. Here (May 28, 1533) he declared and confirmed the marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and here, three years later, "having God alone before his eyes," he said the marriage was and always had been null and void, in consequence of impediments unknown at the time of the union. On the accession of Mary, he was found guilty of high treason, for having

* Unfortunately not hung in their order.

declared for Lady Jane Grey: he was pardoned the treason, but was burnt for heresy at Oxford, March 21, 1555. His palace at Lambeth, says Gilpin, might be called a seminary of learned men; the greater part of whom persecution had banished from home. Here, among other reformers, Martyr, Bucer, Aless, and Phage, found sanctuary.

Reginald Pole (1556—1559); Dean of Exeter, Cardinal. Mary I. refurnished Lambeth for Cardinal Pole, who was her cousin and whom she frequently visited here: he died a few hours after her. Fuller narrates that he was chosen by a night council to succeed Paul III. as Pope, but that he refused to accept a deed of darkness, and the next day the cardinals had changed their minds, and elected Julius III.

"His youthful books were full of the flowers of rhetoric, whilst the withered stalks are only found in the writings of his old age, so dry their style, and dull their conceit."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Matthew Parker (1559—1575); Dean of Lincoln. "A Parker indeed," says Fuller, "careful to keep the fences and shut the gates of discipline against all such night-stealers as would invade the same."

Edmund Grindal (1575—1583); translated from York. He was a great favourer of the Puritans and fell into disgrace with Elizabeth, by his opposition to her commands with regard to the restriction of preachers, which he considered an infringement of his office.

John Whitgift (1583—1604); translated from Worcester. A strong opponent of Puritanism, though, says Hooker, "he always governed with that moderation, which useth by patience to suppress boldness."

Richard Bancroft (1604—1611); translated from London.

"A great statesman he was, and grand champion of Church discipline, having well hardened the hands of his soul, which was no more than needed for him who was to meddle with nettles and briars, and met with much opposition. No wonder if those who were silenced by him in the church were loud against him in other places.

"David speaketh of 'poison under men's lips.' This bishop tasted plentifully thereof from the mouths of his enemies, till at last (as Mithridates) he was so habited to poisons, they became food to him. Once a gentleman, coming to visit him, presented him a lyebell, which he found pasted on his dore, who, nothing moved thereat, 'Cast it, said he, 'to a hundred more which lye here on a heap in my chamber."
—*Fuller's Worthies.*

George Abbot (1611—1633); translated from London. His fine portrait, of 1610, represents a "man of very morose manners and sour aspect which in that time was called gravity" (Clarendon). He owed

his advancement to his atrocious flattery of James I. and caused terrible scandal to the church by accidentally shooting dead a keeper when he was hunting in Bramshill Park (1621). He lived chiefly at Croydon.

William Laud (1633—1644); translated from London. The evil genius of Charles I., whose foolish religious conceits, mingled with his severities in the Star Chamber, contributed more than anything else to stir up Puritanism. He was unjustly beheaded by the vengeance of the Commons in his seventieth year, and the heroism of his death has almost caused the follies of his life to be forgotten. The portrait is by *Vandyke*.

William Juxon (1660—1663); translated from London. As Bishop of London he accompanied Charles I. to the scaffold, and received his last mysterious word—"Remember." He was consecrated Archbishop in the Chapel of Henry VII., "where, besides a great confluence of orthodox clergy, many persons of honour, and gentry, gave God thanks for the mercies of that day, as being touched at the sight of that good man, whom they esteemed a person of primitive sanctity, of great wisdom, piety, learning, patience, charity, and all apostolical virtues."—*Wood's Athen. Oxon.* iv. 819.

Gilbert Sheldon (1663—1678); translated from London. Founder of the Theatre at Oxford.

William Sancroft (1678—1691); Dean of St. Paul's. He attended Charles II. on his death-bed and was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower for refusing to order the reading of the Declaration of Indulgence in 1688; he was suspended, and eventually displaced by Tillotson for refusing to take the oaths to William and Mary.

John Tillotson (1691—1694); Dean of St. Paul's, the beloved friend of Mary II., who was considered to have "taught by his sermons more ministers to preach well, and more people to read well, than any man since the apostles' days."* Tillotson was the first bishop who wore a wig, but a wig was then unpowdered and like natural hair. The portrait is by *Mrs. Beale*.

"He was not only the best preacher of the age, but seemed to have brought preaching to perfection: his sermons were so well heard and liked, and so much read, that all the nation proposed him as a pattern and studied to copy after him."—*Burnet's Own Times.*

"The sermons of Tillotson were for half a century more read than any in our language. They are now bought almost as waste paper,

* Wilford's "Memorials."

and hardly read at all. Such is the fickleness of religious taste."—*Hallam, Lit. Hist. of Europe.*

Thomas Tenison (1694—1716); translated from Lincoln. As Vicar of St. Martin's he attended the Duke of Monmouth upon the scaffold, and as Archbishop he was present at the death-bed of Mary II.

William Wake (1716—1737); translated from Lincoln. The last archbishop who went to Parliament by water, author of many theological works.

John Potter (1737—1747); translated from Oxford. Author of the "Archæologia Græca" and other works.

Thomas Herring (1747—1757); translated from York. Portrait by *Hogarth.*

Matthew Hutton (1757—1758); translated from York. Portrait by *Hudson.*

Thomas Secker (1758—1768); translated from Oxford. Portrait by *Reynolds.* Celebrated as a preacher—

> "When Secker preaches, or when Murray pleads,
> The church is crowded, and the bar is thronged."

Frederick Cornwallis (1768—1783); translated from Lichfield. Portrait by *Dance.**

John Moore (1783—1805); translated from Bangor.

Charles Manners Sutton (1805—1828); translated from Norwich. Portrait by *Beechey.*

William Howley (1828—1848); translated from London.

John Bird Sumner (1848—1862); translated from Chester. Portrait by *Mrs. Carpenter.*

Charles Thomas Longley (1862—1868); translated from York.

Archibald Campbell Tait, translated from London in 1868.

The Small Dining Room contains portraits of—

Queen Katharine Parr.
Cardinal Pole.
Bishop Burnet, 1689, Chancellor of the Garter.

* This and several other of these fine portraits are completely ruined by "restoration."

Patrick, Bishop of Ely, 1691.
Pearce, Bishop of Bangor, 1747.
Berkeley, the first American Bishop.
Luther and Caterina Bora?

Through the panelled room called *Cranmer's Parlour* we enter—

The *Chapel*, which stands upon a *Crypt* supposed to belong to the manor-house built by Archbishop Herbert Fitzwalter, *c.* 1190. Its pillars have been buried nearly up to their capitals, to prevent the rising of the river tides within its walls. The chapel itself, though greatly modernised, is older than any other part of the palace, having been built by Archbishop Boniface, 1244-70. Its lancet windows were found by Laud—"shameful to look at, all diversely patched like a poor beggar's coat," and he filled them with stained glass, which he proved that he collected from ancient existing fragments, though his insertion of "Popish images and pictures made by their like in a mass book" was one of the articles in the impeachment against him. The glass collected by Laud was entirely smashed by the Puritans: the present windows were put in by Archbishop Howley.

In this chapel most of the archbishops have been consecrated since the time of Boniface. Archbishop Parker's consecration here, Dec. 17, 1559, according to the "duly appointed ordinal of the Church of England," is recorded in Parker's Register at Lambeth and in the Library of Corpus Christi College at Cambridge, thus falsifying the Romanist calumny of his consecration at the Nag's Head Tavern in Friday Street, Cheapside.*

* See Timbs's "Curiosities of London."

Here Parker erected his tomb in his lifetime "by the spot where he used to pray," and here he was buried, but his tomb was broken up, with every insult that could be shown, by Scot, one of the Puritan possessors of Lambeth, while the other, Hardyng, not to be outdone, exhumed the Archbishop's body, sold its leaden coffin, and buried it in a dunghill. His remains were found by Sir William Dugdale at the Restoration, and honourably reinterred in front of the altar, with the epitaph, "Corpus Matthæi Archiepiscopi *tandem* hic quiescit." His tomb, in the ante-chapel, was re-erected by Archbishop Sancroft, but the brass inscription which encircled it is gone.

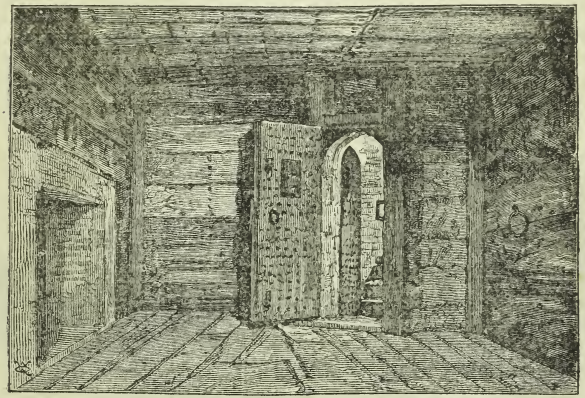
"Parker's apostolical virtues were not incompatible with the love of learning: and while he exercised the arduous office, not of governing, but of founding the Church of England, he strenuously applied himself to the study of the Saxon tongue and of English antiquities."—*Gibbon, Posthumous Works*, iii. 566.

The screen, erected by Laud, was suffered to survive the Commonwealth. At the west end of the chapel, high on the wall, projects a Gothic confessional, erected by Archbishop Chicheley. It was formerly approached by seven steps. The beautiful western door of the chapel opens into the curious *Post Room*, which takes its name from the central wooden pillar, supposed to have been used as a whipping-post for the Lollards. The ornamented flat ceiling which we see here is extremely rare. The door at the north-east corner, by which the Lollards were brought in, was walled up *c.* 1874.

Hence we ascend the *Lollards'* * *Tower*, built by Chicheley

* The name Lollard was used as a term of reproach to the followers of Wickliffe; but was derived from Peter Lollard, a Waldensian pastor in the middle of the thirteenth century.

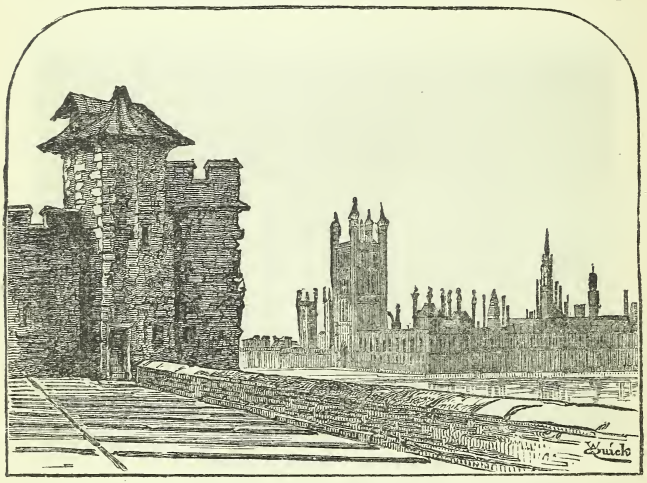
—the lower story of which is now given up by the Archbishop for the use of Bishops who have no fixed residence in London. The winding staircase, of rude slabs of unplaned oak, on which the bark in many cases remains, is of Chicheley's time. In a room at the top is a trap-door, through which as the tide rose prisoners, secretly condemned, could be let down unseen into the river. Hard by



The Lollards' Prison, Lambeth.

is the famous *Lollards' Prison* (13 feet long, 12 broad, 8 high), boarded all over walls, ceiling, and floor. The rough-hewn boards bear many fragments of inscriptions which show that others besides Lollards were immured here. Some of them, especially his motto "Nosce te ipsum," are attributed to Cranmer. The most legible inscription is "IHS cyppe me out of all al compane. Amen." Other boards bear the notches cut by prisoners to mark the lapse of time. The

eight rings remain to which the prisoners were secured: one feels that his companions must have envied the one by the window. Above some of the rings the boards are burnt with the hot-iron used in torture. The door has a wooden lock, and is fastened by the wooden pegs which preceded the use of nails; it is a relic of Archbishop Sudbury's palace



From the Lollards' Tower, Lambeth.

facing the river, which was pulled down by Chicheley. From the roof of the chapel there is a noble view up the river, with the quaint tourelle of the Lollards' Tower in the foreground.

The gardens of Lambeth are vast and delightful. Their terrace is called "*Clarendon's Walk*" from a conference which there took place between Laud and the Earl of

Clarendon. The "summer-house of exquisite workmanship," built by Cranmer, has disappeared. A picturesque view may be obtained of Cranmer's Tower, with the Chapel and the Lollards' Tower behind it.

The worldly glory of the Archbishops has paled of late.

"Let us look, for instance, at the list of the officers of Cranmer's household. It comprised a steward, treasurer, comptroller, gamators, clerk of the kitchen, caterer, clerk of the spicery, yeoman of the ewery, bakers, pantlers, yeoman of the horse, yeomen ushers, butlers of wine and ale, larderers, squillaries, ushers of the hall, porters, ushers of the chamber, daily waiters in the great chamber, gentlemen ushers, yeomen of the chambers, marshal, groom ushers, almoners, cooks, chandlers, butchers, master of the horse, yeoman of the wardrobe, and harbingers. The state observed of course corresponded with such a retinue. There were generally three tables spread in the hall, and served at the same time, at the first of which sat the archbishop, surrounded by peers of the realm, privy-councillors, and gentlemen of the greatest quality; at the second, called the Almoner's table, sat the chaplains and all the other clerical guests below the rank of diocesan bishops and abbots; and at the third, or Steward's table, sat all the other gentlemen invited. Cardinal Pole had a patent from Philip and Mary to retain one hundred servants. . . An interesting passage descriptive of the order observed in dining here in Archbishop Parker's time relates—'In the daily eating this was the custom: the steward, with the servants that were gentlemen of the better rank, sat down at the table in the hall on the right hand; and the almoners, with the clergy, and the other servants, sat on the other side, where there was plenty of all sorts of provision, both for eating and drinking. The daily fragments thereof did suffice to fill the bellies of a great number of poor hungry people that waited at the gate; and so constant and unfailing was this provision at my Lord's table, that whosoever came in either at dinner or supper, being not above the degree of a knight, might here be entertained worthy of his quality, either at the steward's or almoner's table. And moreover, it was the Archbishop's command to all his servants, that all strangers should be received and treated with all manner of civility and respect, and that places at the table should be assigned them according to their dignity and quality, which abounded much to the praise and commendation of the Archbishop. The discourse and conversation at meals

was void of all brawls and loud talking, and for the most part consisted in framing men's manners to religion, or to some other honest and beseeming subject. There was a monitor of the hall; and if it happened that any spoke too loud, or concerning things less decent, it was presently hushed by one that cried silence. The Archbishop loved hospitality, and no man showed it so much, or with better order, though he himself was very abstemious.' "—*J. Saunders in C. Knight's London.*

"The grand hospitalities of Lambeth have perished," as Douglas Jerrold observes, "but its charities live."

A quarter of a mile above Lambeth Bridge is *Doulton's Faience and Terra-Cotta Manufactory*, built in the Venetian-Gothic style: the peculiar red bricks having been made at Rowland's Castle in Hampshire and all the ornamental parts of the building having been executed in terra-cotta by Messrs. Doulton themselves. The chimney shaft for carrying off the smoke from the kilns has the effect of a campanile.

On the bank of the river above Lambeth is *Vauxhall.* The name dates from the marriage of Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Albemarle, sister of Archbishop Baldwin, with Foukes de Brent, after which the place was called Foukes-hall. It was given by the Black Prince to the Church of Canterbury. In the old manor-house, then called Copped Hall, Arabella Stuart was confined before her removal to the Tower.

Vauxhall Gardens were long a place of popular resort. They were laid out in 1661, and were at first known as the New Spring Gardens at Fox Hall, to distinguish them from the Old Spring Gardens at Whitehall. They were finally closed in 1859, and the site is now built over; but they will always be remembered from Sir Roger de Coverley's visit

to them in the *Spectator*,* and from the descriptions in Walpole's Letters and Fielding's "Amelia;" and many will have pleasant recollections of "the windings and turnings in little wildernesses so intricate, that the most experienced mothers often lost themselves in looking for their daughters." †

* No. 383. † Tom Brown's "Amusements."

CHAPTER X.

CHELSEA.

OPPOSITE Vauxhall, on the northern shore of the Thames, is *Milbank Prison*, built 1812, containing 1,550 cells. Its low towers with French conical roofs have given it the name of the "English Bastile." The Earls of Peterborough lived at Milbank, in Peterborough House, which afterwards belonged to the Grosvenors: in 1755, Richard, Earl Grosvenor, began to collect here the gallery of pictures which was moved to Grosvenor House in 1806.

Between Milbank Penitentiary and Vauxhall Bridge Road, adjoining a space where it is intended that a Roman Catholic Cathedral should one day arise, is *Archbishop's House*, the residence of the venerable ecclesiastic who is styled "Henry Edward, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, by the title of St. Andrew and St. Gregory on the Cœlian Hill, by the grace of God and the favour of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Westminster." This is the centre of the great movement of the Westminster Diocesan Education Fund, by which 30,000 poor Roman Catholic children in London are being educated. On the altar of the private chapel are the mitre and maniple of St. Thomas à Becket.

Ascending the Grosvenor Road we come to *Chelsea*, which, in the last century, from a country village, has become almost a part of London. As regards the etymology of its name, formerly written Chelchyth, the opinion of Norden is generally followed, who says "that Chelsey was so called of the nature of the place, whose strand is like the *chesel*, which the sea casteth up of sand and pebble stones."

We first reach the grounds of *Chelsea Hospital*, which was built on the site of "Chelsea College," satirically called "Controversy College," begun by Matthew Sutcliffe, Dean of Exeter, in the time of James I., "to the intent that learned men might there have maintenance to answer all the adversaries of religion." The Hospital for aged and disabled soldiers originated with Sir Stephen Fox, Paymaster of the Forces in the reign of Charles II., though the King laid the foundation stone, March, 1681-2. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect. The stateliest front is that towards the river, with two long projecting wings ending on a terrace and enclosing a kind of court, in the centre of which is a bronze *Statue of Charles II.*, presented by Tobias Rustat, and sometimes attributed to *Gibbons*, who executed the statue of James II. at Whitehall for the same patron, mentioned by Evelyn as "Toby Rustate, page of the back-stairs, a very simple, ignorant, but honest and loyal creature." He was enabled to erect statues by the wealth he accumulated through the patent places he received: the best statue given by him was that of Charles II. at Windsor, executed at Bremen. On the frieze of the cloistered wall which runs along the front of the Hospital is the history of the building:—

"In subsidium et levamen emeritorum senio belloque fractorum, condidit Carolus Secundus, auxit Jacobus Secundus, perfecere Gulielmus et Maria Rex et Regina, MDCXCII."

Within this cloister are monuments to Colonel Arthur Wellesley Torrens, mortally wounded at Inkerman, 1854; to Colonel Seton and his three hundred and fifty-seven companions, lost in the wreck of the *Birkenhead* off the Cape of Good Hope, February 26, 1852; and to Colonel Willoughby Moore and the men lost in the burning of the *Europa*, May 31, 1854.

In the *Wards* of the Hospital each pensioner has his own little oak chamber (where he may have his own pictures, books, &c.), with a door and window opening upon the great common passage. There are nurses to every ward. The pensioners have their meals (breakfast, dinner, and tea) in their own little rooms. They are permitted to go where they like, and may be absent for two months with leave, receiving an allowance of 10*d.* a day, if absent for more than three days.

The *Hall* (now used by the pensioners as a club-room, with tables for chess, cards, books, newspapers, &c.) is hung with tattered colours taken by the British army. On the end wall is a vast picture by *Verrio* and *Henry Cooke*, given by the Earl of Ranelagh, with an equestrian figure of Charles II. in the centre. It was the figure of the orange-girl in the corner of this picture which gave rise to the now exploded tradition that the foundation of the Hospital was instigated by Nell Gwynne. On the panels round the room the victories of Great Britain are recorded. It was in this hall that the great Duke of Wellington lay in state, November 10–17, 1852. The French Eagle of "the

Invincibles," taken by Lord Gough, who screwed off the top and put it into his pocket for safety on the battle-field, was stolen when the Duke of Wellington lay in state, probably by a Frenchman, who had watched the opportunity.

The *Chapel* has a picturesqueness of its own, from the mass of banners in every stage of decay, often only a few threads remaining, which wave from the coved roof, and fill the space at once with gloom and colour. They are chiefly relics of Indian wars: those taken from Tippoo Saib by the 39th battalion are on either side the altar. Many of the French banners have their eagles. The painting of the apse, representing the Resurrection, is by *Sebastiano Ricci*. In the chapel is the grave of William Cheselden, the famous surgeon and anatomist (1752), celebrated in the lines of Pope—

> "To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes,
> I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise."

"I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was. It shows that the truest merit does not travel so far anyway as on the wings of poetry. He is the most noted and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery: and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone."—*Letter from Pope to Swift.*

Here also is buried the Rev. William Young (1757), author of a Latin dictionary, but more interesting as the original of "Parson Adams" in Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." *

Strangers are admitted to the Sunday services here at 11 and 6.30, when the chapel, filled by the veteran soldiers (many of whom have a historic interest, faintly shown by the medals on their breasts), is an interesting and touching sight. There are about 550 pensioners in the

* See the Life of Edward Young, included in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

Hospital. They wear red coats in summer and blue coats in winter, and retain the cocked hats of the last century.

The *Gardens of Chelsea Hospital* (open to the public from 10 A.M. to sunset) somewhat resemble those of the old French palaces. A pleasant avenue leads to the wide open space towards the river, in the centre of which an obelisk was erected in 1849 in memory of the 155 officers and privates who fell at Chilianwallah. Hence the great red front of the Hospital, black under its overhanging eaves and high slated roof, with a narrow dome-capped portico in the centre, rises, rich in colour, beyond the green slopes. The eastern side of the gardens was once the famous *Ranelagh*, which was opened, 1742, as a rival to Vauxhall, and rose to great popularity under the patronage of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. June 29, 1744, Walpole writes, "Ranelagh has totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else—everybody goes there." But, at the beginning of the present century, the fashion changed; Ranelagh, described in "Humphrey Clinker" as "like the enchanted palace of a genii," became quite deserted, and it has now altogether ceased to exist.

"The proprietors of Ranelagh and Vauxhall used to send decoy-ducks among the ladies and gentlemen who were walking in the Mall, that is, persons attired in the height of fashion, who every now and then would exclaim in a very audible tone, 'What charming weather for Ranelagh' or 'for Vauxhall!' Ranelagh was a very pleasing place of amusement. There persons of inferior rank mingled with the highest nobility of Britain. All was so orderly and still that you could hear the *whishing* sound of the ladies' trains, as the immense assembly walked round and round the room. If you chose, you might have tea, which was served up in the neatest equipage possible. The price of admission was half-a-crown. People generally went to Ranelagh between nine and ten o'clock."—*Rogers's Table Talk.*

Another great resort near this was the "Old Chelsea

Bun House," a queer picturesque old house in Jew's Row, which had a marvellous popularity at all times, but especially on Good Friday, when as many as fifty thousand persons came here to buy buns, and two hundred and forty thousand buns were sold. George II. and Caroline of Anspach were fond of driving down to fetch their own buns, and the practice was continued by George III. and Queen Charlotte, which set the fashion with every one else. In 1839 the proprietors thought they would do a fine thing, and rebuilt the old house: they killed the hen that laid the golden eggs, no one came any more.

The *Botanic Garden* facing the river is the oldest garden of the kind in existence in England, Gerard's garden in Holborn and Tradescant's garden at Lambeth having perished. It was leased to the Apothecaries' Company, who still possess it, by Lord Cheyne in 1673, and was finally made over to them by Sir Hans Sloane in 1722. Evelyn used to walk in "the Apothecaries' garden of simples at Chelsea," and admire, "besides many rare annuals, the tree bearing jesuit's bark, which has done such wonders in quartan agues." The *Statue of Sir Hans Sloane* was erected in 1733. Near it is one of the picturesque cedars planted in 1683; its companion was blown down in 1845.

Fronting the river is the pretty water-side terrace called *Cheyne Walk* (from the Cheynes, once lords of the manor). Though much altered since the river has been thrust back by the Embankment, this, more than any place outside Hampton Court, recalls, in the brick houses and rows of trees like those in the Dutch towns, the time of William and Mary. The lower part of the terrace has a row of somewhat stately houses, bow-windowed, balconied, and

possessing old iron gates with pillars and pine-apples: in the upper part the line of ancient shops ends at the old church, while beyond the broad river are the yet open fields of Battersea. While the Thames was yet the aristocratic highway, Chelsea was the most convenient of country residences, and many of the great nobles had houses here. Elizabeth annually celebrated the anniversary of her coronation by coming in her barge to dine here with the Earl of Effingham, Lord High Admiral, the only person who had sufficient influence with her to make her go to bed in her last illness. There was a quadrangular royal manor-house here enclosing a courtyard (near where the pier now stands) which was long inhabited by illustrious relations of the sovereign. It was settled upon Queen Catherine Parr by Henry VIII. at her marriage, and to it she retired at his death. Hither her fourth husband, Sir Thomas Seymour, came secretly to woo her (being still only in her 35th year) within two months of the King's death, and she, fearing the displeasure of Edward VI., and still more that of the Protector Somerset and his proud wife, wrote hence to beg him to "come without suspect," and "I pray you let me have knowledge over-night at what hour ye will come, that your portress may wait at the gate to the fields for you."* At the time of the Queen's fourth marriage, her stepdaughter, the Princess Elizabeth, then only thirteen, was residing with her at Chelsea, and here occurred those probably innocent familiarities which were afterwards made one of the articles in the impeachment of Seymour. After Catherine's death at Sudeley Castle in 1548, the old royal manor of Chelsea appears to have been given to the Duke

* Letters of "Kateryn the Quene."

of Northumberland, father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey (whence his widow's burial in the church), and then to another Queen, "Anna, the daughter of Cleves," as she signed herself, who died at Chelsea, July 10, 1557, and was taken thence to be buried in Westminster Abbey with the splendour denied in her lifetime. Elizabeth afterwards granted the manor to the widowed Anne, Duchess of Somerset, aunt of Edward VI., who made it her residence. It subsequently passed through a number of illustrious hands, till it came to Charles, Viscount Cheyne (*ob.* 1698).* It was sold in 1712 to Sir Hans Sloane, from whom it passed to Lord Cadogan of Oakley. These later possessors are commemorated in Cheyne Walk, Hans and Cadogan Places, and Sloane Street and Oakley Crescent. Chelsea gives a title to the eldest son of Earl Cadogan.

The Bishops of Winchester had a house in Cheyne Walk, after the ruin of their palace in Southwark, and they resided there from 1663 to 1820. In Cheyne Walk also were the Coffee House and Museum of Salter who had been Sir Hans Sloane's valet—"Don Saltero" described by Steele in the *Tatler* (No. 34). Pennant records that when he was a boy at Chelsea, his father used to take him to Don Saltero's, and there he used to see Richard Cromwell—"a little and very neat old man, with a placid countenance."

Beyond the church was an ancient manor-house with a gateway and large gardens to the river, known in its later existence as "Beaufort House." In this rural retirement, from which he could easily reach London in his barge, Sir Thomas More lived after his resignation of the Chan-

* The beautiful Duchess of Mazarin died 1699 in a house which belonged to Lord Cheyne in Cheyne Walk.

cellorship in 1532. Erasmus, who frequently visited him, and who probably wrote here his "Moriæ Encomium," of which the preface is dated "Ex rure, 1532," describes More's family life:

"There he converses with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters * and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is no man living so affectionate to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid. Such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happeneth that cannot be helped, he loveth it as if nothing could have happened more happily. You would say there was in that place Plato's academy; but I do his house an injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, where there were only disputations of numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian Religion; for though there is none therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue: there is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard; none seem idle; that worthy gentleman doth not govern with proud and lofty words, but with well-timed and courteous benevolence; everybody performeth his duty, yet there is always alacrity; neither is sober mirth anything wanting."

Here Linacre and Colet were frequent guests. The "Il Moro" of Ellis Heywood, dedicated to Cardinal Pole, 1556, gives a dissertation, on the sources of happiness, supposed to have been held by six learned men in the garden here.

"The place was wonderfully charming, both from the advantages of its site—for from one part almost the whole of the noble city of London was visible, and from another, the beautiful Thames, with the green meadows and wooded heights surrounding it—and also for its own beauty, for it was crowned with an almost perpetual verdure, it had flowering shrubs, and the branches of fruit-trees, so beautifully interwoven, that it was as if Nature herself had woven a living tapestry."

It was here that, when a beggar-woman who had lost her little dog came to complain that it was in the keeping of

* Margaret Roper, Elizabeth Dauncy, and Cecilia Heron.

Lady More—who had taken it in and refused to give it up —Sir Thomas sent for his lady with the little dog, and, "because she was the worthier person, caused her to stand at the upper end of the hall, and the beggar at the lower end, and saying that he sat there to do every one justice, he bade each of them call the dog; which when they did, the dog went presently to the beggar, forsaking my lady. When he saw this he bade my lady be contented, for it was none of hers," and she, repining, agreed with the beggar for a piece of gold, "which would well have bought three dogs." Here Holbein remained for three years as More's guest, employed on the portraits of his family and friends, and on the numerous sketches which were discovered amongst the royal collections and arranged by Queen Caroline. Here he was introduced by Sir Thomas to the notice of Henry VIII.

"And for the pleasure he (Henry VIII.) took in his (More's) company would his grace sometimes come home to his house in Chelsea to be merry with him, whither, on a time unlooked for, he came to dinner, and after dinner, in a fair garden of his, walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck."—*Roper's Life of More.*

The terrace of the garden towards the river was the scene of More's adventure with the madman.

"It happened one time, that a Tom of Bedlam came up to him, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, saying, 'Leap, Tom, leap.' The chancellour was in his gowne, and besides ancient, and not able to struggle with such a strong fellowe. My Lord had a little dog with him. Sayd he, 'Let us first throwe the dog downe, and see what sport that will be;' so the dog was throwne over. 'This is very fine sport,' sayd my Lord, 'fetch him up, and try once more;' while the madman was goeing downe, my Lord fastened the dore, and called for help, but ever after kept the dore shutt."—*Aubrey's Lives.*

Hard by, in Chelsea, Sir Thomas hired a house for many aged people, whom he daily relieved, and it was his daughter Margaret Roper's charge to see that they wanted for nothing.*

After the attainder of Sir Thomas More, his house at Chelsea was granted by Henry VIII. to Sir William Paulet, afterwards Marquis of Winchester. On the death of his widow in 1586 it passed to her daughter by Sir R. Sackville, Anne, Lady Dacre. She bequeathed it to the great Lord Burleigh, whose son Robert rebuilt or altered it and eventually sold it to the Earl of Lincoln, whose daughter married Sir Arthur Gorges. He conveyed the house to Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, who sold it in 1625 to Charles I. This king granted it to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. During the Commonwealth it was inhabited by John Lisle, the regicide, and Sir Bulstrode Whitelock, the historian. It was sold to pay the debts of the second Duke of Buckingham, and passed into the hands of Digby, Earl of Bristol. His widow sold it to Henry, Duke of Beaufort, who came to inhabit it in 1662, when he left Beaufort Buildings in the Strand, and died in 1699, and from his descendants it was purchased by Sir Hans Sloane, who pulled it down in 1740.

Chelsea Old Church (St. Luke) bears evidence of the various dates at which it has been built and altered from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries. The brick tower is of 1662-4. At the south-east angle of the churchyard is the quaint tomb of Sir Hans Sloane (1753), the great physician, who attended Queen Anne upon her deathbed, and was created a baronet by George I., being the first

* Cresacre's "Life of More."

physician who attained that honour. He collected in the neighbouring manor-house the books, medals, and objects of Natural History which, purchased after his death, became the foundation of the British Museum. The monument erected by his two daughters, "Sarah Stanley and Eliza Cadogan," is an urn entwined with serpents, under a canopy. The charity with which Sir Hans Sloane made himself "the physician of the poor" caused his funeral here to be attended by vast multitudes of his grateful patients: the funeral sermon was preached by Zachary Pearce.

The interior of Chelsea Church retains more of an old-world look than any other in London. It has never been "restored," and the monuments with which it is covered give it a wonderful amount of human interest. It is peopled with associations. The aisles are the same round which Sir Thomas More used to carry the cross at the head of the church processions, and the choir is that in which he chanted every Sunday in a surplice, and having provoked the Duke of Norfolk's remonstrance, "God's body, my Lord Chancellor, what a parish clerk!—you dishonour the king and his office," replied, "Nay your grace may not think I dishonour my prince in serving his God and mine." We may see here the ex-Chancellor on the day after he had resigned the great seal of England, who "had carried that dignity with great temper and lost it with great joy,"* breaking the news to his wife, to whose pew one of his gentlemen had been in the habit of going after mass and saying "his lordship is gone," by going up to her pew door himself and saying, "May it please your ladyship, my lord-

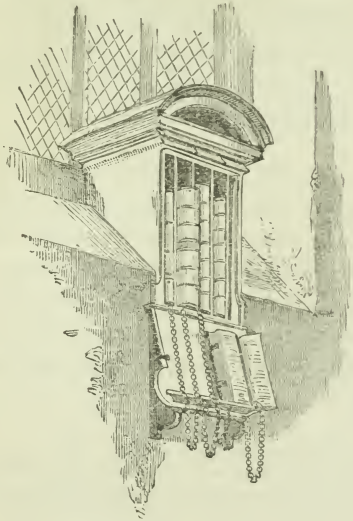
* Burnet.

ship is gone," which she at first imagined to be one of his jests, but when he sadly affirmed it to be true, broke out with, "Tilly vally, what will you do, Mr. More, will you sit and make goslings in the ashes? it is better to rule than to be ruled."

It was here also that, on the morning of his trial at Lambeth, Sir Thomas More was confessed and received the sacrament, and "whereas ever at other times, before he parted from his wife and children, they used to bring him to his boat, and he there, kissing them, bade them farewell; he at this time suffered none of them to follow him forth of his gate, but pulled the wicket after him, and with a heavy heart, as by his countenance appeared, he took boat with his son Roper and their men."

At the west end of the church hang the tattered remains of the banners given by Queen Charlotte to her own regiment of volunteers, 1804, "at the time when the country was threatened by an inveterate enemy," and which were "deposited here by them as a memorial of her most gracious favour to the inhabitants of the parish for their zeal, loyalty, and patriotism." In the clock-room is a bell given by the Hon. William Ashburnham, who, in 1679, lost his way at night and fell into the river in the dark. Not knowing where he was, he gave himself up as lost, but just then Chelsea Church clock struck nine close by. In gratitude he presented this bell to the church, inscribed, "The Honourable William Ashburnham, Esquire, cofferer to his Majestie's Household, 1679," and he left a sum of money for ringing it every evening at nine o'clock from Michaelmas to Lady Day, a custom which was observed till 1825.

At the entrance of the south aisle are a curious lectern and bookcase, containing the Bible, the Homilies, and Foxe's Book of Martyrs, huge volumes heavily bound in leather with massive clasps, chained to the desk, where they may be read. Beyond, against the south wall, resplendent in



The Chained Books. Chelsea.

coloured marbles, stands the gorgeous Corinthian monument of Gregory, Lord Dacre, 1594, and Anne, Lady Dacre, 1595. The tomb bears his effigy in armour and hers in a long cloak; a baby has its own tiny tomb at the side. This Lady Dacre was the foundress of "Emanuel College"—Lady Dacre's Almshouses—at Westminster. Opposite is

the tomb of "that generous and wealthy gentleman, Arthur Gorges," 1668, with the epitaph—

"Here sleepes and feeles no pressure of the stone,
He, that had all the Gorges soules in one.
Here the ingenious valiant Arthur lies
To be bewail'd by marble and our eyes
By most beloved, but *Love* cannot retrieve
Dead friends, has power to kill not make alive.
Let him rest free from envy, as from paine,
When all the Gorges rise heele rise againe
This last retiring rome his own dothe call;
Who after death has that and Heaven has all.
Live Arthur by the spirit of thy fame,
Chelsey itself must dy before thy name."

The east end of the south aisle is the chapel built by Sir Thomas More in 1520.* It contains the monument (florid but excellent of the period) of *Sir Robert Stanley*, 1632, second son of William, sixth Earl of Derby. In front is his characteristic bust, and at the sides are busts of his children Ferdinando and Henrietta Maria; the little girl wears a necklace with the Eagle and Child, the badge of the Stanleys.

"To say a Stanley lies here, that alone
Were epitaph enough; noe brass, noe stone,
Noe glorious tombe, noe monumental hearse,
Noe guilded trophy, or lamp labour'd verse
Can dignifie this grave or sett it forth
Like the immortal fame of his owne worth.
Then Reader, fixe not here, but quitt this roome
And fly to Abram's bossome, there's his tombe;
There rests his soule, and for his other parts,
They are imbalm'd and lodg'd in good men's harts.
A brauer monument of stone or lyme,
Noe art can rayse, for this shall outlast tyme."

* It continued to belong to Beaufort House.

Close by, battered and worn, and robbed of half its decorations, is the deeply interesting tomb of the unhappy Jane Dudley, Duchess of Northumberland (1555), mother-in-law of Lady Jane Grey. After the brief reign of Lady Jane was over, the Duchess saw her husband and her son Lord Guildford Dudley beheaded on Tower Hill, her son John die in the Tower, and the confiscation of all her property: but she survived these calamities, and, having borne all her trials quietly with great wisdom and prudence, she lived to see the restoration of her house. Her son Ambrose was reinstated in the Earldom of Warwick, and her son Robert, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, was created Earl of Leicester. Her will is extant and curious.

"My will is earnestly and effectually, that little solemnitie be made for me, for I had ever have a thousand-foldes my debts to be paid, and the poor to be given unto, than any pomp to be showed upon my wretched carkes: therefore to the worms will I go, as I have before written in all points, as you will answer y^t^ before God. And if you breke any one jot of it, your wills hereafter may chance to be as well broken. After I am departed from this worlde, let me be wonde up in a sheet, and put into a coffin of woode, and so layde in the ground with such funeralls as parteyneth to the burial of a corse. I will at my years mynde have such divyne service as myne executors think fit; nor, in no wise to let me be opened after I am dead. I have not lived to be very bold afore women, much more wolde I be lothe to come into the hands of any lyving man, be he physician or surgeon." *

The directions of the Duchess as to the simplicity of her funeral were utterly disregarded by her family, for with heralds and torches she was borne with the utmost magnificence through Chelsea, her waxen effigy being exposed upon her coffin, as at the royal funerals at Westminster. In the recess of the tomb are the arms of the Duchess encircled by

* The Duchess bequeathed to the Duchess of Alva, lady in waiting to Queen Mary, her "green parrot, having nothing else worthy of her."

the Garter. The brass representing the Duke and his sons —including the husbands of Jane Grey and Amy Robsart —is torn away, but that of the Duchess and her daughters remains.* She wears a robe, once enamelled, now painted, with shield of arms. Of the daughters, the eldest, Mary, was mother of Sir Philip Sidney; the second, Catherine, married the Earl of Huntingdon, grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury.

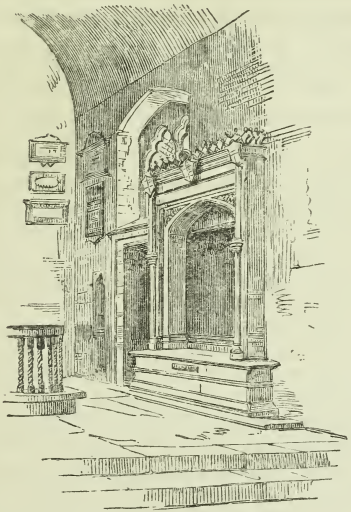
"Here lyeth ye right noble and excellent prynces Lady Jane Guyldeford, late Duches of Northumberland, daughter and sole heyre unto ye right honorable Sr Edward Guyldeford, Knight, Lord Wardeyn of ye fyve portes, ye which Sr Edward was sonne to ye right honorable Sr Richard Guyldeford, sometymes knight and companion of ye most noble order of ye garter; and the said Duches was wyfe to the right high and mighty prince John Dudley, late Duke of Northumberland, by whom she had yssew 13 children, that is to wete 8 sonnes and 5 daughters; and after she had lived yeres 46, she departed this transitory world at her manor of Chelse ye 22 daye of January in ye second yere of ye reigne of our sovereyne Lady Quene Mary the first, and in Ano. 1555: on whose soule Jesu have mercy."

The altar-tomb which stood beneath the canopy is destroyed, and a little tablet which was affixed to it is let into the wall above; it commemorates a second time *Catherine*, wife of the Earl of Huntingdon, and daughter of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, 1620.

Entering the chancel we come to the tomb which Sir Thomas More erected in his lifetime (1532) to his own memory and that of his two wives. Hither he removed the remains of his first wife, Joan, the mother of his children, the wife whom he married, "though his affection most served him to her second sister," because he thought "it would be a grief and some blemish to the eldest to have

* This precious relic is disgracefully ill-cared for.

her younger sister preferred before her." * Here his second wife—a widow, Mrs. Alice Middleton, of whom he was wont to say that she was "nec bella, nec puella"—was buried. Hither also, according to Aubrey, Weaver, and Anthony à Wood, More's own headless body was removed



The More Tomb, Chelsea.

from St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower, where it was first interred; but neither his son-in-law Roper, nor his great grandson C. More, who wrote his life, mentions the fact, which is rendered improbable by Margaret Roper having previously moved Bishop Fisher's body from Allhallows,

* Cresacre More's "Life of Sir T. More."

Barking, that it might rest with his friend in the Tower Chapel.* The head of Sir Thomas More is preserved in St. Dunstan's Church at Canterbury by the tomb of his best-beloved daughter Margaret Roper.

The monument was restored in the reign of Charles I. (by Sir Thomas Lawrence of Chelsea), and again in 1833. On both occasions the words "hereticisque" were intentionally omitted: there is a blank space where they should have appeared. Above is the crest of Sir T. More—a moor's head—and his own arms with those of his two wives. The Latin epitaph is Sir Thomas's biography of himself—

"Thomas More, of the city of London, was of an honourable, though not a noble family, and possessed considerable literary attainments. After having, as a young man, practised for some years at the bar, and served as sheriff for his native city, he was summoned to the palace and made a member of the Privy Council by the invincible king Henry VIII. (who received the distinction unattained by any other sovereign, of being justly called Defender of the Faith, which he had supported both with his sword and pen). He was then made a knight and vice-treasurer, and through excessive royal favour was created chancellor, first of the Duchy of Lancaster, and afterwards of England. In the mean time, he had been returned to serve in Parliament, and was besides frequently appointed ambassador by his Majesty. The last time he filled this high office was at Cambray, where he had for a colleague, as chief of legation, Tunstall, Bishop of London, soon afterwards of Durham, a man scarcely excelled by any of his contemporaries in learning, prudence, and moral worth; at this place he was present at the assembly of the most powerful monarchs of Christendom, and beheld with pleasure the renewal of ancient treaties, and the restoration of a long-wished-for peace to the world. 'Grant, O ye Gods, that this peace may be eternal!'

"In this round of duties and honours he acquired the esteem of the best of princes, the nobility and people, and was dreaded only by thieves and murderers (and heretics).† At length his father, Sir John

* See Doyne C. Bell's "Notices of Historic Persons buried in St. Peter ad Vincula."

† Fuller says that More had a tree in his garden at Chelsea which he called "the tree of truth," and that he used to bind heretics to it to be scourged.

More, was nominated by the king a member of the Privy Council. He was of a mild, harmless, gentle, merciful, and just disposition, and was in excellent health, though an old man. When he had seen his son Chancellor of England, he felt that his life had been sufficiently prolonged, and passed gladly from earth to heaven.

"At his death, the son, who in his father's lifetime was esteemed a young man both by himself and others, deeply lamenting his father's loss, and seeing four children and eleven grandchildren around him, began to feel the pressure of years. Shortly afterwards this feeling was increased by a pulmonary affection, which he regarded as the sure forerunner of old age. Therefore, wearied of worldly enjoyments, he obtained permission from the best of princes to resign his dignities, that he might spend the closing years of his life free from care, which he had always desired, and that, withdrawing his mind from the occupations of this world, he might devote himself to the contemplation of immortality. As a constant reminder of the inevitable approach of death, he has prepared this vault, whither he has removed the remains of his first wife. Good Reader, I beseech thee, that thy pious prayers may attend me while living, and follow me when dead, that I may not have done this in vain, nor dread with trembling the approach of death, but willingly undergo it for Christ's sake, and that death to me may not be really death, but rather the door of a more blessed life."

Beneath are the lines—

"Chara Thomæ jacet hic Joanna uxorula Mori,
Qui tumulum Aliciæ hunc destino, quique mihi.
Una mihi dedit hoc conjuncta virentibus annis,
Me vocet ut puer et trina puella patrem.
Altera privignis (quæ gloria rara Novercæ est)
Tam pia, quam gratis, vox fuit ulla suis.
Altera sic mecum vixit, sic altera vivit,
Charior incertum est, quæ sit an illa fuit.
O simul, O juncti poteramus vivere nos tres,
Quam bene, si fatum religioque sinant.
At societ tumulus, societ nos, obsecro, cœlum!
Sic mors, non potuit quod dare vita, dabit."

A tablet on the wall above commemorates *Elizabeth Mayerne*, 1653, daughter of Sir Theodore Mayerne, the famous physician, and wife of Peter de Caumont, Marquis

de Montpelier, a French Protestant who fled to England from the Huguenot persecutions.

Opposite the More monument is an altar-tomb of the *Bray* family, who held the manor in the reign of Henry VII., which formerly bore the inscription—"Pray for the soul of Edmund Bray, knight, Lord Bray, cosin and heire to Sir Reginald Bray, Knight of the Garter."* His brother Reginald Bray lies with him. On the same wall is the well-executed little monument of *Thomas Hungerford* (1581), distinguished at Musselburgh Field, so often alluded to in the charming descriptions of this old church in the "Hillyers and Burtons," by Henry Kingsley, whose father became Rector of Chelsea in 1836, and who vividly portrays in his book the reminiscences of his own childhood.

A sort of triumphal arch, forming the entrance to the north aisle, is the tomb of *Richard Gervoise*, Sheriff of London, 1557, one of an ancient family who resided in the precincts of Chelsea Palace.

The east end of the north aisle is the chapel of the Lawrence family, from whom Lawrence Street, Chelsea, takes its name. The most conspicuous monument is that of *Mrs. Colvill*, 1631, with her half figure rising from the tomb in her winding-sheet; but far more worth notice is the small tomb of her father, *Thomas Lawrence*, 1593, with a beautifully finished little family group kneeling on cushions, the dead babies lying beside them.

Against the north wall, in a kind of marble cave, on a black sarcophagus, reclines the figure of *Lady Jane Cheyne*, 1669, eldest daughter of William Cavendish, Duke of New-

* Weaver's "Funeral Monuments."

castle, and his comical Duchess.* Beneath is an inscription to her husband Charles Cheyne, "whom she never grieved but in her death." The statue of Lady Jane is attributed to *Bernini*, and the drapery is characteristic of his style, though the impossible *hand* proves an inferior master.

"Four hundred years of memory are crowded into this dark old church, and the flood of change beats round the walls, and shakes the door in vain, but never enters. The dead stand thick together there, as if to make a brave resistance to the moving world outside, which jars upon their slumber. It is a church of the dead. I cannot fancy anyone being married in that church—its air would chill the boldest bride that ever walked to the altar. No; it is a place for old people to creep into and pray, until their prayers are answered, and they sleep with the rest."—*H. Kingsley.*

Amongst those who are buried here without monuments are *Mrs. Fletcher*, widow of the Bishop of London, and mother of the dramatic poet; *Magdalen, Lady Herbert*, mother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and George Herbert the poet, "who gave rare testimonies of an incomparable piety to God, and love to her children,"† whose funeral sermon was preached here by Dr. Donne in the presence of Izaak Walton; *Thomas Shadwell*, the poet, the MacFlecknoe of Dryden; *Mrs. Mary Astell*, 1731, a popular religious writer of her time; and *Boyer*, author of the well-known French Dictionary and a History of Queen Anne. In the King's Road Cemetery, which was given to the parish by Sir Hans Sloane, is the tomb of *John Baptist Cipriani*, the artist (1785).

Against the south wall of the church on the exterior is the monument of *Dr. Chamberlayne* (1703), author of the "Angliæ Notitia." His strange epitaph records that "he

* See the account of her in the chapter on Westminster Abbey.
† See Walton's "Lives."

was so studious of good to all men, and especially to posterity, that he ordered some of his books, covered with wax, to be buried with him, which may be of use in time to come." More extraordinary is the adjoining epitaph of his daughter Anne Spragg (1691), which narrates how, "having long declined marriage, and aspiring to great achievements, unusual to her age and sex, she, on the 30th of June, 1690, on board a fire-ship, in man's clothing—as a second Pallas, chaste and fearless—fought valiantly for six hours against the French, under the command of her brother."

Lindsey House (facing the river) was built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1674 for Robert, Earl of Lindsey, Lord Great Chamberlain, on the site of the house of Sir Theodore Mayerne (*ob.* 1655), who was physician to Henri IV. and Louis XIII. of France, and afterwards to James I. and Charles I. of England. Lord Lindsey had previously inhabited Lindsey House in Lincoln's Inn Fields. His descendant, the Duke of Ancaster, sold the house in 1751 to Count Zinzendorf, who lived there, while presiding over the Moravian community which he had established in Chelsea. The next house was at one time inhabited by John Martin, by whom there are remains of a fresco on the garden wall.

Zinzendorf bought some of the land belonging to Beaufort House for a burial-ground. In King's Road (No. 381) is the entrance of a green enclosure, containing his Chapel, a brick building with broad overhanging eaves, occupying the site of Sir Thomas More's stables: it is still the property of the Moravians. Against the outer wall is a monument to "Christopher Renatus, Count of Zinzendorf and Pollendorff, born Dec. 19, 1727, departed May 28,

1732," the only son of the founder of the Moravians, who died suddenly in Westminster Abbey. Close by is the monument of Henry LV. of Reuss (1816), his wife Maria Justina, and Henry LXXIII. of Reuss. Some brick walls which belonged to Sir Thomas More's house may still be seen to the south of the burial-ground.

In No. 119 Cheyne Walk, a humble two-storied brick house facing the river and boats, the great painter J. M. W. Turner spent his latter days, shutting up his house in Queen Anne Street, that he might give himself up to the enjoyment of the soft effects upon the still reaches of the Thames. He lived here as Mr. Booth, but the Chelsea boys gave him the name of "Admiral Booth" or "Puggy Booth." When he knocked at the door of this house and wished to engage the lodgings, the landlady asked him for references—"References!" stormed the irascible old man; "these, Ma'am, are my references," and he thrust a bundle of bank-notes in her face. "Well, Sir, but what is your name?" "Name, Ma'am, may I ask what is *your* name, Ma'am?" "Oh I am Mrs. Booth." "Well then, Ma'am, I am *Mr. Booth*." The still-existing balcony of the house was erected by Turner: he died here, Dec. 19, 1851.

The old-fashioned terrace of *Cheyne Row* will always be interesting as having been the abode of the venerable historian, essayist, and philosopher, Thomas Carlyle. His house and its pictures have been well described in "Celebrities at Home," 1876, with his library, "perhaps the smallest, saving mere books of reference, that ever belonged to a great man of letters—explained by his magnificent memory."

Near the end of Church Street, Chelsea, was the famous

porcelain manufactory, which existed as early as 1698, but was at its zenith 1750-63. In 1764 it was removed to Derby, and the ware was then called Derby-Chelsea. Mr. De Morgan has lately established a manufactory in Chelsea, in imitation of the old Spanish lustre-ware.

Half a mile beyond Chelsea were Cremorne Gardens, long a place of public amusement, formerly belonging to Cremorne House.

The name of Peter's Eye or Island still lingers in that of *Battersea* on the opposite side of the river, which was part of the ancient patrimony of St. Peter's Abbey at Westminster. It was formerly famous for its asparagus beds.

Crossing *Battersea Bridge* (½*d.*) and turning to the right, we reach the *Church* (*of St. Mary*), rebuilt at the end of the last century and very ugly. It is, however, worth while to enter it and ascend to the northern gallery, to visit a monument by *Roubiliac* to Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, adored by Pope—whom he attended on his death-bed, and who considered him the first writer, as well as the greatest man, of his age; hated by Walpole as a political rival; lauded by Swift and Smollett; despised as "a scoundrel and a coward" by Dr. Johnson. His youth had been so wild that his father's congratulation when he was created a Viscount was, "Ah, Harry, I ever said you would be hanged; but now I find you will be *beheaded*." In 1715 he was impeached for high treason by the Whigs, and fled to the Court of Prince Charles Stuart, where he accepted the post of Secretary, which led in England to his attainder. His estates were restored in 1723, but his political career was closed, and the last ten years of his

life were spent in retirement at Battersea manor-house. His epitaph tells his story.

"Here lies Henry St. John, in the reign of Queen Anne, Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and Viscount Bolingbroke; in the days of George I. and George II. something more and better. His attachment to Queen Anne exposed him to a long and severe persecution; he bore it with firmness of mind. He passed the latter part of his life at home, the enemy of no national party, the friend of no faction; distinguished (under the cloud of proscription which had not been entirely taken off) by zeal to maintain the liberty, and to restore the ancient prosperity of Great Britain."

Mary Clara des Champs de Maurily, Viscountess Bolingbroke, is commemorated on the same monument, and there are many other St. John tombs in the church. In the south gallery is the monument of *Sir Edward Wynter*, 1685-6, with a relief portraying the two principal feats of this hero, which are thus recorded in his long epitaph—

"Alone, unarm'd, a tyger he opprest,
And crush'd to death ye monster of a beast;
Twice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew,
Singly on foot, some wounded, some he slew,
Dispers'd ye rest.—What more could Samson doe?"

The repaired east window is especially interesting as having been given by Sir Thomas Boleyn, father of Queen Anne.* It contains the portraits of Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth. In the crypt beneath the church the coffin of Bolingbroke and others of its illustrious dead were shown till lately. They are now (1877) put under ground. From the churchyard, girt on two sides by the lapping river, we may admire the picturesque *Luff Barges*, sometimes called *Clipper Barges*,

* His great-granddaughter Anne Leighton married Sir John St. John of Battersea.

of a smaller class than the ordinary square barges of the Thames, and provided with a foresail only.

A mill and miller's house near the river (reached by the second gateway from the church in the direction of the bridge) contain all that remains of the old manor-house where Bolingbroke died.

Battersea Park, formed in 1856-57, faces Chelsea Hospital. It is pretty in summer, and its sub-tropical garden, of four acres, is beautiful. Two bridges, *Albert Bridge* and *New Chelsea Bridge*, connect it with the opposite shore. It was in Battersea Fields that the Duke of Wellington fought a duel with the Earl of Winchilsea in 1829.

Maitland * considers that this is the place where the Britons, after being defeated by Claudius, were compelled to ford the river, and were followed by the Emperor, who completely routed them. He also thinks that Julius Cæsar effected the passage of the Thames at this spot.

* "History of London."

CHAPTER XI.

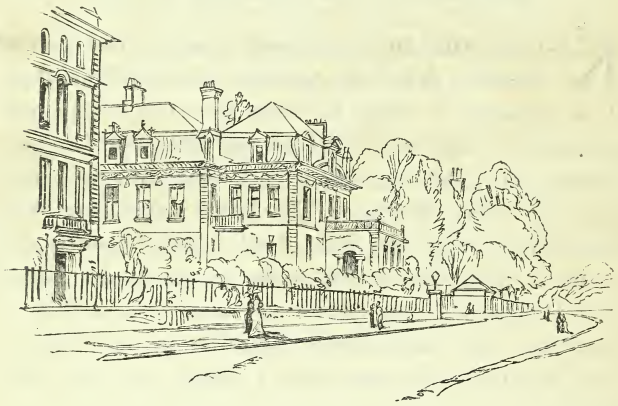
KENSINGTON AND HOLLAND HOUSE.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, till lately a suburb, now part of London, skirts the southern side of Hyde Park. It is supposed to derive its name from two knights who quarrelled on their way to receive the Bishop of London's blessing, and, fighting, killed each other by the bridge over the West Bourne. The brook called the West Bourne has shared the fate of all London brooks, and is now a sewer, but it still works its way under ground from Hampstead, after giving its name to a district in Bayswater, and passes under Belgravia to the Thames. Pont Street has its name from a bridge over the West Bourne.

At the crossways, where the Brompton Road turns off to the left, is *Tattersall's*, the most celebrated auction mart for horses in existence, and the headquarters of horse-racing, established in 1774 by Richard Tattersall, stud-groom to the last Duke of Kingston. Sales take place every Monday throughout the year, and every Thursday during the season. The business of the firm is confined to the selling of horses; they have nothing to do with the betting.

Following the Knightsbridge Road on the left are several of the handsomest houses in London—*Kent House* (Louisa, Lady Ashburton), on the site of a house once inhabited by the Duke of Kent; *Stratheden House*, where Lord Campbell wrote his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors;" and *Alford House* (Lady Marian Alford), an admirable building of brick, with high roofs, and terra-cotta ornaments.

Beyond this are Rutland Gate and Prince's Gate.



Alford House.

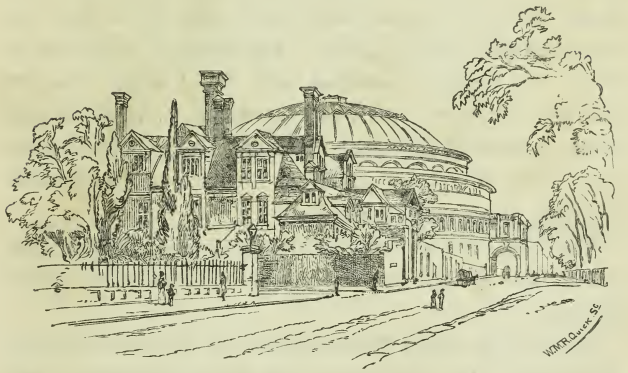
No. 49 Prince's Gate, the house of Mr. Leyland, contains the *Peacock Room*, decorated by Mr. Whistler in 1876-77. The walls and ceiling are entirely covered with peacock iridescence, while the separate peacocks on the shutters are full of nature and beauty, and still more those in defiance over the sideboard, which express a peacock-drama.

The tall brick chimneys and gables on the left belong to

the highly picturesque *Lowther Lodge* (Hon. W. Lowther), an admirable work of Norman Shaw.

All along this road London has been moving out of town for the last twenty years, but has never succeeded in getting into the country.

At *Kensington Gore*, where Wilberforce resided from 1808 to 1821, and held his anti-slavery meetings, and where Lady Blessington lived afterwards, the centre of a



Lowther Lodge.

brilliant circle, the line of houses and villas is broken by the *Albert Hall*, a vast elliptical building of brick, with terra-cotta decorations. It was commenced in 1867, and is used as a music-hall. This huge pile has no beauty, except in the porches, which are exceedingly grandiose in form, and effective in shadow and colour.

[Behind the Albert Hall is a vast quadrangular space, occupied (1877) by the *Horticultural Gardens*, and sur-

rounded by Exhibition Galleries. At its south-eastern angle, facing Cromwell Road, is the South Kensington Museum. See Ch. XII.]

Opposite the Hall, marking the site of the Crystal Palace of 1851, and of the Exhibition whose success was so greatly due to his exertions, is the *Albert Memorial*, erected from designs of Sir Gilbert Scott to the ever-honoured memory of the Prince Consort, Albert of Saxe Gotha (*ob.* Dec. 14, 1861). Here, beneath a somewhat flimsy imitation of a Gothic shrine of the thirteenth century, the seated statue of the Prince is barely distinguishable through the dazzlement of a gilded glitter. The pedestal, whose classic forms so strangely contrast with the Gothic structure above, is decorated with a vast number of statuettes in high relief, representing different painters, sculptors, and musicians, from Hiram and Bezaleel, Cheops and Sennacherib, to Pugin, Barry, and Cockerell!

The *Iron Gates* of the Park near this were made at Colebrook Dale for the south transept of the Crystal Palace of 1851.

Beyond the Albert Memorial, on the right, are *Kensington Gardens*, the pleasantest and most picturesque of the London recreation-grounds, occupying 261 acres. They were begun by William III. near Kensington Palace, and enlarged by Queen Anne and Queen Caroline of Anspach. The earlier gardens still retain traces of the Dutch style in which they were originally laid out. Near the high road to the south is "St. Govor's Well." The portion nearer Hyde Park has noble groves and avenues of old trees, crowded with people sitting and walking on Sunday afternoons. The pleasantest and broadest of these walks ends in an iron

bridge over the upper part of the Serpentine, designed by Rennie in 1826. From hence there are delightful views up and down the water, especially charming in the rhododendron season. The scene on Sundays in 1877 is permitted by the fashions to recall the lines of Tickell—

> "Where Kensington, high o'er the neighbouring lands,
> Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric stands,
> And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
> A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
> The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
> To gravel walks and unpolluted air;
> Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
> They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies;
> Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
> Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
> Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
> And chintz, the rival of the showery bow."

Addison greatly extols the early landscape gardeners employed at Kensington.

"Wise and Loudon are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which at first was nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for, as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations, lying conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees, rising one higher than another, in proportion as they approach the centre."—*Spectator*, No. 477.

"Here, in Kensington, are some of the most poetical bits of tree and stump, and sunny brown and green glen, and tawny earth."—*Haydon's Autobiography*.

Kensington Palace, as Nottingham House, was the residence of the Lord Chancellor Heneage Finch, Earl of Nottingham. His son sold it to William III. in 1690, when Evelyn describes it as "a patched-up building—but, with the gardens, a very neat villa." The king employed Wren to add a story to the old house, which forms the north front of the existing palace, and to build the present south front. The improvement of Kensington became his passion, and while he was absent in Ireland Queen Mary's letters to her irascible spouse are full of the progress of his works there, and of abject apologies because she could not prevent chimneys smoking and rooms smelling of paint. Immediately after the king's return (Nov. 10, 1691) a great fire broke out in the palace, in which William and Mary, having narrowly escaped being burnt in their beds, fled into the garden, whence they watched their footguards as they passed buckets to extinguish the flames. When her new rooms were finished, Mary held the drawing-rooms there, at which her hostility to her sister Anne first became manifest to the world, the princess making "all the professions imaginable, to which the queen remained as insensible as a statue." It was in a still existing room that Mary, when (Dec., 1694) she felt herself sickening for the small-pox, sat up nearly all through a winter's night, burning every paper which could throw light upon her personal history, and here, as her illness increased, William's sluggish affections were awakened, and he never left her, so affectionately stifling his asthmatic cough not to disturb her that, on waking from a long lethargy, she asked "where the king was, for she did not hear him cough." As the end approached she received the Sacrament, the bishops who were attending taking it with her

"God knows," said Burnet, "a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth." It was then that the queen begged to speak secretly to Archbishop Tenison, and, when he expected something important, bade him take away the Popish nurse whom, in the hallucination of illness, she imagined Dr. Radcliffe had set to watch her from behind the screen. Mary died on the morning of the 28th of December, 1694, and William was then in such passionate grief that he swooned three times on that terrible day, and his attendants thought that he would have been the first to expire.

After Mary's death William remained in seclusion and grief at Kensington, whither Anne came to condole with him, carried in her sedan chair (for she was close upon her confinement) into his very room,—the King's Writing-Room, which is still preserved. There in 1696 William buckled the Order of the Garter with his own hands on the person of Anne's eldest child, the little Duke of Gloucester, and hither, after he had received his death-hurt by a fall from his sorrel pony at Hampton Court, he insisted upon returning to die, March 8, 1702.

After William's death, Anne and Prince George of Denmark took possession of the royal apartments at Kensington. But the mother of seventeen children was already childless and she made her chief residence at St. James's, coming for the Easter recess to Kensington, where she planted "Queen Anne's Mount," and built in the gardens "Queen Anne's Banqueting Room," in which she gave fêtes which were attended by all the great world of London "in brocaded robes, hoops, fly-caps, and fans." The love of flowers which the queen manifested here led to her being

apostrophised as "Great Flora" in the verses of Tom D'Urfey. In the same gloomy palace in which she had seen the last hours of her sister and brother-in-law, Queen Anne (Oct. 28, 1708) lost her husband, George of Denmark, with whom she had lived in perfect happiness for twenty years. The Duchess of Marlborough describes her agony afterwards in the chamber of death—"weeping and clapping her hands—swaying herself backward and forward, clasping her hands together, with other marks of passion." She was led away that evening by the Duchess to her carriage to be taken to St. James's, but stopped upon the doorstep to desire Lord Godolphin to see that, when the Prince was buried at Westminster, room should be left for her in his grave. Anne did not live so much at Kensington after her husband's death, but it was here, on July 20, 1714, that Mrs. Danvers, the chief lady in waiting, found her staring vacantly at the clock in her Presence Chamber "with death in her look." It was an apoplectic seizure. On her death-bed she gave a last evidence of the love towards her people which had been manifested through her whole reign, by saying, as she placed the Lord Treasurer's wand in the hands of the Duke of Shrewsbury, "For God's sake use it for the good of my people." But, from that moment, having accomplished her last act as queen, Anne seems to have retraced in spirit the acts of her past life, and to have been filled with all the agonies of remorse for her conduct to her father and his son—"Oh my brother, my poor brother, what will become of you?" was her constant cry. To the Bishop of London, who was watching beside her, she intrusted a message, which he promised to deliver, but which he said would cost him his head. On

hearing of her repentance the Jacobite lords hurried to Kensington. Atterbury proposed to proclaim the Chevalier at Charing Cross, the Duke of Ormonde would join him if the queen could but recover consciousness to mention him as her successor. Lady Masham undertook to watch her, but it was too late. "She dies upwards, her feet are cold and dead already," were her hurried words in the antechamber, and by eight o'clock on Sunday morning, August 1, 1714, "good Queen Anne" was dead.

The rooms on the north-west of the Palace were added by George II., and intended as a nursery for his children. He also died here (October 25, 1760), suddenly, in his seventy-seventh year, falling upon the floor, just after he had taken his morning chocolate, and when he was preparing to walk in the garden.

George III. did not occupy Kensington Palace himself, but as his family grew up its different apartments were assigned to them. Caroline, Princess of Wales, lived there, with her mother the Duchess of Brunswick, after her separation from her husband within a year after their marriage. In the south wing lived Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, with his first wife, Lady Augusta Murray. He held his conversazione there as President of the Royal Society; he collected there his magnificent library; and there he died, April 21, 1843. His second wife, created Duchess of Inverness, continued to reside at Kensington till her death. Finally, in the south-eastern apartments of the palace, lived Edward, Duke of Kent, and his wife Victoria of Saxe Cobourg, and in them their only daughter VICTORIA was born, May 24, 1819, was christened, June 24, 1819, and continued to have her principal residence till

her accession to the throne. Hither the Queen's first council was summoned.

"The queen was, upon the opening of the door, found sitting at the head of the table. She received first the homage of the Duke of Cumberland; the Duke of Sussex rose to perform the same ceremony, but the queen, with admirable grace, stood up, and, preventing him from kneeling, kissed him on the forehead."—*Diary of a Lady of Quality.*

Two of the descendants of George III. now occupy rooms in Kensington Palace—Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, fourth daughter of the Queen, and Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, younger daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge. The grand *Staircase* of the palace, with graceful ironwork, was painted by *Kent* in chiaro-oscuro. Of the state-rooms, the Presence Chamber is decorated with carving by Gibbons. The monogram of William and Mary remains over the door of the Queen's Gallery.

On the west of the palace is the *Palace Green*, formerly called "the Moor," where the royal standard was daily hoisted when the Court resided here.

Camden House (built in 1612 by Sir Baptist Hicks, burnt in 1862, and rebuilt) had its melancholy royal reminiscences from its connection with one who was long the heir of the British throne. In 1690 it was taken for the little Duke of Gloucester, that he might be near his aunt Queen Mary, who was very fond of him, and who had him daily carried to see her while she was occupied with her buildings at Kensington. The precocious child, with a charming countenance, and the large head which betokens water on the brain, was the life of the court. His biographer, Lewis Jenkins, has preserved for us many absurd anecdotes of his childhood—of his regiment of little boys,

his "horse guards," how he made them seize his Welsh tailor who made his "stays" too tight, and force him to sit upon a wooden horse in the Presence Chamber for a pillory; of his gravely coming to promise King William his assistance and that of his little troop in the approaching Flemish war; of his curiously true presentiment of the day of his nurse's death; of his indocility with his mother's ladies, but his affection for Mrs. Davis, an aged gentlewoman of the court of Charles I., who first won his heart by giving him cherries, and then taught him prayers which he never failed to repeat night and morning, much to the surprise of the existing courtiers; of his constant whippings with a birch rod from his Danish father; of his proudly telling King William that he possessed one live horse and two dead ones (his Shetland pony and two little wooden horses), and of the king's saying, then he had better bury his dead horses out of sight, and his consequently insisting on burying his playthings with funeral honours and composing their epitaph. At six years old the little prince, with much state, was taken to Kensington to receive the Order of the Garter from his uncle. Mr. Pratt, his tutor, from whom he and his "regiment" took their lessons together, soon afterwards asked him, "How can you, being a prince, keep yourself from the pomps and vanities of this world?" "I will keep God's commandments, and do all I can to walk in his ways."* At seven years old he was introduced at court in the costume of blue velvet and diamonds in which he is painted by Kneller at Hampton Court. When he was ten years old he was so preternaturally forward that he was able (such was the king's

* For these anecdotes see Lewis Jenkins.

will) to pass an examination four times a year on subjects which included jurisprudence, the Gothic law, and the feudal system. But on his eleventh birthday the little duke was taken ill, and died five days after (July 30, 1700) at Windsor, in the arms of his anguish-stricken mother,* who "attended him during his sickness, with great tenderness, but with a grave composedness, that amazed all who saw it."†

In Kensington House, near the palace gates, Louise de la Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, lived for some time; and there Mrs. Inchbald, authoress of "The Simple Story," died. The modern *Kensington House*, on the left of the road opposite the palace gardens, is a pretentious and frightful mansion built in 1876 by James Knowles for Mr. Albert Grant.

In the High Street of Kensington (the Chenesi-dun of Domesday-book) is the handsome *Church of St. Mary*, rebuilt 1875-77, under Sir Gilbert Scott. It contains, in the south transept, the tomb and statue of Edward, Earl of Warwick, whom his stepfather Addison upon his death-bed desired to witness how a Christian could die, and who died himself in his twenty-fourth year. There is a monument to George Coleman, author of the "Jealous Wife" and the "Clandestine Marriage." In the churchyard are the tombstones of John Jortin (1770), Vicar of Kensington, author of the "Life of Erasmus" and many theological works; James Elphinstone (1809), the translator of Martial; and the pathetic novelist, Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald, 1821.

Sir Isaac Newton died in Pitt's Buildings, Kensington, 1727, in his eighty-fifth year. Addison records, as a proof

* See Strickland's "Lives of Mary II. and Anne." † Burnet.

of his heroism, that though great drops of sweat were forced through his double nightcap by his agony in his last illness, he never cried out.

Campden Hill Road, on the right, leads to Argyll Lodge (Duke of Argyll) and Airlie Lodge (Earl of Airlie), which, under the name of *Holly Lodge*, was the residence of Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, from May 1856 to his death Dec. 28, 1859—while seated in his library chair, with his book open beside him.

"Holly Lodge, now called Airlie Lodge, occupies the most secluded corner of the little labyrinth of bye-roads, which, bounded to the east by Palace Gardens and to the west by Holland House, constitutes the district known by the name of Campden Hill. The villa, for a villa it is, stands in a long and winding lane, which, with its high black paling concealing from the passer-by everything except a mass of dense and varied foliage, presents an appearance as rural as Roehampton and East Sheen presents still, and as Wandsworth and Streatham presented twenty years ago.

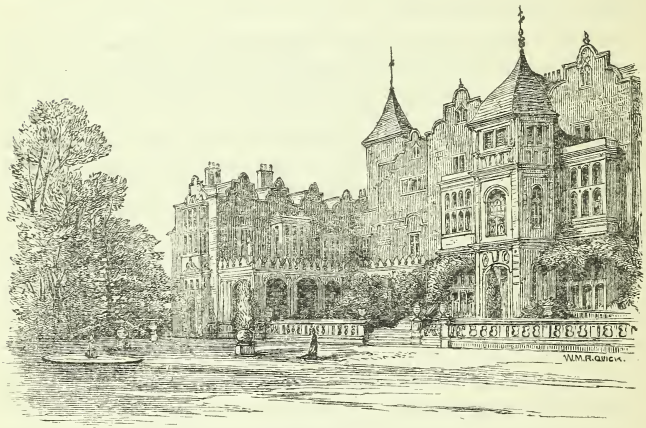
"The rooms in Holly Lodge were for the most part small. The dining-room was that of a bachelor who was likewise something of an invalid; and the drawing-room was little more than a vestibule to the dining-room. But the house afforded in perfection the two requisites for an author's ideal of happiness, a library and a garden. The library was a spacious and commodiously shaped room, enlarged, after the old fashion, by a pillared recess. It was a warm and airy retreat in winter; and in summer it afforded a student only too irresistible an inducement to step from among his bookshelves on to a lawn whose unbroken slope of verdure was worthy of the country-house of a Lord-Lieutenant. Nothing in the garden exceeded thirty feet in height; but there was in abundance all that hollies, and laurels, and hawthorns, and groves of standard roses, and bowers of lilacs and laburnums could give of shade, and scent, and colour."—*G. O. Trevelyan's Life of Lord Macaulay.*

Beyond Upper Phillimore Place (right) are the gates of *Holland House*,* and how many there are who remember, with gratitude, the relief of turning in from the glare and

* Holland House is not shown to the public.

dust of the suburb to the shade of its great elm avenue, girt with dewy hayfields, which might be a hundred miles from London, and the pleasure of seeing the noble old house, surpassing all other houses in beauty, rising at the end of the green slope, with its richly sculptured terrace, and its cedars, and its vases of brilliant flowers.

Holland House was originally built in 1607 by Sir



Holland House.

Walter Cope, on land which had belonged to the De Veres, Earls of Oxford. Sir Walter, who was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to James I., called it Cope Castle, but it soon changed its name, for his only daughter Isabel married Sir Henry Rich, the favourite of the Duke of Buckingham, described by Clarendon as "a very handsome man, of a lovely and winning presence, and gentle conversation,"* who was created Lord Kensington in 1622, and

* His noble portrait, by Vandyke, is at Montague House.

Earl of Holland in 1624. In the Civil Wars he abandoned the Parliamentarian for the Royalist cause, and, being taken prisoner at St. Neots, was beheaded at Westminster, beautiful to the last, in his white satin dress, on the 9th of March, 1648-9.

It was the first Earl of Holland who added the wings and arcades, in fact who gave Holland House all its characteristics. After his execution the house was inhabited by General Fairfax, and (1649) by General Lambert, but the Countess of Holland was eventually allowed to return to her old home, where she comforted her widowhood by indulging privately in the theatricals so strictly forbidden by the Puritan Government. Her son, the second Earl of Holland, became fifth Earl of Warwick, through the death of his cousin, in 1673. His son was Edward, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1701, and whose widow (Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton of Chirk) married Joseph Addison, "famous for many excellent works," as he is described in the announcement of his marriage in "The Political State of Great Britain," for August, 1716. Dr. Johnson says that the marriage was "on terms very much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce—'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' At any rate Addison's married life was not happy, though it was of short duration, for on June 17, 1719, he died at Holland House (leaving an only daughter who died unmarried), grasping the hand of the young Earl of Warwick, when he asked his dying commands, and saying, 'See in what peace a Christian can die.'"

The Earl of Warwick, who was Addison's step-son, only

survived him two years, and was succeeded by his cousin William Edwardes (created Baron Kensington in 1776), who sold Holland House in 1767 to Henry Fox, first Lord Holland.

The fortunes of the Fox family were founded by Sir Stephen Fox, who gained the favour of Charles II. by being the first to announce the death of Cromwell to him at Brussels. He was made Clerk of the Green Cloth and Paymaster of the Forces, and acquired a great fortune, "honestly got and unenvied, which is nigh to a miracle," says Evelyn. Sir Stephen Fox, "of a sweet nature, well-spoken, well-bred, and so highly in his Majesty's esteem," was the practical founder of Chelsea Hospital, as well as of many other charitable institutions. By deserting the cause of James II. he continued to enjoy Court favour till his death in 1716, when Anne was on the throne. His second son, the son of his second wife, was Henry Fox, the Secretary of State and Paymaster of the Forces. It was with him that Lady Caroline Lennox, the Duke of Richmond's daughter—after she had cut off her eyebrows to protect herself from an unwelcome marriage arranged by her father—eloped in 1744. Having endured the fury of her parents for four years, she was forgiven on the birth of her eldest son. Henry Fox was created Lord Holland after his purchase of Holland House, where he died in 1774. His son Stephen, who succeeded him, only survived him six months, and left an only son, Henry, third Lord Holland, who was educated under the guardianship of his uncle, Charles James Fox, the famous orator and statesman.

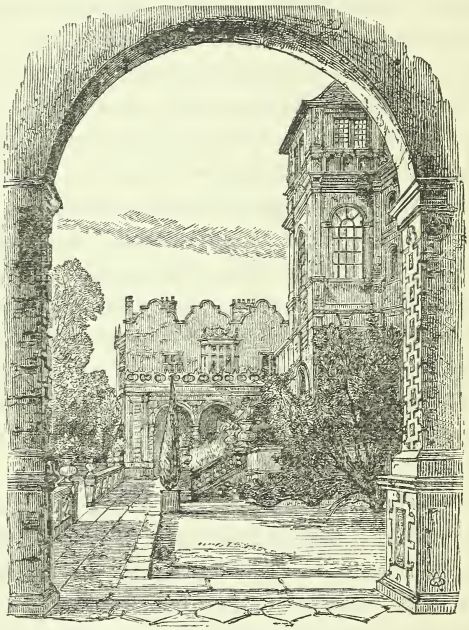
Under the third Lord Holland, Holland House attained

a splendour and beauty which it had never acquired before, and it became an intellectual centre, not only for England, but for the world. Its master is remembered as the most genial of mankind; Lady Holland, though wayward and fanciful, was also beautiful and clever; Miss Fox, Lord Holland's sister, was loving, gracious, and charitable. Sydney Smith, Luttrell, and Allen were habitués of the house, and had their fixed apartments assigned to them. The list of guests included Sheridan, Blanco White, Parr, Byron, George Ellis, Lord Jeffrey, Payne Knight, Thurlow, Eldon, Brougham, Lyndhurst, Sir Humphry Davy, Count Romford, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Moira, Windham, Curran, Sir Samuel Romilly, Washington Irving, Pozzo di Borgo, Counts Montholon and Bertrand, Princess Lieven, the Humboldts, Talleyrand, Tom Moore, Madame de Staël, Macaulay. Daily all that was most brilliant in European society was welcomed uninvited to the hospitable dinner-table. It was no wonder that Sydney Smith heard "five hundred travelled men assert that there was no such agreeable house as Holland House."

The third Lord Holland died in 1841, and was succeeded by his son, British Minister at Florence. He died in 1859. Under his widow, Mary Augusta, Lady Holland, daughter of the eighth Earl of Coventry, Holland House still has the reputation of being the most charming house in England.

As we pass the terrace which bounds the garden and enter the deep belt of shade which encircles the mansion, the most conspicuous feature is a gateway with stone piers by Inigo Jones bearing the arms of Rich, approached by a

double flight of steps enclosing a fountain. The house is now entered from the east side ; originally the entrance was on the south, and it was there that William Penn, to whom Holland House was let for a time, narrates that he could



At Holland House.

scarcely get down the steps through the crowd of suitors who besought him to use his good offices with the king in their behalf.

The *Interior* of Holland House is full of historical relics,

pictures, and china. Many of the portraits are by Watts, who first rose into fame under the patronage of Elizabeth, Lady Holland, and who painted, for the walls of the house, many of the most valued friends of its master. One of his best portraits is that of Princess Lieven.

In the last of "the West Rooms"—around which, to those who know it well, many of the happiest associations of the house are entwined—are three interesting works of *Hogarth*, a view of Ranelagh; a portrait of the first Lord Holland; and a scene of Private Theatricals (from Dryden's Indian Emperor) at the house of Mr. Conduitt, Master of the Mint, in which the first Lady Holland, then Lady Caroline Lennox, with her father and mother, took a part. Her portrait by *Ramsay* also hangs here, with that of her sister Lady Cecilia Lennox, who died of consumption at Holland House.

From the third of the West Rooms a staircase leads to the *Library* (originally a Portrait Gallery), a long room, warm with a glow of crimson velvet, with two great carved chimney-pieces, and deeply recessed windows, from one of which there is a view, through the dark boughs of a cedar, into the radiant flower-garden. In one corner is Addison's folding-table (purchased at Rogers' sale) covered with faded green velvet, blotted by his pen. A little lobby leads from the library to the inner rooms. Here, on a pane of glass, are the lines written by Hookham Frere in 1811—

> "May neither fire destroy nor waste impair,
> Nor Time consume thee till the twentieth heir,
> May Taste respect thee, and may Fashion spare."

Here also, amongst other relics, are—

A Letter from Voltaire, written at the "Delices," expressing his "pleasure at receiving the son of the amiable and honoured Mr. Fox, who was formerly so kind to me."

A Portrait of Addison.

A Miniature of the Empress Catherine, with a letter from her, saying that she had ordered the bust of "Charles Fox" to be placed on her colonnade with those of Demosthenes and Cicero.

An original Portrait of Benjamin Franklin, given by M. Gallois at Paris.

A Portrait of John Locke, supposed to be the identical picture discarded from the hall at Christ Church.

An outline Portrait of Edward VI. by Vertue, given by Horace Walpole.

A Miniature of Robespierre, on the back of which Fox has written, "un scélérat, un lâche, et un fou."

A Medallion of Ariosto found near the head of the poet when his coffin was exhumed in S. Benedetto at Ferrara in 1800.

An autograph Order by Addison (1719) desiring that the Countess of Warwick should be allowed to receive for him his stock in the South Sea Company.

We enter from hence the *Yellow Drawing Room*, which contains a charming pastel portrait of Charles James Fox as a child, and leads into the *Gilt Room*, full of rich colour, with a great window over the central doorway. The emblematical figures over the chimney-pieces are by *Watts*, and supply the place of lost pictures by Francis Cleyn, a Danish artist, which were described by Walpole as not unworthy of Parmigiano. From this room, which is said to be haunted by the ghost of the first Earl of Holland carrying his head in his hand, we may enter the *Crimson Drawing Room*, or *Sir Joshua Room*, filled with noble works by Reynolds—

* The "Muscipula"—a little girl, with a face full of mischief, holding a mouse in a cage temptingly out of reach of a cat.

* Portrait of Charles James Fox, a noble picture. The Receipt for £105 for the portrait (April 20, 1789) is preserved. Reynolds painted

Fox again in Nov. 1791; his last portrait, to which, when the final touches were given, "his hand fell to rise no more."

* Portrait of the first Lord Holland, with Holland House in the background. The picture belonged to his granddaughter Miss Fox, and was stolen from her house in London: it was lost for thirty years, after which it was found by Miss Fox, and repurchased, in Colnaghi's shop.

"It is said that Lord Holland, when he received his portrait, could not help remarking that it had been hastily executed; and, making some demur about the price, asked Reynolds how long he had been painting it; the offended artist replied, 'All my life, my Lord.'"—*Cotton's Sir J. Reynolds and his Works.*

Florentius Vassall and Mrs. Russell.

* Charles James Fox walking with Lady Susan Strangways, who afterwards eloped with O'Brien the actor, beneath a window of Holland House, out of which leans Lady Sarah Lennox, the lovely sister of the first Lady Holland, who awakened the early love of George III., and afterwards married Sir Charles Bunbury. A most beautiful picture.

Mary Bruce, Duchess of Richmond (*ob.* 1797).

Hon. Thomas Conolly (*ob.* 1803).

Hon. Caroline Fox, and her dog.

* Portrait of Baretti, author of the Italian Dictionary, seated in his old brown coat, very short-sighted, and peering into a book. This picture was given by Lord Hertford in exchange for a portrait of his grandmother, Lady Irwin.

The *Dining-room* is interesting as the chamber in which Addison died. We must notice its pictures—

Kneller. Sir Stephen Fox (1716) and Lady Fox (1718).

Watts. Mary Augusta, Lady Holland.

Fagan. Elizabeth, Lady Holland, seated, with a dog in her lap and Vesuvius in the distance.

Hoppner. Samuel Rogers, an admirable portrait.

Hayter. Lord John Russell.

* *Reynolds.* Caroline, Lady Holland.

Shee. Thomas Moore.

Ramsay. Lady Louisa Conolly, a sister of Caroline, Lady Holland. A graceful full-length portrait in a pink dress.

The gardens of Holland House are unlike anything else

in England. Every turn is a picture: Art has combined with Nature to make it so, and has never intruded upon Nature. A raised terrace, like some of those which belong to old Genoese palaces, leads from the house, high amongst the branches of the trees, to the end of the flower-garden opposite the West Rooms, where a line of arches festooned with creepers—a picturesque relic of the old stables—forms

The Lily Garden, Holland House.

the background. Facing a miniature Dutch garden here is "Rogers' Seat," inscribed—

> "Here Rogers sat and here for ever dwell
> With me, those Pleasures that he sings so well."

Within the little arbour hang some verses by Luttrell. Opposite is a noble head of Napoleon I. by Canova or one of his pupils, erected whilst he was at St. Helena, on a

pedestal inscribed with lines from Homer's Odyssey (Book I. i. 196) translated by the third Lord Holland.

"He is not dead, he breathes the air,
In lands beyond the deep,
Some distant sea-girt island where
Harsh men the hero keep."

Beyond this are gardens occupying the ground where Lord Camelford was killed in a duel with Colonel Best in 1804 Below is "the Green Lane," a long avenue, where hares and pheasants have been shot within the memory of the present generation, and where, as Aubrey narrates—

"The beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, as she was walking in her father's garden at Kensington, to take the fresh air before dinner, about eleven o'clock, being then very well, met her own apparition, habit, and everything, as in a looking-glass. About a month after, she died of the small-pox. And 'tis said, that her sister, the Lady Isabella (Thinne) saw the like of herself also before she died. This account I had from a person of honour."—*Miscellanies.*

The garden of Holland House is remarkable as the place where the Dahlia (named from Dr. Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist) was first cultivated in England, being raised from seeds in 1804, brought from Spain by Elizabeth, Lady Holland. The custom of gunfire at 11 p.m., so well known to inhabitants of Kensington, is said to have been instituted by a Lord Holland whose watchman was murdered by poachers because he had forgotten to load his gun, and who desired that all robbers might be warned that they were not to consider this a precedent that they might attack his servants with impunity.* We cannot leave

* For further particulars as to the house and its contents, "Holland House," by Princess Marie Liechtenstein, may be consulted.

Holland House without quoting the noble passage relating to the third Lord Holland in Macaulay's "Essays"—

"In what language shall we speak of that house, once celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilised world. To that house, a poet addressed these tender and graceful lines, which have now acquired a new meaning not less sad than that which they originally bore.

'Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy power appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thine aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow and thine evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thine evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.'*

"Yet a few years, and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as fast as a young town of logwood by a water-privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble, with the courtly magnificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormond, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison. The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will then remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them, the avenue and terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages, and those portraits in which were preserved the features

* Tickell on the "Death of Addison."

of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations. They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. These will remember the peculiar character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Baretti; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace, and the kindness, far more admirable than grace, with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. They will remember the venerable and benignant countenance and the cordial voice of him who bade them welcome. They will remember that temper which years of pain, of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter, and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among Ambassadors and Earls. They will remember that constant flow of conversation, so natural, so animated, so various, so rich with observation and anecdote; that wit which never gave a wound; that exquisite mimicry, which ennobled instead of degrading; that goodness of heart which appeared in every look and accent, and gave additional value to every talent and acquirement. They will remember, too, that he whose name they hold in reverence was not less distinguished by the inflexible uprightness of his political conduct, than by his loving disposition and his winning manners. They will remember that, in the last lines which he traced, he expressed his joy that he had done nothing unworthy of the friend of Fox and Grey; and they will have reason to feel similar joy, if, in looking back on many troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done anything unworthy of men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland."—*Macaulay.*

CHAPTER XII.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

IF we turn to the left at Tattersall's, the wide ugly Brompton Road will lead us to Cromwell Road, where the *South Kensington Museum*, begun in 1856, is perpetually extending. In its later buildings great use is made of the different tints of terra-cotta ornament so largely and advantageously employed in the Lombard cities.

The Museum is open free on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays the Museum is open from 10 A.M. to 4, 5, or 6 P.M., as advertised at the entrance, on payment of 6*d*.

Any one is permitted to make notes and sketches in the museum galleries, who does not require to sit down or make use of an easel. Visitors are permitted to make careful copies from the objects or pictures (not water-colours) by following the rules advertised in the galleries.

The principal entrance to the Museum is in Cromwell Road.* We first enter the *New Court*, which is divided by a central gallery. It is approached beneath a magnificent Roodloft of marble and alabaster, of 1623, from the cathedral of Bois le Duc in North Brabant. In the centre is a copy of Trajan's Column at Rome. The magnificent collection

* In the garden is John Bell's statue of "The Eagle-Slayer."

of architectural casts and other objects in this court include —beginning from the left—

Tomb of Walter Gray, Archbishop of York, 1216-55, from York Minster.

Porch of Rochester Cathedral, 1340.

Porch in the cloisters of Norwich Cathedral, 1297—1329.

Angle of the cloisters of San Juan de los Reyes, Toledo, 15th cent.

Tabernacle of S. Léau near Brussels, by Corneille de Vriendt, 16th cent.

Reredos representing the Legend of St. Margaret, German of the 15th cent.

*Altar-piece representing the Legend of St. George, in nineteen compartments, from Valencia, 15th cent.

Arch of Santa Maria la Blanca (the Jewish Synagogue) at Toledo, 14th cent.

(North wall.) The Porch called Puerta della Gloria, of the Cathedral of Santiago, 1180-90.

(East wall.) Choir stalls of Ulm Cathedral by Jorg Syrlin, 1468.

Choir Screen of St. Michael's, Hildesheim, 12th cent.

(Screen.) The Schreyder Monument from St. Sebald at Nuremberg, executed by Adam Kraft in 1492. The reliefs represent the Cross Bearing, the Entombment, and the Resurrection.

*Portions of the wrought-iron Screen in Hampton Court gardens, executed by *Huntingdon Shaw* of Nottingham, in 1625.

*Doorway from the demolished wooden church of Sailand in Norway, 12th cent.

Seven-branched Candlestick from Milan Cathedral, 12th cent.

Passing the central *Screen* of the court, we see—

The Chimney-piece of the Council Chamber of the Palais de Justice, Bruges, 1529.

The Corona (hanging from the roof) of Hildesheim Cathedral, 1044-54.

Fountain, with figures of Perseus and Medusa, in the old palace at Munich, 1680.

Tomb of Count Henneberg in Romhild Church, Meiningen, by Peter Vischer, 1508, from a drawing by Albert Durer.

* Original works of art are here marked with an asterisk.

St. George, on horseback, slaying the dragon, from a fountain in the Hradschin Palace at Prague, 1378.

Iron Baptismal Font and Crane, from Notre Dame de Hal in Belgium, cast by William Le Fevre at Tournay in 1444.

Font of Hildesheim Cathedral, 1260.

The Shrine of St. Sebald at Nuremberg, by Peter Vischer, 1506-19.

Porch of the tomb of Sheik Salem Christi at Fâthpûr Sikri near Agra, Mogul Art, 1556—1605.

Eastern gateway of the Sanchi Tope near Bilsah, Bhopal, Central India. Buddhist, A.D. 19—37.

Pulpit of Mimbar, Cairo, 15th cent.

From the central door at the end of the corridor beneath the screen we enter the *South Court*, decorated with mosaic portraits of distinguished painters, sculptors, or workers in pottery. The west side of the area is entirely occupied by the *Loan Collections;* the eastern side is filled with cases of precious objects. At the south-eastern angle is a model of a French boudoir of the time of Marie Antoinette—containing a harp supposed to have belonged to that queen.

Descending the central passage we enter the *North Court*, devoted chiefly to architecture and sculpture. Over the entrance is a model of the Cantoria or Singing Gallery in Santa Maria Novella at Florence, by Baccio d'Agnolo, c. 1500. On the opposite side is the tribune of Santa Chiara at Florence, 1493. Most of the objects in this Hall are copies: we shall only notice a few of the precious originals.

(Left of entrance.) A Lavabo by *Benedetto de Rovezzano*, 1490, from a house at Florence.

An Altar by *Benedetto de Majano*, 1444-98, from the Palazzo Ambron at Florence, containing a terra-cotta Pietá of the 15th century.

(Right of entrance.) Bust of Henry VII. by *Torregiano*, 16th cent.

Lavello for domestic use, from Venice, 1520.

St. Sebastian--a statuette attributed to *Michael Angelo*, 1505.

The Leathern Sword and Scabbard of Cæsar Borgia (1500), whose monogram "Cesare" is thrice repeated upon it.

(In a glass case) Cupid (?) by *Michael Angelo*, believed to have been executed for Jacopo Galli in 1497.

Altar, bearing a relief of the Resurrection, with statuettes of Saints on the pilasters, from St. Domenico at Genoa, 15th cent.

Statue of Jason, by a pupil of Michael Angelo, c. 1530.

A case of Sculptor's Models in wax and terra-cotta (several attributed to Michael Angelo) which belonged to the Gherardini da Firenze.

Altar-piece by *Leonardo del Tasso*, 1520, from the Church of Santa Chiara at Florence, enclosing a tabernacle ascribed to Desiderio da Settignano, c. 1480.

Bust of Giovanni di San Miniato, by *Antonio Rossellino*, 1456.

Kneeling Virgin, by *Matteo Civitali* of Lucca, 15th cent.

(Near the north end of the Court) the "Waterloo Vase," executed by *Sir R. Westmacott* for George IV.

Beneath the gallery on the eastern side of this court is a collection of ecclesiastical vestments, including (within the 4th arch) the famous *Syon Cope*, which was worked in the reign of Henry III., and belonged to the nuns of Syon near Isleworth, by whom it was carried into Portugal at the Reformation. Brought back to England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was bequeathed to the Earl of Shrewsbury by some poor nuns to whom he had given an asylum. Beneath the 5th arch is a Portrait of Napoleon I., interesting as an example of the wonderful needlework of Miss Mary Linwood, whose exhibition excited so much interest at the beginning of this century. Built into the compartments below the east gallery are a number of noble chimney-pieces, rescued from decaying palaces at Como, Brescia, Venice, &c., and well worthy of study. The most magnificent, from Padua, is of 1530: opposite to it are an

altar-piece and tabernacle from the Church of S. Girolamo at Fiesole, by *Andrea da Fiesole.*

The compartments beneath the northern gallery are chiefly occupied by specimens of *Della Robbia Ware,* including—

A Medallion bearing the arms of King René of Anjou, executed in honour of his visit to the Villa della Loggia, which belonged to the Pazzi family, near Florence, c. 1453.

The Adoration of the Magi, by *Andrea della Robbia.*

The Madonna giving her girdle to St. Philip, from the Chapel of the Canigiani near Florence, 1500.

Twelve Plaques, painted in blue, representing the twelve months of the year, supposed to have been painted by *Luca della Robbia* for the writing-room of Cosimo de' Medici.

Against one of the piers on the west side of the court is a terra-cotta bust of the 15th century, said to be a portrait of Savonarola.

From the north-western angle of the North Court a door leads to the *North Corridor,* devoted to an exhibition of *Persian Art.* Hence we reach the *North-western Corridors,* devoted to ancient furniture. We had better return to the staircase at the north-western angle of the North Court to ascend to the upper floor. The walls here are decorated with the cartoons executed for the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament. Passing through the three rooms facing the stairs (devoted to Loan Exhibitions), a door on the right leads into Galleries devoted to *Pottery and Porcelain,* both English and Foreign. From the third of the before-mentioned rooms a door on the left leads to the *Galleries above the South Court.* That above the central screen contains many of the greatest treasures of the museum—

A case containing—a splendid Reliquary, formed like a Byzantine Church, 12th century—an altar cross of Rhenish Byzantine work, 12th cent.—a fine German triptych of champlevé enamel of the 13th cent.

Eight cases of rare enamels, 16th and 17th centuries.

Three cases of ecclesiastical objects. The third contains the famous "Gloucester Candlestick" given by the Abbot Peter to the Church of St. Peter at Gloucester, c. 1104.

Two cases of precious metals combined with agate, crystal, and other materials.

Four cases of rare vessels in precious metals for secular use.

Two cases of clocks and watches. Observe the astronomical globe made at Augsburg in 1584 for the Emperor Rudolph II.

Entering the *Southern Gallery*, the western portion is devoted to Carvings in Ivory. In a case at the entrance of the eastern portion is a beautiful Metallic Mirror made for a Duke of Savoy, c. 1550.

(The door in the centre leads to the *Gallery over the Central Screen of the New Court*, containing noble specimens of ancient iron-work, chiefly German and Italian.)

The door at the east end of the Southern Gallery leads to the *Galleries of Water Colour Pictures*,* through which we enter three rooms almost entirely devoted to the collection of pictures illustrative of British Art which was given to the nation by Mr. John Sheepshanks in 1857, and which is known as "the Sheepshanks Collection." We may especially notice—

1st Room.

Sir E. Landseer (1802—73). 88. The Drover's Departure; 91. There's no place like Home; 93. The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner; 99. Suspense.

Peter de Wint (1784—1849). 258. A Cornfield—a glorious picture, given by the painter's daughter.

* The best pictures here are the hundred works of art given by Mrs. Ellison of Sudbrooke near Lincoln. Especially beautiful is No. 1048, Conisborough Castle by *G. F. Robson* (1790—1833). Some of the pictures are interesting as representations of Old London—as that of old Buckingham House (No. 80) by *E. Dayes*.

2nd Room.

33. *John Constable* (1776—1837). Chichester Cathedral.
62. *Thomas Creswick* (1811—69). A Summer's Afternoon.

3rd Room.

Joseph Mallard William Turner (1775—1851). 207. Line-fishing off Hastings; 208. Venice; 209. St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall; 210. Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes; 211. Vessel in distress off Yarmouth.

Hence we reach the *North Gallery*, which contains the celebrated *Cartoons of Raffaelle*, being the original designs (drawn with chalk upon strong paper and coloured in distemper) by Raffaelle and his scholars, especially Francesco Penni, for the tapestries ordered by Leo X. to cover the lower walls of the Sistine Chapel, the upper part being already clothed with the glorious frescoes which still adorn them. There were originally eleven Cartoons, but four are lost—The Stoning of Stephen, The Conversion of St. Paul, St. Paul in his Dungeon at Philippi, and the Coronation of the Virgin, which last was intended to fill the space above the altar. The tapestries were executed at Arras, and were hence called *Arazzi*. They were worked under the superintendence of Bernard van Orley, a Dutch pupil of Raffaelle, and were hung up in the Sistine, on St. Stephen's Day, Dec. 26, 1519. Eight years after, they were carried off in the sack of Rome by the French, but were restored to Julius III. by the Constable Anne de Montmorency. In 1798 they were again carried off by the French, and passing through various hands, were repurchased by Pius VII. in 1808 from a Frenchman named Devaux, at Genoa. Though greatly faded and much injured by bad restoration, they still hang in the Vatican.

The seven Cartoons, which alone exist now, lay neglected in the manufactory at Arras till they were seen there in 1630 by Rubens, who advised Charles I. to purchase them for a tapestry manufactory which was established at Mortlake. On the death of Charles, Cromwell bought them for £300. They remained almost forgotten at Whitehall till the time of William III., who removed them to Hampton Court, where a room was built for them by Wren, in which they hung till they were brought to South Kensington. Tapestry workers have twice cut them into strips and pricked the outlines with their needles, first at Arras, and afterwards at Mortlake, where several copies were executed. A splendid set of tapestries worked from the Cartoons whilst they were at Arras (probably ordered by Henry VIII.) was in the collection of Charles I. at Whitehall, and was purchased, after his death, by the Duke of Alva: they are now in the Royal Museum at Berlin.

The Cartoons require many visits to be properly understood. He who visits them often will agree with Steele: "When I first went to see them, I must confess I was but barely pleased; the next time I liked them better; but at last, as I grew better acquainted with them, I fell deeply in love with them: like wise speeches, they sank deep into my heart."*

Right.

Christ's Charge to Peter. The Saviour, a noble figure of divine expression, points to Peter, who kneels, with the keys in his hand, and gazes up with loving veneration to his Master, who bids him "Feed my Sheep!" A somewhat literal expression is given to the words by the flock of sheep to which the Saviour points with his left hand. The disciples express every variety of emotion, surprise, astonishment,

* *Spectator*, No. 244.

even anger, but the expression in James and John is only that of adoration and love.

"Nothing can exceed the beaming warmth, the eager look of pure devotion, in St. John's head. His delightful face seems to start forward from his hair with gratitude and rapture. St. John seems to have been a character Raffaelle delighted in. It was in fact his own."—*Haydon.*

"Present authority, late sufferings, humility and majesty, despotic command and divine love are at once seated in the celestial aspect of our blessed Lord. The figures of the eleven apostles are all in the same passion of admiration, but discover it differently according to their characters. The beloved disciple has in his countenance wonder drowned in love: and the last personage, whose back is towards the spectators, and his side towards the presence, one would fancy to be St. Thomas, as abashed by the conscience of his former diffidence, which perplexed concern it is possible Raffaelle thought it too hard a task to draw, but by this acknowledgment of the difficulty to describe it."—*Spectator*, 226.

The Death of Ananias. Peter, who stands with James as the prominent figure of the apostolic group, appears to be uttering the words, "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." In the foreground the mercenary Ananias falls in the convulsion of death, while the spectators are horrified at the divine judgment. In the background are two groups unconscious of the scene enacted near them. On the one side are people bringing in their property to the community of goods, amongst them Sapphira, who comes with reluctance, counting the money she is about to part from: on the other side St. John, the apostle of love, and another, are comforting the poor with gifts.

Peter and John Healing the Lame Man. The apostles are standing between the twisted pillars of the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. St. Peter, grasping the cripple by the hand, bids him "Arise and walk!" St. John, filled with pity, gazes upon the beggar, who, when he first finds strength in his feet, is doubtful of their new vigour. "The heavenly apostles appear acting these great things with a deep sense of the infirmities which they relieve, but no value of themselves who minister to their weakness. They know themselves to be but the instruments."* The figures of the spectators are wonderfully noble and expressive.

"What a beautiful creature is that in the corner who with a fairy's lightness is gracefully supporting an elegant wicker basket of fruit and flowers and doves, and holding a beautiful boy who carries doves also,

* *Spectator*, No. 226

which are undulating their little innocent heads to suit his motion. She, as she glides on, turns her exquisite features, her large blue eyes, beautiful full nose, and little delicate breathing mouth, whose upper lip seems to tremble with feeling, and to conceal, for a moment, a little of the nostril. Never was there a more exquisite creature painted. It is impossible to look at her without being in love with her. Raffaelle's flame was so steady and pure.

"Several bystanders seem to regard the beggar as if with an ejaculation of 'Poor Man!' One appears lost in abstraction as if reflecting on his helpless situation."—*Haydon.*

Paul and Barnabas at Lystra. A cripple, who has been healed, is expressing his gratitude to the apostles, while an old man, raising his garment, is satisfying himself that the maimed limb is really restored. The priests, who mistake the apostles for Mercury and Jupiter, are hastening forward with bulls for the sacrifice, and a man is bringing in a ram. Paul is about to rend his garments in his indignation at the idolatry of the people, and Barnabas, clasping his hands, prays that it may be arrested. A young man, observing the distress of the apostles, tries to stop the sacrifice, and already, in some of the faces at the edge of the picture, is evinced the change in the temper of the people of Lystra, who afterwards stoned Paul. The sacrificial group in this cartoon is taken from a relief in the Villa Medici at Rome.

Left.

Elymas the Sorcerer struck Blind. Paul, a sublime figure, stretches out his hand with the words, "And now behold the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season." The Sorcerer, standing opposite to him, filled with graceless indignation, gropes forwards in the first hideous terror of his blindness. Sergius, the proconsul of Cyprus, starts forward from his seat in dismay, and even the lictors at the side of the throne exhibit fear and amazement. Only the upper half of the tapestry from this cartoon is in existence.

Paul Preaching at Athens. The noble figure of St. Paul was adapted by Raffaelle from that lately finished by Filippino Lippi in the Church of the Carmine at Florence. The audience express every varied emotion of attention, meditation, doubt, and conviction. The greater part of this cartoon was probably executed by Francesco Penni.

The Miraculous Draught of Fishes. The scene is the lake of Gennesaret. On the distant shore the people still linger where the Saviour has been teaching from Peter's boat. Now the two boats of the disciples are drawn up close to each other. In one of them

several of the apostles are vainly striving to draw in their net, which is torn with the weight of the fish: in the other, Peter kneels at the feet of his Saviour, with the words, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" Raffaelle is believed to have executed almost the whole of this cartoon with his own hand, as a model for the rest, but the cranes on the bank are attributed to Giovanni da Udine.

On the opposite side of Exhibition Road (reached from the North-western—*i.e.* Furniture Galleries—take a ticket of free admittance with you from the door as you go out) is the entrance to the Educational part of the Museum devoted to *Educational Appliances*, *Natural Products*, *Machinery*, *Naval Models*, and *Building Materials*. A division in the long gallery devoted to machinery is interesting as containing—

The Puffing Billy. The oldest locomotive in existence, the first which ran with a smooth wheel on a smooth rail, constructed under William Hedley's Patent for Christopher Blackett of Wylam Collieries. After many trials, it began to work regularly in 1813, and was kept in use till 1862.

The Rocket, the prize engine, constructed by Stephenson for competition in 1829 at Rain Hill, on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which was formally opened, Sept. 15, 1830.

The original Engine fitted in 1812 to the *Comet*, the first steamer in Europe advertised for the conveyance of passengers and goods.

The first *Hydraulic Press*, constructed by Joseph Bramah in 1795.

The *Fire Engine* patented by Richard Newsham, 1821-25, being one of the first engines in which two cylinders and an air-vessel are combined and worked together so as to ensure the discharge of continuous streams of water.

Different Models designed and patented by *James Watt*, and that (Newcomen's Engine) in repairing which he made the discovery of a separate condenser, which identified his name with that of the steam-engine.

The first staircase on the right leads to the *National Portrait Gallery*, of ever-increasing interest and importance, established at the suggestion of Philip Henry, 5th Earl

Stanhope, its first President. At present it occupies a suite of small rooms which are wholly inadequate, and, as it is constantly increasing, no arrangement as to dates or characters has been even attempted. It deserves the appropriation of some fine building in a central situation, such as the wantonly destroyed Northumberland House. Many of the earlier portraits, chiefly royal, are by unknown artists, and more curious than otherwise remarkable: the later portraits are not only interesting from those they commemorate, but are in many cases valuable as specimens of the English School of portrait-painters—Dobson, Riley, Richardson, Jervas, Michael Wright, Mary Beale, Godfrey Kneller, Wissing, Sarah Hoadley, Thomas Hudson, Hogarth, Hoare, Dance, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Opie, Hoppner, Wright of Derby, Hilton, Allan Ramsay, Hudson, Beachey, Raeburn, Lawrence, Phillips, and Landseer. It is impossible (1877) to give more than an alphabetical guide to some of the more interesting pictures :—

Joseph Addison; 1672—1719.—*Sir G. Kneller.*

George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, the restorer of Charles II.; 1608—70.—*Sir P. Lely.*

John Allen, historic writer; 1770—1843.—*Sir E. Landseer.*

Jeffrey, Lord Amherst, 1717—1797.—*Gainsborough.*

Anne of Denmark, wife of James I.; 1575—1619.—*Van Somer.*

Princess Anne (afterwards Queen); 1664—1717; with her son the Duke of Gloucester; 1689—1700.—*Dahl.*

Queen Anne.—*Dahl.*

Sir Richard Arkwright; 1732—1792.—*Wright of Derby.*

Dr. Isaac Barrow, the theologian and mathematician; 1630—1677; a striking work of *Claude Le Fèvre.*

James Barry, the painter; 1741—1806.—*By himself.*

William Pulteney, Earl of Bath; 1682—1764; a magnificent portrait by *Sir J. Reynolds.*

Francis Bartolozzi, the engraver; 1730—1813; a fine work of *Opie.*

William Russell, 1st Duke of Bedford; 1613—1700; a fine specimen of *Sir G. Kneller.*

Jeremy Bentham, 1748—1832; as a boy.—*T. Frye.*

Jeremy Bentham at 81 (painted 1829).—*H. W. Pickersgill.*

Thomas Bewick, 1758—1828; the wood engraver, aged 70.—*Ramsay.*

Sir William Blackstone, the judge, author of the Commentaries; 1723—1780.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

William Blake, the artist and engraver; 1757—1827; a noble portrait by *T. Phillips.*

Thomas Blood, who attempted to murder the Duke of Ormonde, and stole the Regalia; 1628—1680.—*Gerard Soest.*

Admiral Edward Boscawen; 1711—1761.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poetess; 1809—1861, in chalks.—*Field Talfourd.*

Sir M. I. Brunel, who constructed the Thames Tunnel, which is seen in the background; 1769—1849.—*Drummond.*

George Villiers, 2nd Duke of Buckingham; 1627—1687; a beautiful specimen of *Sir P. Lely.*

Sir Francis Burdett, statesman and orator; 1770 -- 1844. — *T. Phillips.*

William Cecil, Lord Burghley, the minister of Elizabeth, painted at 77, in 1597; 1521—1598.—*M. Gheerardts.*

Right Hon. Edmund Burke; 1729—1797.—*School of Reynolds.*

Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, the historian; 1643—1715.—*Riley.*

Robert Burns, the poet; 1759—1796.—*Alex. Nasmyth.*

George, Lord Byron, the poet; 1788—1828.—*T. Phillips.*

Charles Pratt, Lord Chancellor Camden; 1713—1794; a fine work of *Dance.*

Lord Chancellor Campbell, author of "Lives of the Chancellors;" 1779—1861.—*T. A. Woolnoth.*

Thomas Campbell, the poet; 1777—1844.—*Sir T. Lawrence.*

Sir Dudley Carleton, the diplomatist, afterwards Viscount Dorchester; 1572—1631.—*Cornelius Jansen.*

Anne, Lady Carleton.—*C. Jansen.*

Queen Caroline of Anspach, wife of George II.; 1682—1737.—*E. Seeman.*

Caroline, Princess of Wales, wife of George IV.; 1682—1734; a sensuous portrait in a red dress and hat, painted at Blackheath by *Sir T. Lawrence.*

Elizabeth Carter, the Greek scholar, 1717—1806, in crayons.—*Sir T. Lawrence.*

Catherine of Aragon, first wife of Henry VIII.; 1485—1536.—*Unknown.*

Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II., 1638—1705, in the dress in which she arrived in England.—*Stoop.*

Sir William Chambers, the architect; 1726—1796.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor; 1782—1841.—*T. Phillips.*

Charles II.; 1630—1685.—*Mrs. Beale.*

Princess Charlotte; 1796—1817.—*G. Dawe.*

Queen Charlotte, wife of George III.; 1744—1818.—*Allan Ramsay.*

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; 1708—1778.—*R. Brompton.*

Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, author of the "Letters;" 1694—1773.—*Hoare.*

Charles Churchill, the satirist; 1731—1765.—*Schaak.*

Thomas Clarkson, who promoted the Abolition of the Slave Trade; 1760—1846.—*De Breda.*

Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland; 1640—1709.—*Sir P. Lely.*

Robert, Lord Clive; 1725—1774.—*Dance.*

Richard Cobden; 1804—1865.—*L. Dickinson.*

Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham, the friend of Pope, *ob.* 1759; a capital work of *Vanloo.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet; 1772—1834.—*Washington Alston.*

The same, in his 23rd year.—*M. Vandyke.*

George Colman, the dramatist; 1733—1794.—*Gainsborough.*

William Congreve, the dramatist; 1669—1729.—*Sir G. Kneller.*

Captain J. Cook, the navigator; 1728—1779.—*J. Webber.*

Sir Eyre Coote; 1726—1783.—*Unknown.*

Charles, Earl Cornwallis; 1738—1805.—*Gainsborough.*

Richard Cosway, the miniature painter; 1741—1782.—*By himself.*

Abraham Cowley, the poet; 1618—1667.—*Mrs. Beale.*

William, 1st Earl of Craven; 1606—1697.—*Honthorst.*

Richard Cumberland, the dramatist; 1732—1811.—*Romney.*

Erasmus Darwin, physician and poet; 1731—1802.—*Wright of Derby.*

Moll Davis, an actress beloved by Charles II.—*Sir P. Lely.*

Thomas De Quincey, author of "Confessions of an Opium Eater;" 1785—1859.—*Sir Watson Gordon.*

Charles Dickens, the novelist; 1812—1870.—*Ary Scheffer.*

Charles Dibdin, the song-writer; 1745—1813.—*T. Phillips.*

William Dobson, "The British Tintoret;" 1610—1646.—*By himself.*

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the Patron of Dryden; 1637—1706.—*Sir G. Kneller.*

John Dryden, the poet; 1631—1700.—*Maubert.*

John Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton; 1731—1783.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

Elizabeth, Queer of Bohemia, daughter of James I.; 1596—1662.—*Mireveldt.*

John Flaxman, the sculptor, 1755—1826, modelling the bust of his friend Hayley, whose son is introduced.—*Romney.*

Benjamin Franklin; 1706—1790.—*French School.*

David Garrick, actor and author; 1716—1779.—*R. E. Pine.*

George II.; 1683—1760; full-length, at the time of his accession.—*Michael Dahl.*

William Hogarth, 1697—1764, painting the Muse of Comedy, a small full-length, *by himself.*

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; 1772—1835.—*Denning.*

Rev. John Home, 1724—1808, author of "Douglas"—a noble portrait by *Sir Henry Raeburn.*

John Howard, the philanthropist; 1726—1790.—*Mather Brown.*

Leigh Hunt, the essayist; 1784—1859.—*Haydon.*

Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice in India; 1732—1809.—*Zoffany.*

Henry Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell; 1610—1651.—*Walker.*

Rev. Edward Irving, founder of the "Catholic and Apostolic Church;" 1792—1834.—A sketch by *Slater.*

James I. as a boy; 1566—1625.—*Zucchero.*

James I. in robes of state.—*Van Somer.*

James II.; 1633—1701.—*Riley.*

Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, the cruel judge, 1648—1689, as Recorder of London.—*Sir G. Kneller.*

Henry, Lord Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Albans, the friend of Henrietta Maria, *ob.* 1683.—*Sir P. Lely.*

Angelica Kauffmann; 1740—1807.—*By herself.*

John Keats, the poet; 1795—1821; a small full-length seated figure, reading, by *Severn.*

John Philip Kemble, the tragedian; 1757—1823.—*Gilbert Stuart.*

Augustus, Viscount Keppel, admiral; 1727—1786; a noble work of *Sir J. Reynolds.*

John Lambert, General of the Parliamentary forces; 1620—1694.—*Walker.*

Henry, 3rd Marquis of Lansdowne; 1780—1863; a beautiful picture by *Hoppner.*

David Livingstone, the African traveller; 1813—1873; a sketch by *J. Bonomi.*

George II. in middle life, with Westminster Abbey in the distance.—*Shackleton.*

George II., aged 70.—*T. Worlidge.*

George III.; 1738—1820.—*Allan Ramsay.*

George IV.; 1762—1830; a study for the profile on the coinage.—*Sir T. Lawrence.*

Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne; 1658—1708.—*Wissing.*

John Gibson, the sculptor; 1791—1866.—*Mrs. Carpenter.*

Oliver Goldsmith, the poet; 1728—1774; a portrait which belonged to himself.—*School of Reynolds.*

Thomas Gray, the poet; 1716—1771; sketched from memory by his biographer.—*William Mason.*

William Wyndham, Lord Grenville; 1759—1834; a beautiful portrait by *Hoppner.*

Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange; 1519—1579; a grand portrait by *Sir Antonio More.*

Sir Harbottle Grimston, Speaker, and Master of the Rolls; 1602—1683.—*Sir P. Lely.*

Nell Gwynne, beloved by Charles II.; 1640—1691.—*Sir P. Lely.*

Emma Hart, Lady Hamilton; a sketch by *Romney.*

George Frederick Handel; 1684—1759.—*Hudson* (the master of Sir J. Reynolds).

James Harris, author of "Philosophical Essays;" 1709—1780.—*Romney, after Reynolds.*

Warren Hastings, First Governor-General of India; 1733—1818; a noble work of *Sir T. Lawrence.*

Lord Heathfield, the Defender of Gibraltar; 1717—1790.—*Copley.*

Sir William Herschel; 1738—1822.—*Abbot.*

Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester; 1676—1761.—*Mrs. Hoadly.*

Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, aged 81; 1588—1679; a very fine work of *J. M. Wright.*

John Locke, the philosopher; 1632—1704.—*Brownover.*

Alexander Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough, Lord Chancellor, 1733—1805.—*W. Owen.*

Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, beheaded; 1668—1747.—*Hogarth.*

"When Lord Lovat was brought from Scotland, to be tried in London, Hogarth, having previously known him, went to meet him at St. Albans, for the purpose of taking his portrait, and at the 'White Hart' in that town, found the hoary peer under the hands of his barber. The old nobleman rose to salute him, according to the Scotch and French fashion, with so much eagerness, that he left a large portion of the lather from his beard on the face of his old friend. He is drawn in the attitude of enumerating by his fingers the rebel forces—'such a general had so many men,'" &c.—*J. Ireland.*

George, Earl of Macartney, 1737—1806, conferring with his secretary, Sir E. Staunton.—*Abbott.*

Sir James Mackintosh; 1765—1832.—*Sir T. Lawrence.*

William, Earl of Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice; 1704—1793.—*Copley.*

John, Duke of Marlborough; 1650—1722.—*Wyck.*

Princess Mary, afterwards Mary I.; 1516—1558; a curious portrait painted in 1544.—*Unknown.*

Queen Mary of Modena. wife of James II.; 1658—1718.—*Wissing.*

Queen Mary II., wife of William III.; 1662—1694.—*Wissing.*

Mary, Queen of Scots; 1542—1587. "The Fraser Tytler Portrait," in a rich dress, by a French artist.—*Unknown.*

The same, in a widow's dress, painted during her captivity at Sheffield.—*P. Oudry.*

Richard Mead the great physician; 1673—1754.—*Allan Ramsay.*

Mary Russell Mitford, authoress of "Our Village"; 1786—1855.—*J. Lucas.*

James, Duke of Monmouth, 1649—1685, son of Charles II. and Lucy Waters; beheaded.—*Wissing.*

Hannah More, the religious writer, 1745—1833, painted at 77.—*H. W. Pickersgill.*

George Morland the artist; 1763—1804.—*By himself.*

Arthur Murphy the dramatist; 1727—1805.—*Dance.*

Admiral Lord Nelson; 1737—1823.—*Füger.*

The same.—*F. L. Abbott.*

Joseph Nollekens the sculptor; 1737—1823.—*F. L. Abbott.*

The same, as an old man.—*J. Lonsdale.*

James Northcote the painter; 1746—1831.—*Northcote.*

Anne Oldfield the actress; 1683—1730.—*Richardson.*

John Opie the portrait painter; 1761—1807.—*By himself.*

Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, 1644—1670, youngest daughter of Charles I., wife of the only brother of Louis XIV.—*Mignard.*

James Butler, 1st Duke of Ormond, Lord High Steward; 1610—1688.—*Sir P. Lely.*

James, 2nd Duke of Ormond; 1665—1745.—*Dahl.*

William Paley, author of the "Evidences"; 1743—1805.—*Sir W. Beechey, after Romney.*

Samuel Parr the great scholar; 1747—1825.—*Dawe.*

Henry Pelham the minister; 1696—1754.—*Hoare.*

Mary, Countess of Pembroke; 1550—1621; a very interesting picture.—*Marc Gheerardts.*

Samuel Pepys, author of the "Diary"; 1632—1703.—*Hayes.*

Spencer Perceval the Prime Minister, 1762—1812, assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons.—*Joseph.*

Sir Thomas Picton, 1758—1815, killed at Waterloo.—*Sir M. A. Shee.*

Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, 1629—1681, executed at Tyburn.—*G. Murphy.*

Alexander Pope the poet; 1688—1714; in crayons.—*Hoare.*

The same, with Martha Blount.—*Jervas.*

Joseph Priestley the philosopher; 1733—1804; in crayons.—*Sharples.*

Matthew Prior, poet and statesman; 1664—1721.—*Richardson.*

Francis Quarles, author of the "Emblems"; 1592—1644.—*W. Dobson.*

Catherine, Duchess of Queensberry, Prior's "Kitty ever young."—*Jervas.*

Sir Stamford Raffles; 1781—1826.—*Joseph.*

Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552—1618, beheaded at Westminster.—*Zucchero.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds; 1723—1792; a magnificent effect of light and shadow.—*By himself.*

Samuel Rogers the poet; 1763—1855; in chalks.—*Sir T. Lawrence.*

Rt. Hon. George Rose, statesman and political writer; 1744—1818; a noble portrait by *Sir W. Beechey.*

Louis Francis Roubiliac the sculptor, 1695—1762, modelling his statue of Shakspeare.—*Carpentiers.*

William, Lord Russell, the patriot; 1641—1683; beheaded.—*Riley.*

Rachel, Lady Russell, daughter of Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and widow of the patriot; 1636—1723.—*Sir G. Kneller.*

William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury; 1616—1693; in crayons.—*E. Lutterel.*

Sir Walter Scott the poet and novelist; 1771—1832.—*Graham Gilbert.*

The same, a sketch at Abbotsford.—*Sir E. Landseer.*

The same, in his study at Abbotsford; his last portrait.—*Sir W. Allan.*

William Shakspeare; 1564—1616. "The Chandos Portrait." It belonged to Sir W. Davenant, Betterton, Mrs. Barry, Mr. Kirk, Mr. Nicolls, the Duke of Chandos, and the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. It was bought by Lord Ellesmere at the Stowe sale for 355 guineas and presented by him to the gallery.—*Burbage or Taylor.*

William Petty, Earl of Shelburne, 1st Marquis of Lansdowne; 1737—1805.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

William Shenstone the poet; 1714—1763.—*E. Alcock.*

Anne Brudenell, Countess of Shrewsbury, *ob.* 1702.—*Sir P. Lely.*

Sarah Siddons the actress; 1755—1831.—*Sir W. Beechey.*

The Electress Sophia, 1630—1714, granddaughter of James I. and mother of George I.—*Honthorst.*

Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, 1573—1624, the friend of Shakspeare.—*Mireveldt.*

Robert Southey the poet; 1774—1843; a sketch in 1804.—*Edridge.*

The same, painted in 1796.—*M. Vandyke.*

James, 1st Earl Stanhope; 1673—1721.—*Sir G. Kneller.*

Charles, 3rd Earl Stanhope; 1753—1816.—*Ozias Humphrey.*

Thomas Stanley, historian of philosophy; 1625—1678.—*Sir P. Lely.*

Richard Steele, essayist and dramatist; 1671—1729.—*Richardson.*

Thomas Stothard the artist; 1755—1834.—*J. Green.*

Joseph Strutt the antiquary; 1749—1802.—*Ozias Humphrey.*

Prince Charles Edward Stuart, 1720—1788, as a boy.—*Largillière.*

Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the young Chevalier; 1720—1788.—*Pompeo Battoni.*

Louisa, Countess of Albany, wife of Prince Charles Edward; 1752—1824.—*Pompeo Battoni.*

Prince James Stuart, son of James II. and Mary of Modena, called by some James III., by others "the Old Pretender;" 1684—1737.—*Alexis Simeon Belle.*

The same.—*Mengs.*

Henry Benedict Stuart, younger brother of Prince Charlie; 1725—1807.—*Largillière.*

The same, as Cardinal York.—*Pompeo Battoni.*

Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's; 1667—1745.—*Jervas.*

Sir William Temple the diplomatist; 1628—1699.—*Sir P. Lely.*

James Thomson the poet; 1700—1748.—*Paton.*

Lord Chancellor Thurlow; 1732—1806.—*T. Phillips.*

John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury; 1630—1694.—*Mrs. Beale.*

John Horne Tooke the politician; 1736—1812.—*Hardy.*

George Byng, 1st Viscount Torrington; 1663—1733.—*Sir G. Kneller.*

Patrick Fraser Tytler the historian; 1791—1849.—*Mrs. Carpenter.*

Peter Martyr Vermilius, the Reformed preacher at Oxford in time of Edward VI.; 1500—1562.—*Hans Asper.*

William Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury; 1657—1737.—*Gibson.*

William Waller the poet; 1605—1687.—*Riley.*

Sir Robert Walpole, 1st Earl of Orford, the Prime Minister; 1676—1745.—*Vanloo.*

Horace Walpole, 4th Earl of Orford, the author; 1717—1797.—*N. Hone.*

William Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester; 1698—1779.—*C. Phillips.*

General George Washington; 1732—1799; in crayons.—*Mrs. Sharples.*

James Watt the engineer; 1736—1819.—*De Breda.*

Isaac Watts, author of the Hymns; 1674—1748.—*Sir G. Kneller.*

The 1st Duke of Wellington; 1769—1852.—*Count D'Orsay.*

Rev. John Wesley; 1703—1791; aged 63.—*Hone.*

The same, aged 85.—*W. Hamilton.*

Benjamin West the historical painter; 1738—1820.—*Gilbert Stuart.*

Rev. George Whitefield, preaching; 1714—1770.—*J. Woolaston.*

William Wilberforce the philanthropist; 1759—1833.—*Sir T. Lawrence.*

Sir David Wilkie the painter; 1785—1841.—*By himself.*

William III. as a boy of seven in a yellow dress; 1650—1702.—*Cornelius Jansen.*

Sir Ralph Winwood the diplomatist; 1564—1617.—*Mireveldt.*

General James Wolfe; 1726—1759.—*Highmore.*

William Wordsworth the poet; 1770—1850.—*Pickersgill.*

Sir Christopher Wren the architect; 1632—1723.—*Sir G. Kneller.*

Joseph Wright of Derby the portrait painter; 1734—1797.—*By himself.*

Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, mother of Mary II. and Anne; 1637—1671.—*Sir P. Lely.*

John Zoffany the painter; 1733—1810.—*By himself.*

A room attached to this gallery contains a number of electrotype casts from the tombs in Westminster Abbey. A fine bronze bust of Charles I. is by *Fanelli;* a terra-cotta bust of Cromwell is by *Pierce.*

A little higher up the Exhibition Road is the entrance of *The India Museum.*

Admittance, Mondays and Saturdays 1*s.*: on all other days 6*d.*

The galleries on the ground-floor are occupied by objects

illustrative of the Natural Products, Minerals, and Zoology of India. On the upper-floor are specimens of Indian Manufactures. In Room IX. are the principal curiosities, which were formerly shown at the East India House—Runjeet Singh's golden throne, and Tippoo Saib's Tiger, taken at Seringapatam, which was made by mechanism to growl, and the Englishman it is supposed to be devouring, to scream, for his amusement. The passage by which the lower galleries are reached is occupied by the curious sculptures brought in 1845 from the Amravati Tope on the river Kistna in the district of Guntoor in Madras.

The dull *Horticultural Gardens* occupy the site of those of Loudon and Wise, whose collection of trees and shrubs was so much eulogised by Evelyn. To the south-west of these, at the junction of Cromwell Road and Gloucester Road, stood Gloucester Lodge, built for the Duchess of Gloucester and inhabited by Princess Sophia, and afterwards by George Canning. It was pulled down in 1852.

Returning to the Brompton Road, we find the Fulham Road running southwards. On the right is *Onslow Square*, which retains a portion of the fine avenue which once extended from the grounds of Cowper House to the Fulham Road, where it terminated opposite Hollis Place.

The *Consumptive Hospital*, at the south-east corner of Onslow Square, occupies part of the grounds of Sydenham Edwards, the editor of the Botanical Register, which grounds existed till 1844. The perfectly countrified aspect of Brompton at this time is described by Lord Lytton in his novel of "Godolphin."

Streets are rapidly increasing along the Fulham Road, which a short time ago ran entirely through nursery-grounds.

The famous Brompton Park Nursery lasted from the time of James II. to that of the Exhibition of 1851.* Evelyn describes "its noble assembly of trees, evergreens, &c." The Brompton Stock is a memorial of its celebrity.

On the right are *The Boltons*, where forty years ago six brace of partridges used to rise in a morning, now regularly laid out with villas, much frequented by artists.

[The road leads through Walham Green to *Fulham*, which, though four miles from Hyde Park Corner, requires a cursory mention here as the home of the Bishops of London.

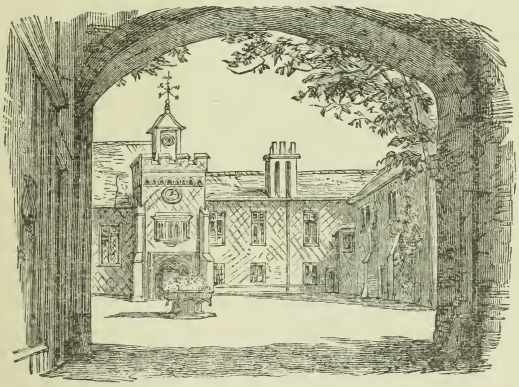
Fulham, which, according to Camden, means "the place of fowles," but, according to most authorities, "the place of dirt," is a pretty antiquated village with a wooden bridge over the Thames. The Inn of the Golden Lion existed in the time of Henry VII., and was for some time the residence of Bishop Bonner. At another tavern, the King's Arms, the Fire of London was annually commemorated on September 1, in honour of its having given refuge to a number of city fugitives. The perpendicular *Church of All Saints*, which stands near the river, contains a great number of interesting monuments. We may especially notice that of John Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon, father of the great Earl of Peterborough, *ob.* 1675, by Bushnell, sculptor of the figures on Temple Bar, with a statue by Bird; the noble monument by Gibbons to Dorothy Hyliard, 1695, wife of Sir W. Clarke, Secretary at War to Charles II., and afterwards of Samuel Barrow, physician to the same, author of the Latin verses prefixed to "Paradise Lost;" the simple altar tomb of Sir William Butts, 1545, the physician

* *The Builder*, September 4, 1875.

to Henry VIII., mentioned by Shakspeare; the quaint monument of Margaret, wife of Sir Peter Legh of Lyme, 1603, and her two babies; the mural monuments of Thomas Carlos, 1665, son of the Colonel Careless who hid Charles II. in the oak, and was allowed to change his name to Carlos as a reward; of Thomas Smith, Master of Requests to James I., 1609; of Bishop Gibson, 1748; Bishop Porteus, 1809; and Bishop Blomfield, 1857. An admirable Flemish brass commemorates Margaret Swanders, 1529. In the churchyard are the monuments of Sir Francis Child, 1713, and of Theodore Hook, 1841. On the eastern side of the church are the tombs of a number of the bishops (beginning at the church wall)—Lowth, 1787; Terrick, 1777; Randolph, 1813; Gibson, 1748; Sherlock, 1761; Compton, 1713; Hayter, 1762; Robinson, 1723. Near the tomb of his patron, Bishop Compton, lies Richard Fiddes, author of the Life of Cardinal Wolsey. In the grave of Bishop Lowth rests his friend Wilson, Bishop of Bristol, 1792.

A drive through an avenue, or (from the church) a raised causeway called "the Bishop's Walk," leads to *Fulham Palace*, the ancient manor-house of the Bishops of London. A gateway is the approach to a quaint picturesque court-yard surrounded by low buildings of red and black bricks, erected by Bishop Fitzjames in the reign of Henry VII. The interior of the palace is unimportant, though the Library contains a number of episcopal portraits, including that of Bishop Ridley, whose four years' residence here is one of the most interesting periods in the history of the palace. Under his hospitable roof the mother and sister of his predecessor, Bonner, continued to reside, ever-welcome

guests at his table, where the place of honour was always reserved for "our mother, Bonner." The palace gardens were filled with rare shrubs by Bishop Grindal, who was a great gardener: they still contain a very fine cork-tree. A picturesque garden-gateway bears the arms of Bishop Fitzjames. The *Chapel*, in the garden, was built by Butterfield for Bishop Tait, 1867.



Courtyard, Fulham Palace.

In the water-meadows and on the river banks, near Fulham Palace, may be recognised many of the familiar subjects in the pictures of De Wint, who repeated them over and over again. In ascending the river to Fulham a perfect gallery of De Wints is seen.

Near the palace is *Craven Cottage*, much admired when it was built by Lady Craven, afterwards Margravine of Anspach. At *Parson's Green*, a hamlet of Fulham, lived

Lord Mordaunt, whose tomb is in the church, and his son, the famous Earl of Peterborough. Peterborough House has been rebuilt. On the same side of the green Samuel Richardson lived from 1755 to his death in 1761.]

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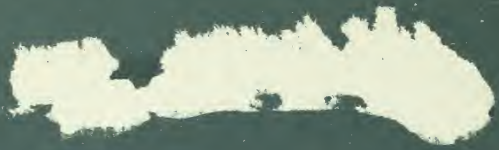

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